



SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 28, 1910.

For Liberty and Law, Equal Rights and Industrial Freedom.

On All News Stands, 15 CENTS.

PERJURY CHARGE

Illinois Sen. Is Indicted.

Sangamon County Grand Jury Returns First True Bill.

D. W. Holtzlaw, Democratic Supporter of Lorimer Is Accused.

His Letter to Desk Company Representative Is Used Against Him.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SPRINGFIELD (Ill.) May 27.—An indictment for perjury was returned late tonight against State Senator D. W. Holtzlaw, a Democrat of Iuka. The indictment was returned by the Sangamon county grand jury, which is probing alleged bribery in the Illinois Legislature. This is the first indictment returned by that body.

It is based upon the testimony of Senator Holtzlaw that he did not know and had never arranged for a meeting between J. W. Kurt of Chicago, representing the Derby Desk Company of Boston, which although the lowest bidder on the contract to supply the House and Senate with furniture, did not secure the contract.

After Holtzlaw had denied having knowledge of an arranged meeting with Knox, State's Attorney Burke produced a letter alleged to have been written by Holtzlaw to Knox at Iuka, January 18, 1910, in which the Senator stated: "It has been arranged that I should see you, and fix up Springfield as the place of meeting."

The register of the St. Nicholas Hotel in Springfield was brought before the jurors, who compared Senator Holtzlaw's signature on it with that upon the letter. They were said to be identical.

More indictments are promised tomorrow with the names of two other members of the Senate mentioned as possibilities.

Mr. Holtzlaw had just returned from a church missionary convention in Baltimore, which he attended as a delegate from Illinois. He is director in several banks. He was one of the Democrats who voted for Lorimer, stating he did so to disrupt the Republican party.

TOWN WIPED OUT.

Disastrous Fire at Red Springs, Ariz., Causes Heavy Property Loss.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

GLOBE (Ariz.) May 27.—Red Springs, eight miles north of here, in which part of the company houses of the Miami Copper Company are located, practically was wiped out by a late this afternoon. Out of twenty-three houses in the little town, nineteen were destroyed, causing a loss of nearly \$50,000.

Water mains were uncompleted and in the teeth of a strong wind the flames spread rapidly through the town. Dynamite was used but not until nearly every house in the town had been consumed was the fire brought under control.

Miami, a part of Red Springs, escaped. Household goods of the employees were lost, a total loss of \$148,000 given him for his own personal use.

"I have been forced to take this final step because of the suit of my daughters against me for an accounting," said Mr. Lauterbach.

"Mr. Lauterbach's allegation that I was addicted to the use of narcotics was enough, but when I found my daughters had sided with their father against me, I determined to have everything aired in court. For their sake I have never brought a suit for divorce."

"BACK TO THE FARM."

Gothamites Organize Association to Promote Agricultural Possibilities of State.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The back-to-the-farm movement was formally and permanently organized today by the creation of the Agricultural Improvement Association of New York and the election as president of William C. Brown, president of the New York Central lines and originator of the project to transplant thousands of city workers with their families on farms in the State.

In explanation of the purposes of the association, the following statement was made: "The purpose of the association is to assist in the various movements to attract attention to the opportunity offered in agriculture in New York State. The high prices of all kinds of farm products offer inducements that should make many families into the rural districts, making farm life attractive and profitable."

REFORM BUREAU PROTESTS.

Sends Open Letter to Congress Which Arraigns Officials, Among Other Things.

AGE RETIRES HER.

Green, Richest Woman, no Longer Factor in Finance Game.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Mrs. Hetty Green did not come down town today. For several months she has visited the Park National Bank, her headquarters, at irregular intervals. The interval between her visits has been sometimes as long as three weeks.

For more than a quarter of a century Mrs. Green was as punctual in her daily round of the financial district as a 10-a-week collector with a large family to support. Then she was a potent factor in the game of finance. Now she has practically retired from active business on account of her age.

When her son, E. H. R. Green, will arrive from Texas to help her in managing her seventy or eighty millions could not be learned today.

HEROIC.

TICKET TO DRAW ONE CARTOONIST.

PEN ARTIST AGREES TO WED HOLDER IF SHE'S WILLING.

Arthur L. Bowen, Bachelor, Offers Himself as Raffle Prize to Raise Funds for Chicago Newspaper Club.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

CHICAGO, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Arthur L. Bowen, cartoonist on an afternoon paper, will immolate himself upon the matrimonial altar in order that the Newspaper Club of which he is a member, may raise funds to complete its building. He has been selected from the 200 eligible bachelors in the club and has signed the agreement to marry, providing she insists upon it, the woman who wins him in a raffle, which will continue all of next week.

Arrangements were made with a theatrical production whereby every single woman attending the performance during the week was to be given a ticket in the raffle for a husband. Saturday night at the close of the performance, the winning number will be announced.

Under the agreement, which is signed in legal form and which is binding, Mr. Bowen must marry the woman holding the winning ticket, providing, always that she insists upon claiming him. Considerable rivalry was shown among the bachelors in the Newspaper Club for the peculiar honor and desperate chance and this matter was finally decided by drawing lots.

Mr. Bowen, it is said by his friends, holding the winning ticket, providing, always that she insists upon claiming him. Considerable rivalry was shown among the bachelors in the Newspaper Club for the peculiar honor and desperate chance and this matter was finally decided by drawing lots.

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GIVE UP FIGHT.

Three Plead Guilty of Sugar Fraud.

Change Their Attitude After Hearing More Government Evidence.

Heike, Bendernagle and Gerbrach, However, Stick to Their Guns.

Prosecution Directs Heaviest Fire on Secretary, Quoting His Letters.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

NEW YORK, May 27.—Three of the defendants in the sugar underweighing conspiracy trial will plead guilty, their counsel, Henry C. Cochran announced today. The men are former Assistant Dock Superintendent Harry W. Walker and the two government witnesses, Jean E. Voelker and James H. Halliday, Jr.

Counsel for the three men who had decided to give up the fight withdrew their plea of not guilty as soon as the government, after introducing some new testimony, announced it closed its case. Sentence will be passed on them later.

After a conference of counsel, court was adjourned until Tuesday next. Judge Martin denying formal motions for the dismissal of the indictment against the remaining three defendants.

With three minor defendants eliminated, there remains on trial the chief of the group, Charles R. Heike, secretary of the American Sugar Refining Company, and his former subordinates, Ernest W. Gerbrach, superintendent of the Williamsburg refinery, and James P. Bendernagle, the refinery cashier.

The government's fire in the closing hours of the trial, was mainly directed against Heike and the evidence introduced before the early adjournment today was submitted chiefly in further effort to prove him personally cognizant of the frauds, and as directly or immediately aiding or abetting them.

Today's evidence consisted, for the most part, of letters written by Heike. A number of letters were read in an effort to show that Heike kept a close watch on all the multitudinous details of business. One letter under date of September 11, 1902, written by Heike to Gerbrach, contained this statement: "We can understand that there have been a number of letters to the government, but I am sure that they will fall short from the invoice weights."

Twelve checks given by the government as rebates on duty on sugar were also introduced. These were in the name of Heike, and the government contends that these rebates were on the fraudulently underweighed sugar.

GATES MAKES GOOD.

Port Arthur to Have New University Which Will Be Richly Endowed.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

BALTIMORE, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] John W. Gates' declaration that Port Arthur, Tex., where he has already invested nearly \$1,000,000 in land and enterprises, would boast of the finest university in the country, is about to be realized. He offered to double any fund the General Conference of the Methodist church would raise for such an institution, and the church representatives in many states have agreed to raise \$125,000, so that the university will cost about \$250,000, as the church has its fund in sight. In addition, Mr. Gates has promised a beautiful site, comprising forty acres of land on the edge of the sea-coast town in East Texas.

Mr. Gates declares he has not joined the Methodist church, but that he is anxious to erect an educational institution that will stand for all time, and that the Methodists showed a disposition to do the part.

The university will comprise two or three buildings of the most modern design and construction. They will form a part of a group of institutions he has planned for Port Arthur, which includes the Mary Gates Hospital he is erecting in memory of his mother, to cost \$350,000, and nearing completion.

ABERNATHY BOYS NEAR GOAL.

Young Sons of Marshal "Jack" Riding Across to Baltimore.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

BALTIMORE (Md.) May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Louis ("Bud") and Temple ("Kid") Abernathy, aged 9 and 6 years, sons of United States Marshal "Jack" Abernathy of Oklahoma, are nearing Baltimore, riding on horses from their home in the West to New York, where they will meet Col. Roosevelt on his arrival from Europe. Before reaching New York they will have passed through Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia. The young travelers were the objects of much curiosity at Hagerstown and Frederick. They are sturdy youngsters, inheriting their father's courage and self-reliance to a marked degree. The boys, who have been trained to outdoor life, are getting much pleasure from their 2,000-mile trip. They expect to reach Baltimore tomorrow.

LEAVES PARIS FOR LONDON.

PARIS, May 27.—J. P. Morgan left today for London in his usual coach.

BELIEVES WOMEN WILL SELECT HUSBANDS.

Mrs. Frances Squire Potter, corresponding secretary of the National Suffrage League, who thinks the time is coming when women will be policemen, judges, lawyers and jurors.



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ANNIVERSARY.

JULIA WARD HOWE IS YOUNG AT NINETY-ONE.

Her Devoted Children, Friends and Neighbors Gather to Make Her Birthday Happy—Thoughtful Remembrances, Beautiful Flowers.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

BOSTON, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Surrounded by a retinue of children and devoted friends, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe celebrated today the ninety-first anniversary of her birth. In the white chair, which is her throne on these anniversaries, Mrs. Howe welcomed friends and neighbors.

On the table just back of her were many beautiful flowers. In the center were ninety pure white roses, with one of the roses in the center for the ninety-one years. These and the gardeners which holds them were the gifts of Thomas W. Lawson.

On the table there was also a marble bust of Mrs. Howe, made when she was 21 years old, by Cleveland, a young sculptor of Ohio, for the adornment of her father's home, one of the most beautiful in New York.

Upon the mantel was another large bouquet, with a letter, which read: "To Our Grand Lady: May the love these roses represent be with you every step on your life's journey, is the loving wish of your friends, the Greeks of Boston." Close by there was a large portrait of Dr. Howe.

Mrs. Howe also received many gifts in the way of silver and glass. One of these was from the Saturday Morning Club, which she founded. Another was from the Authors' Club.

Mrs. William Post sent a loving cup. One gift, which amused Mrs. Howe greatly, was in the form of a toy cow elaborately dressed with ribbons, surmounting a white satin box filled with bonbons. This was the humorous reminder of Mrs. Howe's presence last Tuesday at the legislative investigation of the milk situation.

Telegrams were received from the National Alliance of Unitarian Women and Suffrage Associations in different parts of the country. There were birthday cakes, too, of many designs.

HARD HIT.

MUCKRAKER BRINGS SUIT AGAINST LAWLER.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, May 27.—Christopher Connolly, a lawyer of Montana and New York, and well-known magazine writer, today filed a slander suit in the Supreme Court in the District of Columbia against Oscar Lawler, Assistant Attorney-General for the Interior Department.

Connolly asks \$25,000 damages. The suit is the first of the threats of the proceedings growing out of the Ballinger-Pinchot inquiry. It was around the court today that Secretary Ballinger was preparing to invoke the law against some of his alleged traducers.

The basis of the action is the testimony given by Mr. Lawler, May 17, before the Ballinger-Pinchot committee, wherein Mr. Lawler is said to have referred to Connolly and others as "despicable scoundrels, who would stoop to any depths of degradation." He is further alleged to have testified that "a man named Connolly stood on the deck of the steamship Republic, just before she went down, and trampled down women and children in an attempt to get into the lifeboat."

When asked to identify the Connolly referred to, it is alleged Mr. Lawler said: "He is an employee of Collier's Weekly, and is a tall, slender man with short gray mustache."

This, Connolly says, described him. Mr. Lawler is further alleged to have said that he had considerable contempt for the Connolly connected with Collier's Weekly, and that he would not put him above anything of that kind.

Connolly charges that this connecting of him with the person on board the Republic is false, and that the accusation was maliciously made. Connolly said later that at the time of this loss of the Republic he was in Los Angeles, many miles away from the scene of the disaster.

NO SEX, ENT BARRIERS CRUMBLE.

Big Leap Predicted for Women.

Mrs. Frances Squire Potter Sees Female Police Era Coming.

They Will Be Judges and Lawyers and Jurors, She Says.

Then, She Declares, All Sex Consciousness Will Vanish.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

ST. LOUIS, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Mrs. Frances Squire Potter, corresponding secretary of the National Suffrage League, thinks the time is coming when women will be policemen—all good ones—judges, lawyers and jurors. She declared today that when woman is all of these, sex consciousness will vanish, and men and women having the same interests will meet on the same mental plane.

"It is that good time coming the woman will pick her husband, instead of being picked. There will be more divorces for a while, because of more mistakes being made than when the men did the picking, but by and by when more of the matrimonial arrangements are made by the women, the standards will be raised so much higher that divorce will be done away with."

Mrs. Potter was formerly, for ten years, professor of English in the University of Minnesota. A year from next fall she expects to go back to the university. Meanwhile, she is lecturing for suffrage.

While she is in St. Louis she is the guest of Mrs. Leslie Thompson. She does not favor the militant suffragists and is against the wearing of men's clothing by women.

"I do not see any reason why women should not be judges, jurors, lawyers and policemen as well as school teachers," she said. "In some cases in the court women are necessary because only they can understand testimony concerning women. There is to be no immediate or startling development in the movement, but it will gradually make its way. As it does so, artificial barriers between men and women will be taken down."

UPROAR.

MEMORIAL IS NOT POPULAR.

PROPOSITION TO EXPLOIT ENGLAND'S MOOD.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

LONDON, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Intense resentment has been caused in Liberal circles by the revelation that a movement is on foot to exploit the mood of the nation, resulting from the death of King Edward in the interests of conscription.

The proposal is that the national memorial to Edward VII shall take the form of a voluntary demand by the people for universal military service. It is argued by promoters of the scheme that universal military service is not conscription and that it would strengthen and consolidate the empire as nothing else can, and thus make for righteousness and peace.

The fact is disclosed that before the King died a petition was in circulation praying His Majesty to take a stand in favor of universal military service. Today the Liberal papers hotly denounce this petition, declaring that if the Militarists take the quiet mood prevailing can be utilized to ally a political crisis by forcing the pace in the direction of conscription, they speedily will be disillusioned. The matter seems likely, unless petition is at once dropped, to provoke a national uproar.

HENS ARE SCANDALIZED.

Missouri Woman Carries Egg in Bosom of Her Dress and It Hatches Out.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

MEXICO CITY, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The hens, feathered variety, of Callaway county are disturbing the serenity of hundreds of barnyards with their indignant clucking, for, in the kingdom of Callaway, where incubators have yet to be accepted as substitutes for hens, a woman has taken to hatching chickens. Honest Near Aukvase, Mrs. Michael Ross recently purchased thirty-six eggs under a motherly-minded old birdy. Two days ago she laid the nest, followed by thirty-five candidates for the trying past. The thirty-sixth egg, unbroken by the peck of a young chick's bill, remained in the nest.

Mrs. Ross placed the egg in her bosom and continued her household duties. At supper that night she heard a feeble "cheep" and felt something in the waist of her dress. Then she remembered the egg. Warmth from her body had completed the process of incubation, and the chick, thus hatched, is the liveliest of the brood.

FIRE LOSS IS ABOVE MILLION AND HALF.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

MINNEAPOLIS, May 27.—Six big buildings in the factory district of South Minneapolis are on fire and the flames are spreading. A general alarm has been sounded and St. Paul has been asked for help. Practically every building in the block bounded by Washington avenue and Third street, and Sixth and Seventh streets, south, is burning. Among the buildings on fire are the Sixth Avenue Hotel, the oldest hotel in the city; the J. I. Case Implement Company, two thrashing machine warehouses and the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company.

Christ Madison was seriously burned and may die. The fire started in the

CHURCH.
HERESY NOT SUSTAINED.**General Assembly Supports Synod.****Concerned Virgin Birth of the Savior.****Finds Protest Was of Small Minority.**

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

ATLANTIC CITY (N. J.) May 27.—Commissioners in attendance at the Presbyterian General Assembly demanded by resolutions this afternoon that official records be kept hereafter of all examinations made by candidates for the ministry by Presbyterian bodies. The resolution was introduced by Rev. Robert S. Inglis of Newark, N. J., who explained his belief that the lack of verbatim records in the heresy trial decided today, had left the examining commission with lack of real proof of the claims of the minority members of the New York Presbytery that three ordained students had really expressed heretical beliefs.

NEXT MEETING PLACE. Every effort will be made to finish the business of the assembly tomorrow morning, during which a decision will be reached on the next place of meeting. Chicago will probably be selected, although strong efforts are being made by other cities in the Middle West.

The general assembly, by unanimous vote, adjourned to the heresy complaint brought against the synod of New York had not been sustained. This action was taken on the recommendation of the Judicial Committee. The case involved three students of the Union Theological Seminary who were alleged to have denied, among other things, the virgin birth of Christ. The students denied the charges, because they were not prepared to affect the miraculous conception with positiveness.

Two of the accused were licensed by the New York Presbytery and a complaint was taken to the New York synod, which took no action. The case was then appealed to the General Assembly.

CALIFORNIA READS REPORT. The report of the committee was read by the chairman, Rev. John W. Dinmore, of San Jose, Cal.

The report says in part: "It has not been proved that the candidates named in the complaint have, in fact, denied or seriously questioned these doctrines. On record presented we are unable to say that the synod erred in declining to sustain the complaint against the Presbytery."

In our judgment, however, the action of the Presbytery of New York in ordaining two of these candidates against the strong protest of so considerable a minority of the Presbytery was unwise and not for the edification of the church in view of the fact that the questions under dispute were by complaint on their way to be reviewed by a higher judiciary."

The committee suggests the general assembly make a public declaration enjoining Presbyteries to use great care in the examination of candidates in order that men of immature or unsettled views be placed under censure until their views are brought into full harmony with the word of God as interpreted by our standards."

URGES MILITANT METHODS. Indiana's Governor Takes Fling at "Old-Time Religion—Presbyterian Religion Protest."

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.) CHICAGO, May 27.—Gov. Thomas R. Marshall of Indiana, addressing the annual convention of the Presbyterian Brotherhood of Chicago, last night, said he taught a Bible class in Indianapolis from the International Book of Sunday-school Lessons, which, he declared, are so incoherently arranged that they "hop around like

the chameleon, which killed itself trying to make good on a Scotch plaid." He found fault with the Christian church because it does not take its responsibilities straight enough. He said if every Presbyterian in the world was convinced that the redemption of the world rested upon his soul, the world would be saved in twenty-five years.

He criticized "old-time religion" because it "made men put in too much time trying to save their own souls in form of selfishness which he thought would be abolished if men devoted more attention to other men's souls. Gov. Marshall's appeal for militant methods in the church was preceded by the adoption of resolutions calling upon Gov. Gillett of California to suppress the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight. The telegram which was ordered sent to the California Executive is as follows: "We, the business men of Chicago Brotherhood, in the name of all that stands for true and manly sport in America, respectfully urge upon you the prevention of the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight or so-called boxing match. By so doing your great power as Governor will be exerted for its highest purpose, clean sport, and the baneful influence of moving pictures of fighting bouts prevented and the honor of your great state upheld in the minds of all good citizens of the nation."

"DEVIL PROUD OF HIM." So Wife Says in Petition for Divorce from Dentist She Educated, Cloth and Married.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) TACOMA, May 27.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Alleging that while a country school teacher she sent George E. Bolinger, her future husband, to a school of dentistry and paid his bills, including graduation and tuition fees, bought the clothes in which he graduated, gave him funds with which to come to Tacoma and set up his office in South Tacoma, all of which cost her about \$1500, Mrs. Laura Bolinger has filed a petition in the Superior Court asking for divorce.

If there is any such thing as a hypocrite, the term is certainly applicable to this defendant, George E. Bolinger, reads the complaint. "He has certainly forgotten his Christian qualities, if any he ever had, and his majesty, the devil, would certainly be proud of such a subject as he, for it is doubtful if the devil, himself, could get in such an inhuman and ungrateful manner."

The marriage occurred five years ago. Before that time, says the wife, Bolinger was an ardent church member, often speaking in public. She says that while his profession nets him \$200 to \$300 a month, and he owns real estate, he has but two fifty rooms in which to live. She says he set up another woman in the restaurant business. Mrs. Bolinger says she once threatened to take the children and leave, whereupon Bolinger seized one of them and threatened to kill it if she persisted.

WIFE GOES WRONG. KANSAS CITY, May 27.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Jacob W. Schanz, a wealthy hardware dealer of Lawrence, Kan., was arrested this morning in the Moore Hotel with Mrs. Sadie Mason, wife of Vernon Mason, a traveling salesman, who now resides in Kansas City.

Schanz has a wife and children and Mrs. Mason has two daughters, aged 19 and 17, and a son aged 14. Mrs. Mason was Miss Sadie Kraus, daughter of one of the best families in Leavenworth. When detectives found them they had six bottles of beer on a table before them. Schanz denied there was anything wrong in his relations with Mrs. Mason. Mason would prefer a charge against his wife and the hardware man.

GUNNERS MAKE NEW RECORD. NORFOLK (Va.) May 27.—A new world's record for big gun shooting, which incidentally emphasizes the superiority of United States naval marksmanship, has just been made by the new battleship South Carolina. With her forward turret twelve-inch gun she made sixteen "bullseyes" target hit out of sixteen shots in four minutes and fifty-one seconds.

CARPENTER GETS PLUM. WASHINGTON, May 27.—President Taft today appointed his secretary, Frederick Carpenter of Hawk Creek, Minn., as Minister to Morocco to succeed H. Percival Dodge. It is likely that the President will appoint Rudolph Forster, present assistant secretary, to succeed Carpenter.

OBITUARY. Jesse Overstreet. INDIANAPOLIS, May 27.—Jesse Overstreet, who represented the Seventh District of Indiana in Congress from 1894 to 1908, died today. Mr. Overstreet was chairman of the Committee on Postoffice and Post Roads in Congress and was a member of the National Monetary Commission. He was secretary of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee from 1896 to 1904. A sweeping Democratic victory in this country two years ago resulted in Overstreet's defeat. He was born at Franklin, Ind., December 14, 1859.

Rev. Alexander Fraser Munro. NEW YORK, May 27.—The Rev. Alexander Fraser Munro, known in the United States as "The Preaching Printer," whose work in the interest of workingmen, temperance and Sabbath observance, was praised by Queen Victoria, died at his home in Brooklyn. Born in Scotland, ninety-four years ago, he learned the printer's trade and was employed in the printing of the "Preaching Union" in the British Isles. A few years later he came to this country. Shortly after his arrival, having studied for the ministry, he was licensed to preach by the Methodist church. He had practical ideas about religion, one of which found expression in the establishment of the Sunday Breakfast Association, where homeless received a good breakfast and later were asked to attend services.

Prof. Robert Koch. BAKEN, May 27.—Prof. Robert Koch, the famous bacteriologist, died here this evening of a disease of the heart. He was born at Uxehausen, Hanover, December 11, 1843.

PANAMA WANTS PEACE PALACE. NEW YORK, May 27.—According to advice received from Panama, the new peace court to be erected at Panama will make a bid for the new Central American Republic. The plan of the new court is being drawn by the architect of the new court at Carthage, a donation of Andrew Carnegie. It is urged that the new peace court be erected at Panama, "because this city is admirably and centrally situated for the purpose, and of importance to all the nations of the great Pacific, not rapidly drawing to completion."

WILLIAM L. FINLEY, greatest of experts Pacific Coast birds, will tell readers of The Times Magazine the coming Sunday of the Pacific birds he has collected in his young.

FRANK L. STANTON'S "Fables and Philosophy" in The Times Magazine the coming Sunday will be as full of wisdom and philosophy as ever.

"OUR NATIONAL CEMETERY" will be the topic of the well-known article in The Times Magazine the coming Sunday.

ALL HOPE ABANDONED. Hope that any of the twenty-seven men imprisoned in the French submarine Pluviose, which was sunk by the ferryboat Pas de Calais off here yesterday, survive, was all but abandoned this afternoon. Reports made by the divers who un-

der great difficulty are attempting an examination of the wreck, indicate that the hull of the submarine was crushed in its collision. A bottle of torpedo-boat and dredgers with the force of divers worked vainly throughout the night to raise the vessel. Her bed 100 feet below the surface, strong currents interfering greatly with the operations. At noon today little had been accomplished.

Admiral B. De Laplayere, Minister of Marine, is on the scene personally directing the work.

The appearance of the submarine on the surface for a brief period following the accident is attributed by navy experts to a desperate attempt of her commander to operate the flooding machinery.

MISTOOK IT FOR BUOY. The channel steamer Pas de Calais sighted the periscope of the Pluviose some seventy feet ahead and backed, but too late to avoid a collision. The lookout who first saw the periscope said today that he had never seen such an instrument before, and mistook it for a buoy. The report that the Pluviose was operating beneath the channel in the furtherance of its practice in torpedoing passing vessels is not credited.

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DISCREDITED.
PATTEN DROPS ANOTHER WAD.**Gets Two More Dents in His Financial Armor.****Both Wheat and Cotton Are on the Toboggan.****Many Who Banked on His Judgment, Ruined.**

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

CHICAGO, May 27.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) "Jim" Patten took another turn down the chutes this morning. Two whipping jolts landed hard on his financial solar plexus. July and September wheat dropped two cents. May cotton fell from 15.44 to 15.42 and July followed with a like thud. And everybody seems glad—that is every one outside the Patten crowd. Patten is as popular on the board as a hawk in a chicken yard.

Patten's recent losses now total nearly \$500,000, according to the estimates of experts who are in the best position to know. He has dropped \$1,000,000 in cotton, and, as it now looks, is due to lose more before he escapes from the plunging market.

His losses for the year total \$10,000,000. In wheat, which the self-proclaimed monarch had attempted to corner this year, he has lost \$1,750,000 for a divorce. And all this just as he was about to retire, becoming a sort of King Dowager and leaving the active work to younger men.

Patten has not yet lost his entire fortune, but several bad dents have been put in his financial armor. He will leave the field of battle a discredited knight of finance.

His friends and market followers are not so fortunate. Several important wheat and cotton houses are near the brink of disaster, while hundreds of speculators have utterly ruined through their confidence in Patten's crop judgment.

ANDERSON'S DEFENSE. Court-martialed Officer Asserts He Followed Common Practice in Aiming Destructive Shot.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) STAMPA (Wash.) May 27.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) At Fort Casey, First Lieut. Rollo P. Anderson is being court-martialed for the accidental dropping of an eighteen-pound mortar projectile from his battery he was commanding, on the army tug, Evan Thomas, which, in the bay, three miles distant, was towing a target for the marksmen on shore. The tug escaped total destruction with its crew of eleven only because the projectile used was of subcaliber size, weighing only 10 pounds. Instead of the 18-pound missile, used in regular practice.

The testimony gained from a score of witnesses was wholly technical regarding modern artillery equipment. While denying all of the five charges of violating regulations resulting in an accident, the defense admitted being in charge of the battery and that an accident had occurred. The defense depends much on the ground that his conduct, while conflicting with the regulations, conformed with the common practice at Fort Casey. While the shot is spoken of as an error, it really was perfect scoring, the only error being in the firing. The defense failed to show that the firing for aiming was changed from the tug to the target it was towing.

To army officers and others this defense possesses more than a grain of humor. The case will be closed tomorrow by the military judge. Department officials, Lieut.-Col. Stephen M. Foot, commanding Fort Stevens, Oregon, is president of the court. Capt. John H. Hinton of Fort Flieger is judge advocate.

OBITUARY. Jesse Overstreet. INDIANAPOLIS, May 27.—Jesse Overstreet, who represented the Seventh District of Indiana in Congress from 1894 to 1908, died today. Mr. Overstreet was chairman of the Committee on Postoffice and Post Roads in Congress and was a member of the National Monetary Commission. He was secretary of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee from 1896 to 1904. A sweeping Democratic victory in this country two years ago resulted in Overstreet's defeat. He was born at Franklin, Ind., December 14, 1859.

Rev. Alexander Fraser Munro. NEW YORK, May 27.—The Rev. Alexander Fraser Munro, known in the United States as "The Preaching Printer," whose work in the interest of workingmen, temperance and Sabbath observance, was praised by Queen Victoria, died at his home in Brooklyn. Born in Scotland, ninety-four years ago, he learned the printer's trade and was employed in the printing of the "Preaching Union" in the British Isles. A few years later he came to this country. Shortly after his arrival, having studied for the ministry, he was licensed to preach by the Methodist church. He had practical ideas about religion, one of which found expression in the establishment of the Sunday Breakfast Association, where homeless received a good breakfast and later were asked to attend services.

Prof. Robert Koch. BAKEN, May 27.—Prof. Robert Koch, the famous bacteriologist, died here this evening of a disease of the heart. He was born at Uxehausen, Hanover, December 11, 1843.

PANAMA WANTS PEACE PALACE. NEW YORK, May 27.—According to advice received from Panama, the new peace court to be erected at Panama will make a bid for the new Central American Republic. The plan of the new court is being drawn by the architect of the new court at Carthage, a donation of Andrew Carnegie. It is urged that the new peace court be erected at Panama, "because this city is admirably and centrally situated for the purpose, and of importance to all the nations of the great Pacific, not rapidly drawing to completion."

WILLIAM L. FINLEY, greatest of experts Pacific Coast birds, will tell readers of The Times Magazine the coming Sunday of the Pacific birds he has collected in his young.

FRANK L. STANTON'S "Fables and Philosophy" in The Times Magazine the coming Sunday will be as full of wisdom and philosophy as ever.

"OUR NATIONAL CEMETERY" will be the topic of the well-known article in The Times Magazine the coming Sunday.

ALL HOPE ABANDONED. Hope that any of the twenty-seven men imprisoned in the French submarine Pluviose, which was sunk by the ferryboat Pas de Calais off here yesterday, survive, was all but abandoned this afternoon. Reports made by the divers who un-

der great difficulty are attempting an examination of the wreck, indicate that the hull of the submarine was crushed in its collision. A bottle of torpedo-boat and dredgers with the force of divers worked vainly throughout the night to raise the vessel. Her bed 100 feet below the surface, strong currents interfering greatly with the operations. At noon today little had been accomplished.

Admiral B. De Laplayere, Minister of Marine, is on the scene personally directing the work.

The appearance of the submarine on the surface for a brief period following the accident is attributed by navy experts to a desperate attempt of her commander to operate the flooding machinery.

MISTOOK IT FOR BUOY. The channel steamer Pas de Calais sighted the periscope of the Pluviose some seventy feet ahead and backed, but too late to avoid a collision. The lookout who first saw the periscope said today that he had never seen such an instrument before, and mistook it for a buoy. The report that the Pluviose was operating beneath the channel in the furtherance of its practice in torpedoing passing vessels is not credited.

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COSTLY MISTAKE.
CIPHERS LEFT OFF IN WILL; GRANDCHILDREN ARE LOSERS.**[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]**

MILWAUKEE (Wis.) May 27.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) That, although the late Mrs. Margaret Watson Ails probably intended to leave to each of her four grandchildren \$25,000, they will have to be content with \$25, was the decision handed down this morning by Judge John C. Karel of the County Court. Guardians of the grandchildren had sought to have the will probated because they asserted that the leaving off of the three zeros in the will was a mistake. Judge Karel held in his decision that in spite of the fact that there might be an oversight the terms of the will were too plainly written out to ignore. Gen. A. C. Winkler, counsel for the late Mrs. Ails, who drew up the document, testified previously that the leaving off of the zeros was a mistake, as he had often heard Mrs. Ails declare that she intended leaving \$25,000 each to the grandchildren. He said that he had been of the opinion that these were the terms of the will until the matter came up in court. It is expected that no further effort will be made to have the document put in probate, and that settlement will be made with the grandchildren out of court.

be made with the grandchildren out of court. The grandchildren affected are Margaret Watson Ails Morris of Milwaukee; Edward Phelps Ails III of Menasha, Wis.; Maud Ails Conway of Louisville, Ky.; and William Pulven Ails of Menasha.

BUY MESSAGE OF SAVIOR. Old Hebrew Book Contains Mass. Which, Experts Say, Contains Christ's Autograph.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) VIENNA, May 27.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) A respectable Vienna Jew bought a very old book in a bric-a-brac shop, in which he found a manuscript in the Hebrew language. Hebrew scientists, after a minute examination, declared the manuscript to be an autograph of Jesus Christ, with a long message to his people. The manuscript was photographed and the original deposited in a Vienna bank.

NOT only veterans of the Civil War, but patriotic citizens generally, will be interested in the article in The Times Magazine the coming Sunday on the occupations of the one and grandsons of Civil War heroes.

THEATERS—AMUSEMENTS—ENTERTAINMENTS

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER—MAKES ONE MORE WEEK—BEGINNING MATINEE TOMORROW. MONDAY—DEORATION DAY.

"THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO" Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00. MATINEES SUNDAY, MONDAY, SATURDAY, 10c, 25c, 50c. COMING—THE GREAT AMERICAN DRAMA—"TAID IN FULL."

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER—BROADWAY FAREWELL PERFORMANCES THIS AFTERNOON AND TONIGHT.

KOLB & DILL In "THE MERRY WIDOW AND THE DEVIL" Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00. BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT—JAMES K. HACKETT.

ORPHEUM THEATER—MATINEE EVERY DAY. BOTH PRICES 1447.

VAUDEVILLE Presenting always the best of American Attractions.

Elita Proctor Otis & Co. "Mrs. Bunker's Bun." Cressy & Dayne "Town Hall Tonight."

Anna Laughlin Toyland Prima Donna. "The Night Birds" Nellie Brewster and Co.

Five Juggling Normans Today Lockwood & McCarty. Club Manipulators. Late of Pianoforte.

Marshall Montgomery Ventriloquist. Lancton, Lucier Co. "A Fool's Errand."

EVERY NIGHT—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. MATINEE DAILY—10c, 25c, 50c.

THE SQUAW MAN LAST FOUR TIMES OF William Faversham's famous success.

THE DOLLAR-MARK NEXT WEEK—COMMENCING DEORATION DAY MATINEE. LEWIS & STONE and the Belasco company in George Broadhurst's great American play.

SPECIAL MATINEE MONDAY This is the celebrated play that ran for ten weeks at the Belasco Theater last year. It's bigger and better than the one you saw.

GRAND OPERAHOUSE—Matinee Today, Tomorrow & Tuesday. LAST 3 TIMES Today of the Melodramatic comedy hit, "HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN."

"LENA RIVERS" COMMENCING TOMORROW AFTERNOON—First production in this city of SPECIAL DEORATION DAY MATINEE MONDAY. Seats Selling. Popular Prices.

LOS ANGELES THEATER SPRING ST. POPULAR PRICES 10c, 25c & 50c DAILY. EVERY DAY 7 ALL-STAR ACTS. A SHOWS TONIGHT. COMMENCING TONIGHT. 6:30 SHARP.

TALLY'S BROADWAY THEATER—The New Model Moving Picture Theater BETWEEN HAMBURGERS AND THE MAJESTIC.

By Special Request "RAMONA" will be repeated today and Sunday at matinee only. Two performances every afternoon and two every evening. Admission Reserved. 215 SOUTH SPRING ST.

WELTE-MIGNON RECITAL Saturday Afternoon at 3 o'clock A LIRET PROGRAMME will be given Saturday. Selections by various leading Pianists through the medium of the WELTE-MIGNON PIANO PLAYER. ADMISSION FREE. Music Lovers, Teachers and Pupils especially invited.

MASON OPERAHOUSE—H. C. WATTS, Lessee and Manager. COMING SUMMER ATTRACTIONS. MRS. MINNIE MADDEN FISKE, MR. WILLIE COLLIER, MISS HENRIETTA CROSSMAN, MISS MARGARET ANGLIN, and others.

LEVY'S CAFE CHANTANT—THIRD AND MAIN STS. THE KRISTOFFY TRIO, Grand Opera Vocalists; OEHLMAN MUSICAL TRIO, Instrumentalists and Quick Change Artists; CARLTON CHARLES, London Field Ticker; THE CELEBRATED RUSSIAN DANCERS, MISS REBERDELLE, Dainty and Dashing in Song and Story; and KAMMERMEYER'S ORCHESTRA.

BASEBALL—OAKLAND VS. VERNON. CHUTES PARK, 2:30 P. M., MAY 28, 29, 30, 31. VERNON PARK, 7:30 P. M., MAY 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

LADIES FREE DAILY EXCEPT SATURDAYS, SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS. Cincely Special ANNOUNCEMENTS.

VISIT THE—CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM SOUTH PASADENA. See Ostrich Chicks—40 Just Hatched. One at eight months. Y. America.

150 GIGANTIC BIRDS in a Beautiful Semi-tropical Park. 25c Round Trip Including Admission. Tickets at P. R. Ry. Station or our City Store. TAKE SOUTH PASADENA CAR ON MAIN STREET. 313 SOUTH BROADWAY.

LOS ANGELES OSTRICH FARM OFF. EAST LAKE PARK. All Yellow Cars Transfer Direct to Farm. Free. BABY OSTRICHES HATCHED DAILY. Excursion tickets, round trip and admission, 25c. We have only one store on So. Broadway, Number 313, Next to Blackstone's.

Superb Routes of Travel.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE. PORTLAND, GRAY'S BEERON, BUREKA. SPECIAL REDUCED PASSENGER RATES. S.S. Hanel, Monday, May 30, 1:30 p.m.

Excellent accommodations. Low freight rates, prompt deliveries. C. J. LEHMAN, Gen. Mgr., 525 S. SPRING ST. Phone: Main 102, 1033.

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\$8.35 FIRST CLASS SAN FRANCISCO \$5.85 SECOND CLASS. Including berth and meals. Portland \$11.50, Seattle \$12.50. THURSDAY AND SATURDAY for SAN FRANCISCO, PORTLAND, SEATTLE. WEST COAST & OFFICE, 535 S. Spring St. 1236, 1237.

SPOKANE \$36.70, Portland \$25.50, San Francisco \$10.50. First-class, including berth and meals. G. W. ELDER, Selling every Tuesday. NORTH PACIFIC STEAMSHIP CO., D. W. Ferguson, Agent, 514 South Spring Street, Los Angeles. Phone: Main 5115, 5769.

Superb Routes of Travel.
VENICE GREAT SCENIC RAILWAY**Chiaffarelli's Concert Band****Grand Naval Memorial Service Decoration Day****OCEAN PARK—SANTA MONICA****FLUNGE AND SURF BATHING, DANCING, GOLF, SPORTS CONCERN****Bristol Pier Ca Opening Tomorrow****REDONDO BEACH****DELIGHTFUL 10-MILE RIDE ALONG THE OCEAN—BAND CONCERTS****To Beautiful LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN****Through HOLLYWOOD, LAUREL CANYON, BUNGALOW LAND, where the most picturesque sights on the Pacific Coast. Thirty-minute auto ride. Laurel Canyon, commencing 10:30 a.m. Round trip from Los Angeles. NEAR AT BUNGALOW INN.****Los Angeles Pacific R****BALLOON ROUTE EXCURSION STATION, HILL ST. SET. FORMER****Union Pacific****Excursions to—Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City****All Points East****SALT LAKE AND DENVER****Yellowstone Park Route****Through Sleepers Daily****For first-class travel "The Over" from Los Angeles to Chicago and St. Louis. Trip to Chicago and St. Louis. For full information regarding dates of train, time of departure, etc., apply to the agent.****837 SOUTH SPRING ST.****SANTA CATALINA ISLAND****TRAINS CONNECTING WITH STEAMER AT SAN PEDRO LEAVE LOS ANGELES. Saturdays Only Leave via Pas. Electric, 4:30 P.M. Salt Lake Route.****Tuna and Yellow****Many Good Catches Made Friday****Banning Co., Agts. PHONES: Main 4192, 4193 (Pacific)****TODAY—SUNDAY—MONDAY****THREE DAYS OF GENUINE PLEASURE IF YOU STAY HERE****REDONDO BEACH****TODAY—PICNIC OF THE OIL FIELD WORKERS. SUNDAY—GENUINE ATTRACTIONS AND AMUSEMENTS. MONDAY—SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAY PROGRAMME.****MAKE YOUR PLANS THIS MORNING—GO THIS AFTERNOON MONDAY NIGHT.****LOS ANGELES & REDONDO****ROUTE OF COMFORT TO THE RESORT OF REDONDO****San Francisco, Eureka, Seattle, Vancouver****STEAMSHIP GOVERNOR OR PRESIDENT—Leave San Pedro 10:00 a.m. A.M. Redondo 2:00 P.M. EVERY THURSDAY. STEAMER SANTA ROSA leaves San Pedro 10:00 a.m. A.M. EVERY SUNDAY.****FOR SAN DIEGO—Quickest Coast Excursions—leave San Pedro 10:00 a.m. A.M. EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.****TICKET OFFICE—645 S. SPRING ST. Phone: Main 102, 1033. Sunset—Main 41. Rights reserved to change schedule.****PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO.—For Honolulu, China, India, Manila and Around the World.****Sumner, Manchuria, Mongolia, Korea, Siberia, China. More new in service, better fastest vessels sailing from the Orient via Honolulu. SAILINGS FROM SAN FRANCISCO: MAY 31, JULY 1, 11, 21, JULY 31, AUG. 10, 20, 30. Sailing from Eastern Ports for all Trans-Pacific Steamship Lines. For literature apply to T. A. Graham, Agent, 200 Market St.****ILLINOIS CENT**

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DONOLU, MEXICO

APPEAL WINS.

W. V. GUFFY AND W. R. RADCLIFF, APPEAL WINS.
Realize His Arguments Are Sound.
Kindly to Candidacy of Southern Man.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
STOCKTON, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Phil A. Stanton's campaign for the Republican nomination for governor, as it was prosecuted in the state today, impressed the people with the fact that the California man is in earnest in his efforts to get votes in the north.

STANTON, who is a native of the north, has been one of the leaders of the political parties and has been in communication with the people for several hours. He has been in the state for several days, and has been in the north for several days. He has been in the north for several days, and has been in the north for several days.

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ESCAPES HARM IN WILD RIDE.

Five-Year-Old Travels Mile-a-Minute Down Lumber Flume.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
GLOBE (Ariz.) May 27.—To travel seven miles down a steep lumber flume in as many minutes and escape practically unharmed was the experience of five-year-old Thomas Gardner of Thatcher, south of this city, today.

The child was playing near a flume in the Graham Mountains when he slipped and fell into the rushing water. With the speed of an express train he shot to the bottom of the course. Although the flume was nearly perpendicular in places and considered very dangerous, the child escaped unharmed except for minor scratches and bruises.

BULL'S HEAD BARBECUE.

Feature of Entertainment for Excursionists from San Francisco.
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
SAN FRANCISCO, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Members of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, with invited guests, left the Oakland Mole tonight at 10 o'clock by special de luxe train, for an excursion to the oil fields of Coalinga, Midway, Sunset, Maricopa and Kern, taking in Coalinga, Bakersfield, Moron and Taft, which are said to resemble mid-air camps, where money circulates in a steady stream.

There are 125 excursionists, representative of the media and oil interests of California and Nevada. The object is educational. The brokers, who find the oil business is now engaging one-half of their time, desire to see the gushers for themselves and to visit the producing wells, so they may obtain an idea of the vast extent of the California industry.

At Coalinga they will be received with a brass band and automobiles, which will convey them over the field, which contains about 600 producing and 300 drilling wells, the largest productive oil field in the world. The visitors will be treated to a bull's head barbecue on the summit of one of the hills in the midst of the richest wells. Sunday and Monday will be spent in inspecting the Kern River, Midway and Sunset and Maricopa fields.

INTERESTING POINT OF LAW.

Supreme Court to Decide If Doctor Prescribing Whisky May Fill His Own Prescription.
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
WOODLAND, May 27.—Dr. T. H. Dixon of Knight's Landing stands convicted of selling liquor without a license. Sentence has been postponed and it is announced that the case will be appealed. The trial took place before Justice Nutting and a jury. The evidence showed that the doctor had been writing prescriptions for whiskey and then filling the prescriptions himself. A detective has been employed to watch the doctor.

MARITAL SNARL UNTANGLED.

Oregon Woman Illegally Divorced and Married Goes Through Program Over Again.
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
PORTLAND, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Confused marital relations were untangled today when Mrs. S. A. Bayley secured a divorce from S. M. Bayley for the second time in Judge Gantenben's department of the Circuit Court, and immediately after doing so, obtained a license to marry J. W. Long of No. 1619 South street, also for the second time.

Mrs. Bayley was first married to Bayley in 1911, a few years later, she obtained a divorce in Oregon City, although both were residents of Multnomah county. Mrs. Bayley then married J. W. Long. A few months later she was informed, when she appeared before the court in a contest over the custody of her child, that the divorce from Bayley had been illegal, because it was obtained in a county where neither party resided.

CHICO WOMAN FILES SERIOUS CHARGES AGAINST HER PASTOR.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
CHICO, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Mrs. W. S. Purvis, editor of the West Coast Reveler, has filed formal charges with the official board of the Christian Church against the Rev. G. L. Lobdel. In these charges she goes into the history of her relations with the church, and states, under oath, that the preacher insulted her, called her an unbecoming name, kissed her and did various other things unbecoming a married man and a clergyman.

The formal charges were mailed today to the church board. A session of the board was held during the afternoon, but what was done is not known. Mrs. Purvis contends that she was not expelled from church by the unanimous vote of the directors. She claims that it was by the vote of three or four that she was read out of the church circles and she reiterates her statement that these directors were the "dupes" of the pastor.

WIFE HAS ECCENTRICITIES.

But Court Holds Her Mentally Competent—Husband's Guardianship Petition Dismissed.
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
SACRAMENTO, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Judge Shields issued an order this afternoon denying the petition of Dwight H. Miller to be appointed guardian of the person and estate of his wife, Celia May Miller. The husband is a prominent business man and his wife is the daughter of Dr. G. L. Simmons, the pastor of the medical profession in this vicinity.

All concerned are well-known socialists. According to the court, the testimony was sufficient to show only that Mrs. Miller is eccentric, but not incompetent to manage her affairs, and this was the burden of the testimony. Her eccentricity was manifested in always leaving the house of her father, where she has been residing recently, by the front door. Never in any circumstances would she pass through any other door.

And there was one room in the house she would not enter. A census taker testified that she insisted upon giving her name as Celia Simmons instead of Celia Miller. She said that she was considered one of the best bridge players among the women of Sacramento. She has taken care of her own property, goes out into society, and receives. The court considered this sufficient to establish her competency.

ROCKY ROAD TO WEDLOCK.

Couple Gets Last License in County.
Hard Chase After Moving Minister.
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
SACRAMENTO, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] When Arthur Garfield Arnold and Miss Crystal Lake Faubus of this city decided to elope, they picked out Placerville, in Eldorado county, as their Gretina Green, possibly because the road from here to Placerville is good for automobiles.

After a record run in the groom's thirty-horse-power machine, they reached their destination and then remembered that the courthouse at Placerville had been destroyed by fire. The county clerk was found, however, and after some delay, the couple secured the only marriage license blank in the county which had survived the fire.

Then the minister of their choice was not in town. Sixteen miles further, over the steep and rocky road to Georgetown, they went at high speed, only to be told that the minister there had just departed and would be absent several days. But after running over one of the residents of Georgetown, who, happily was not killed, they caught the minister, brought him back to the parsonage and were made one.

REPLIES TO CRITICISM.

Acting-Gov. Porter Explains Friendship Was Behind Convict Lee's Reprieve.
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
SACRAMENTO, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Acting Governor Warren R. Porter stated today upon reading in the San Francisco papers that Superior Judge Frank Dunne criticized him for granting a reprieve of thirty days to Dr. Benjamin Lee, under sentence of ten years in San Quentin for manslaughter, that he acted upon the request of former Atty.-Gen. W. H. Hart, whom he has known for many years. He declines to make reply to Judge Dunne, except to state these facts.

OFFICER IN TOILS.

PASSING FORGED PAPER.
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
VALLEJO, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Charged with four separate and distinct offenses, namely, forgery, uttering, raising and passing a fictitious check, Glenn Merritt, chief wireless electrician on the U.S.S. supply ship Glacier, now here, is in the local city prison, after spending all last night in double irons in the brig of his vessel, waiting to be taken to San Francisco tomorrow to be formally charged in the United States District Court by Dist. Atty. Devlin.

Several days ago he purchased two \$5 checks, payable at the United States treasury, from Assistant Paymaster William H. Witterdink of the Glacier. After raising each to \$300 he passed one on the Glacier tailoring establishment in San Francisco. He was arrested here last night. He has been in trouble before with the naval civil authorities, and is now amenable to State, Federal and naval tribunals. His present trouble is due to his infatuation for the wife of a local saloon entertainer.

WOULD AVENGE HIS DEATH.

Philadelphia Young Woman Comes West to Clear Up Tragic End of Her Brother.
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
TACOMA (Wash.) May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Miss Evelyn Carl, a trained nurse of Philadelphia, has come west to secure, if possible, the punishment of the posse which shot and killed her brother, George Carl, near Granger several weeks ago. She declares after a thorough investigation of the circumstances, that the killing was unfair and although assured by attorneys that she has little chance for success, she is going to fight for revenge of her brother's death. Ex-Chief of Police Tom Bost of Granger by his own admission, fired the shot which killed the youth.

Miss Carl is now at North Yakima. After several burglaries and other depredations at Granger about a month ago a posse took after young Carl, whose identity was then unknown. He eluded his pursuers two days and the chase finally became a regular man-hunt. Finally he was surrounded and killed. Evidence of his guilt was incomplete.

PLUMAS FOR APPLES.

CAPITALISTS INVESTIGATE.
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
QUINCY (Cal.) May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] W. V. Guffy and W. R. Radcliff, apple growers of Watsonville, are investigating fruit conditions in Plumas county. They are particularly interested in learning the adaptability of lands and climate of Plumas for growing apples. Mr. Radcliff is connected with the Bank of Watsonville. Plumas county apples are of splendid quality and the soil and climate seem favorable for their culture. It is believed they would prove a profitable crop if grown in marketable quantities.

WIFE CHARGES DESERTION.

SEEKS FREEDOM IN RENO.
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
RENO (Nev.) May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Alleging that her husband deserted in August, 1908, after a little more than four years of married life, having been married in New York City in March, 1904, Mrs. Schmidt, formerly Miss Knapp, of a well-known Yonkers family, filed suit for divorce today against her husband, Henry F. Schmidt, the confidential man connected with the Westinghouse Machine Company of Pittsburgh, Pa. Her complaint also embodies allegations of non-support and she asks custody of the only child, five years old, but no alimony is mentioned.

CHARGED WITH FRAUD.

Three Men Accused of Falsifying Aqueduct Pay Rolls Are in Jail at Bakersfield.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
BAKERSFIELD, May 27.—Thomas C. Biberick, charged with falsifying and changing records, and J. H. Roth and Phillip G. Grotha, each charged with forgery, were arrested today. The complaint, sworn to by John F. Martin, says the trio carried dummy workmen on the payroll of the aqueduct. All three men were employed at Bakersfield. They are in jail here.



Suits, Millinery and Waists

For Decoration Day, Mountains or the Beach

\$12.50 Fashionable Linen Suits
Severely Tailored Garments, Today \$7.50

Women and misses who intend to enjoy themselves Sunday and Decoration Day and are in need of a suit should visit Hale's today and see this garment we are offering for \$7.50. Suits of an excellent grade, all linen, in the latest shades. Severely plain tailored suits, with notch collar; 42-inch coats; large pearl buttons. Skirts full pleated. Style and attractive garments that are retailed in most stores at \$12.50. Hale's price today, \$7.50.

\$7.50 Khaki Suits \$3.95
Special for Today
Khaki suits for women and misses in the natural color. Full pleated skirt and Norfolk 36-inch coat with patent leather belt. Very suitable for the mountains. Strong and durable. Regular \$7.50 value. On special sale today at \$3.95.

\$6.50 Divided Khaki \$2.95
Skirts, Today
Divided khaki skirts for women and misses. Cut very full and fitted with pearl buttons. Made with patch pocket. Divided skirts of strong and durable grade material. Suitable for riding or mountain climbing. Worth \$6.50. On special sale today at \$2.95.

Dainty Summer Waists, Worth \$2.50, For \$1.00
Fresh, crisp, clean new waists. Just the kind you will want to wear all summer. Striking new models that you cannot duplicate for the price. A large collection of fine lawn, French batiste, dotted swiss and madras waists in the latest summer styles. Attractively trimmed with dainty laces and embroidery in an endless variety of new designs. Some have fine pin tucks, others have narrow and wide ones. Sleeves either plain or tucked; high or Dutch neck; open front or back. The assortment also includes a large variety of smart tailored waists of linen and French lawn; laundered collar and cuffs; some have black and blue pin stripes. Unusually good values to \$2.50. On special sale today at \$1.00.

\$4.00 French Kid Gloves \$1.95
8, 12 and 16-Button Length
Best grade French kid gloves; P. K. and overseams; Paris point and embroidery stitched back; 8, 12 and 16-button length; all sizes from 5½ to 7½; gloves worth to \$4.00. On special sale today for \$1.95.

Beautiful \$8.50 Pattern Hats \$3.50
An elegant assortment of beautiful pattern hats. Models of our regular \$7.50 and \$8.50 lines. The collection includes Milan and Tuscan pressed shapes and fine silk braids on French frames. Small, medium and large styles. Some are prettily trimmed with roses, foliage, ribbons and fancy pins; others severely trimmed. Choice of gray, melon, reds, navy, brown, white and plenty of blacks. Regular \$7.50 and \$8.50 hats. On special sale today at \$3.50.

Hale's
341-343-345 S. BROADWAY
Kayer \$1.50
Silk Gloves \$1
This glove is the famous "Kayer Silk Glove" of national renown. Full sixteen-button length. Made with double-tipped fingers and embroidered back. Fine, heavy quality silk. Every popular summer shade, including black and white. All sizes from 5½ to 8. Gloves that are really worth \$1.50. On special sale today, the pair \$1.

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SCOTT VAULTS STILL HIGHER.

Stanford Track Captain Adds to World's Record.

Cardinal Men Beat Colorado in Dual Meet.

Horne Clears Bar at Six Feet Three Inches.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.

BOULDER (Col.) May 27.—Capt. Leland Scott of the Stanford University track team today broke the world's pole vault record, held by himself, with a vault of 12 ft. 10 3/4 in. in the dual track meet with the University of Colorado. The former record was 12 ft. 10 1/4 in.

Stanford won easily, 7 1/4 to 5 1/4. State records were broken by Stanford men in the high and broad jumps, the 120-yard hurdles, the 220-yard dash and the relay race. Summary:

The 100-yard dash—Coleman (S.), first, Wilcox (S.) and Hanson (C.) tied for second; time 10 1/4.

The 220-yard dash—Wyman (S.) first, Messenger (C.) second, Hill (S.) third; time 32 1/4.

Broad jump—Bellah (S.) first, Heaton (C.) second; distance 22 ft. 4 1/4 in. High jump—Horne (S.) first, Hall (C.) second; height 6 ft. 3 1/4 in.

The 120-yard hurdles—Hamilton (C.) first, Walcott (S.) second; time 2:15. Stanford did not compete in this event.

One mile run—Lee (S.) first, Haley (C.) second, Stouck (C.) third; time 5:18.

Two-mile run—Newman (S.) first, Prouty (C.) second; time 12:15. The 400-yard dash—Coleman (S.) first, Taylor (S.) second, Pitts (C.) third; time 1:14.

Half mile run—Lee (S.) first, Short (C.) second, Kantner (C.) third; time 2:15.

The 220-yard hurdles—Hamilton (C.) first, Bellah (S.) second, Chase (C.) third; time 2:15.

Pole vault—Scott (S.) first, Bellah (S.) second, Horne (S.) third; height 12 ft. 10 3/4 in.

Discus throw—Bowler (C.) first, Van Gundy (C.) second, Sawyer (C.) third; distance 104 ft. 5 1/4 in.

Hammer throw—Woolley (S.) first, Van Gundy (C.) second, Bellah (S.) third; distance 134 ft.

Shot put—Bellah (S.) first, Woolley (S.) second, Krause (C.) third; distance 38 ft. 1 1/4 in.

Half-mile relay race, four-men teams—Stanford won; time 10:38.

EASTERN MEET.
(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)
PHILADELPHIA, May 27.—Pennsylvania showed up so well in the trials of the intercollegiate track meet today as to make it appear that the Philadelphia institution probably will carry off the championship. The final in all events will be held on Franklin field tomorrow afternoon.

Provided Pennsylvania wins the meet, it looks like a warm battle for second place, with Princeton, Yale, Harvard, and Michigan as the contenders.

Pennsylvania qualified fourteen men for the finals: Yale and Princeton, twelve each; Harvard, eleven; Cornell, six; Michigan, four; Amherst, four; Syracuse, Columbia and Wesleyan, two each; and Rutgers, Colgate, Dartmouth, New York University, Haverford and Bowdoin, one each.

No records were broken today.

QUALIFYING HEATS.
The 100 yards, first heat: Won by Ramsdell (Pennsylvania); second, Sherman (Dartmouth); third, Baldwin (Amherst); fourth, Arnsby (Pennsylvania); fifth, State College; time 10 1/4.

Second heat: Won by Minda (Pennsylvania); second, Cooke (Princeton); third, Keck (Michigan); fourth, Russell (Dartmouth); time 10 1/4.

Third heat: Won by Bias (Cornell); second, Downey (Syracuse); third, Kelly (Yale); fourth, Thayer (Harvard); time, 10 3/4.

Fourth heat: Won by Gardner (Harvard); second, Robson (Wesleyan); third, Snyder (Yale); fourth, Hartigan (Brown); time, 10 3/4.

Fifth heat: Won by Craig (Michigan); second, Jacobs (Columbia); third, Jessup (Princeton); fourth, Wheeler (Yale); time, 10 1/4.

Sixth heat: Won by Roberts (Amherst); second, Seymour (Yale); third, Tyler (Harvard); fourth, McConnell (Haverford); time, 10 3/4.

Two heats for men who finished third in the six preliminary heats, first and second men to go into semi-finals tomorrow.

First heat: Won by Kelly (Yale); second, Keck (Michigan); third, Baldwin (Amherst); time, 10 3/4.

Second heat: Won by Jessup (Princeton); second, Gardner (Harvard); third, Snyder (Yale); time, 10 3/4.

It was decided that the first and second men in all today's heats in the 100-yard dash run another heat in order to reduce to the number in the semi-finals tomorrow to ten. First and second men qualified.

First heat, 100-yard dash: Won by Craig (Michigan); second, Ramsdell (Pennsylvania); third, Kelly (Yale); fourth, Robson (Wesleyan); time, 10 1/4.

Second heat: Won by Minda (Pennsylvania); second, Jacobs (Columbia); third, Keck (Michigan); time, 10 1/4.

Third heat: Won by Bias (Cornell); second, Downey (Syracuse); third, Tyler (Harvard); time, 10 3/4.

Fourth heat: Won by Gardner (Harvard); second, Robson (Wesleyan); third, Snyder (Yale); time, 10 3/4.

Fifth heat: Won by Craig (Michigan); second, Jacobs (Columbia); third, Jessup (Princeton); fourth, Wheeler (Yale); time, 10 1/4.

Sixth heat: Won by Roberts (Amherst); second, Seymour (Yale); third, Tyler (Harvard); time, 10 3/4.

Those who qualified for tomorrow's semi-finals are Craig, Michigan; Ramsdell, Pennsylvania; Minda, Pennsylvania; Jacobs, Columbia; Cooke, Princeton; Bias, Cornell; Jessup, Princeton; Gardner, Harvard; Roberts, Amherst; and Kelly, Yale.

MIDDLE DISTANCES.
The 400-yard run, three heats, first three to qualify for finals:

First heat: Won by Ramsdell (Syracuse); second, McArthur (Cornell); third, Dwyer (Princeton); time, 1:04.

Second heat: Won by Palmer (Harvard); second, Taylor (Pennsylvania); third, Ramsey (Harvard); time, 1:04.

Half mile run, three heats, first three in each heat and fastest fourth man qualifying for final tomorrow:

First heat: Won by Boyle (Pennsylvania); second, Eberole (Cornell); third, Ryler (Harvard); fourth, Frantz (Princeton); time, 1:58.

Second heat: Won by Whitley (Princeton); second, Putnam (Cornell); third, Levering (Pennsylvania); fourth,

Baker (Pennsylvania); time, 1:58. Third heat: Won by Paul (Pennsylvania); second, Hall (Michigan); third, Taylor (Cornell); fourth, Holtman (Syracuse); time, 1:58. The 150-yard hurdle, in four heats, first and second qualifying for semi-finals:

First heat: Won by Chisholm (Yale); second, Havens (Rutgers); time, 1:25. Second heat: Won by King (Yale); second, Wendell (Wesleyan); third, Eberle (Swarthmore); fourth, Hall (Cornell); time, 1:25.

Third heat: Won by Long (Harvard); second, Newcomb (Colgate); third, Bacon (Wesleyan); time, 1:25. Fourth heat: Won by Dwight (Princeton); second, Lewis (Harvard); third, Plader (Syracuse); time, 1:25.

The 220-yard hurdle, four heats, first and second to qualify in semi-finals: First heat won by Stibolt (Cornell); second, Dusenberry (Princeton); time, 2:44. Second heat: Won by Gardner (Harvard); second, King (Yale); time, 2:44. Third heat: Won by Chisholm (Yale); second, Edwards (Bowdoin); time, 2:44.

Fourth heat: Won by Dwight (Princeton); second, Lewis (Harvard); time, 2:44.

Shot put. The following five men qualified—Horne (Syracuse), 45 feet, 10 1/4 inches; White (Syracuse), 44 feet, 10 1/4 inches; Goddard (Harvard), 43 feet, 2 inches; Coy (Yale), 42 feet, 10 inches; Kilpatrick (Yale), 42 feet, 8 3/4 inches.

Hammer throw: Following qualified for final—Cooey (Yale), 130 feet, 3 inches; Speers (Princeton), 128 feet, 1 1/4 inches; Arnsby (Yale), 126 feet, 1 1/4 inches; Simons (Princeton), 125 feet, 6 inches; Coleman (Pennsylvania), 123 feet, 6 inches.

Following men qualified for final—Palmer (Dartmouth), 123 feet, 6 inches; Fiedling (New York University), 123 feet, 6 inches; Lawrence (Harvard), 123 feet, 6 inches.

Pole vault. Following men qualified for final—Nelson (Yale), I. S. Babcock (Yale), Barr (Harvard), Gardner (Yale), 12 feet each; Parker (Pennsylvania), 11 feet 5 inches.

CHAMPIONSHIP GAME.
Long Beach High School Girls to Play Lowell Basketball Team Today at Beach.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)
LONG BEACH, May 27.—The girls' high school basketball championship of the State will be decided here tomorrow, when the Long Beach team meets the representatives of the Lowell High School of San Francisco.

The Lowell players arrived this morning and are guests of the local girls at their homes. The northerners are used to playing with seven members, using an extra jumping center and tomorrow's game will be played this way. The Long Beach girls have been practicing this week with an extra player and have no fear of the result, Miss Maile Kendall taking the extra position.

The game will be played in thirds. Mr. Bodkin from the north is to be referee and Miss Bates, Compton's coach, is to referee.

The Lowell girls achieved championship honors by defeating the leaders of five sub-league while Long Beach secured honors in a four sub-league series.

The line-ups.
Long Beach: E. Stoville forward; V. Tinklebaugh L. De Zibias forward; J. Stone M. Bryant jumping center; J. Robinson H. Vandestein "side" r.c. E. Dayman A. Barth "touch" r.c. M. Kendall C. Evans guard; Helen Perkins Margaret Sullivan and Edith Johnson, substitutes.

AL TO HELP JACK.
BIG WHITE SWELLS UP.
(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)
SAN FRANCISCO, May 27.—That Al Kaufman, the California heavyweight, will join the Johnson camp and box with the present heavyweight champion, is a question that was decided today. Johnson wants the blacksmith in his camp and has urged him to make that move and Kaufman has agreed.

Kaufman, Billy Delaney and Johnson had a long conference this afternoon. Kaufman is to go to Harbin Springs on Monday, and when he returns he will go to the beach.

"I was not sure that I would turn to go into the Johnson camp," said Kaufman. "If he beats Jeffries, I am the only available heavyweight left to fight him and I want to keep myself clean of any suspicions that might be raised at the time I feel that Johnson could teach me something about the boxing game that would be just what I want."

"Johnson is very anxious to have me with him. He tells me that Jeff boxed in training camp with both Jim Corbett and Joe Chynowski and that afterward he fought each of them two times."

There are two things, it is said, that determined Kaufman to join Johnson. One is the fact that Delaney would like to help the champion in any possible manner, and the other is that Kaufman is at odds with Sam Berger, Kaufman's manager, who has been bitter after the fight that Sam has been bitter and has made many unkind remarks.

These remarks.

The Johnson workout today was the same as yesterday's. He was on the road for the regulation twelve miles. Commencing tomorrow, Johnson will box in the gymnasium three days in a row.

When asked this afternoon if he would attend the Jeffries exhibition to night, Johnson replied:

"No, I will not. There is no use of stirring up trouble, and if I went to the show Jeffries would think I was coming just to aggravate him."

LEWIS KNOCKED OUT.
KETCHEL LANDS RIGHT.
(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)
NEW YORK, May 27.—Stanley Ketchel, the middleweight champion, knocked out Willie Lewis of New York in the second round of a scheduled ten-round bout at the National Athletic Club.

Lewis, who was the Parisian idol some months ago, is a welterweight and was fully ten pounds lighter than Ketchel, who weighed in this afternoon at 163, according to agreement.

Tom O'Rourke, manager of the club, was referee. Three thousand persons saw the contest.

Lewis went right at his man in the opening round. They exchanged body blows at close quarters, with Ketchel having the better of the exchanges. Lewis stepped cleverly inside of a vicious right swing and planted a straight left on Ketchel's face a moment later.

After another session of lightning, Ketchel sent a left to the face and the round ended the round.

Lewis was very confident when he stepped into the center of the ring in the second. He went after Ketchel, but the fast pace suited Ketchel, who, after several exchanges, planted a hard left on Lewis's face a straight right a minute before being revived sufficiently to be helped from the ring.

WILLIAM L. FINLEY, greatest of experts on Pacific Coast birds, will tell readers of the Times Magazine the coming of the peculiar ways the birds have of feeding their young.

FRANK L. STANTON'S "Pirates and Pirates" in The Times Magazine the coming of the peculiar ways the birds have of feeding their young.

Sunday will be as funny and as philosophical as ever.

CROWD CHEERS JEFF'S BOXING.

Great Ovation Is Accorded Rejuvenated Giant.

Some Disappointed, Others Elated Over Showing.

Jim Corbett's Home-coming Produces Applause.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SAN FRANCISCO, May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] James J. Jeffries received an ovation at Oceanland here tonight that must have been warming to his heart.

A crowd of probably 3500 light enthusiasts, as many as could be packed into the building, stood on its feet as the retired champion forced his way down the crowded aisles, and cheered him to the very echo. It was also a welcome home to James J. Corbett and the two champions—the one retired and the other a former holder of the title—smilingly bowed their appreciation from the ring.

And in the serious business that followed—the six rounds of boxing—Joe Chynowski and with brother Jack Jeffries, the Californian bent to his work with a will. There were divided opinions as to the showing that he made—many who were pleased and who marveled, and others who were disappointed.

Out of it all, however, it can easily be said for Jeffries that he showed vast improvement over his boxing at Recreation Park and also over his more recent inauguration of training at Rowdennan. Speed and cleverness were manifested to a marked degree and his wind did not seem to suffer to any extent.

On his feet, Jeffries was apparently slow at times, but his blows were lightning fast and it can be said that on the surface he is a vastly improved man. There is no more weight to be taken from the stomach, but a long siege is still in front of him.

Joe Chynowski was hardly equal to the task of standing off the burly Jeffries and it remained for the two brothers to put up the best exhibition of the night. Jack was far less timorous of being aggressive and he showed Jeffries rarely started a right hand punch for Chynowski, but the things in good shape with his brother.

PUG'S RECEPTION.
In large measure the night might easily have been called a reception to fighters, past and present. The cheers that met Jeffries as he entered the pavilion, were little compared to the ovation that greeted him as he stepped through the ropes and there was a pretty little side play as Jim reached the ring and shook hands with his wife and old-time rival.

"I introduce our native son, the Californian wonder and cleverest man who ever stepped into a ring," James J. Corbett, announced the veteran Bill Jordan.

Corbett bowed at the greeting but when called upon for a speech replied through the medium of the announcer that he was suffering from a bad cold.

Joe Chynowski was hailed as another native son and man and one of the hardest punchers.

Then came Jeffries, whose announcement was simple as would best bet the crowd.

"The great and only undefeated heavyweight champion of the world," James J. Jeffries, said Jordan in his best voice.

And the house didn't even wait for the close, to stand on its feet and once more break into applause.

The temper of the gathering was easily shown when a few minutes later Jordan tried to announce that on next Friday night Jack Johnson would appear in an exhibition match. They would have none of it and hisses followed until he gave up the idea.

The first three rounds of the exhibition were with Joe Chynowski. For the most part Jeffries held himself in reserve, starting many a punch that was withdrawn or held back before it landed. He treated Joe less kindly in the second round, however, during which he gave his sparring partner many a telling punch, until Chynowski in desperation turned and fled.

ARMSTRONG SCARES.
Perhaps Bob Armstrong decided that the occasion was not one suited to a time his clock hands and his big gloves for the second portion of the show.

It was a rattling good bout. Jim got some remarkably good ducking in that first round and slammed in some forceful punches. Jack gained for himself some measure of applause with a wild swing that just tipped his brother's face. The closing round was the best of the engagement. Jeffries used both lefts and rights, so effectively that Jack stopped suddenly before the gong sounded.

That was the performance and whether or not the men about town are more capable of seeing the record will be the ultimate condition of Jeffries, there will certainly be plenty of food for gossip.

Jeffries was accompanied to San Francisco by Sam Berger, who refused to let the fight take place without two sparring partners. It is his present intention to return to Rowdennan tomorrow morning and until there is a change in the schedule, he will be driven down the valley in Tex Rickard's automobile.

NEGROES DYING OUT.
No Race Solds in Texas on Part of Whites—Vital Statistics for April.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
AUSTIN (Tex.) May 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The April report of the State Registrar of Vital Statistics shows that a wide-spread race war in Texas whites, but indicates the negro race is dying out. Forty of the forty-three sets of twins born in Texas in April were whites, breaking the record. One set of white triplets was born. Total white births, 4183; deaths, 2083; negro births, 431; negro deaths, 50 in April.

DON'T GET RUN DOWN
Weak and miserable. If you have kidney and bladder trouble, dull back, pains, dizziness, nervousness, pains in the back, and feel tired all over, get a package of Mother Gray's AUSTRIAN-LEAF, the pleasant herb cure. It never fails. We have many testimonials from grateful people who have used this wonderful remedy. As a regulator it has no equal. Ask for Mother Gray's Australian-Leaf at druggists or sent by mail for 50c. Sample FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

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You can now get a Spring Suit at a very low price. We've marked over 500 of them that have been marked \$25 and \$20 at

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It's a very unusual opportunity, this early in the season, to be able to buy such clothes at such a price. They're Kuppenheimer's and other good makes. When you think of quality in clothes think of our better grades, \$30, \$35, \$40; they're worth thinking about. Twenty new models for men; eight new models for young men. They're late, new, best \$30, \$35, \$40. See our window display.

Blue suits of extraordinary merit at \$25; they're made of the famous Hockanum weaves, the best American product in fabrics for men's clothes. A good many of these suits are silk lined; self-striped, plain serges, rough weave blues; three or four different shades; in models for men and young men. These suits are such as usually sold at \$35; we're selling at \$25.

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Buy 300 shares for 55.50 cash—27.75 monthly
Buy 500 shares for 92.50 cash—46.25 monthly

After Wednesday Next "Home Builders" Shares Will Cost You More

The new price after June 1st of \$1.90 per share is justified by the accumulation of surplus and undivided profits amounting to \$155,839.43—the 16% dividends on par, which is being paid in cash. (This is an earning of 9% on the present \$1.85 price.) Growing assets, surplus, profit, which insures a regular and consistent advance in the value of shares, for "HOME BUILDERS" has just begun to grow.

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To Rent, Buy, or Sell.

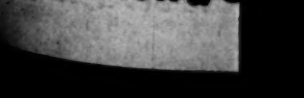
D-TO RENT BY RESPONSIBLE PERSONS, between Washington st. and Main. Floors 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 83

This is a vertical, high-contrast black and white photograph showing a close-up of a book's binding or a stack of pages. The image is heavily textured with vertical lines and shadows, suggesting a worn or damaged surface. A small, partially visible label at the top left corner contains the letters 'N' and 'E'. The overall appearance is that of a scan of a physical document, possibly a book cover or endpaper, with significant vertical banding and noise.

[illegible]

\$3.00 Silk Parasols—Colors and Novelty Effects \$1.59

An exceptional Saturday value in high-grade Silk Parasols; plenty of the wanted greens; many have beautifully embroidered borders of contrasting color; long Directors handles of wood.



The Los Angeles Times

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 28, 1910.

ON THE DEFENSIVE.

CITY'S INDUSTRIES FIGHT DOMINATION.

Public Bodies and Individuals are Aroused by Lissner's Move to Get Strangle Hold by Dictating Spur-Track Location.

THE Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association and the Los Angeles Realty Board have joined their fight against the attempt of Boss Lissner to secure a strangle hold on the industries of Los Angeles by making spur-track franchises temporary and revocable. The moment it was brought to their notice that the president of the Board of Public Utilities is trying to secure control of spur-track franchises in Los Angeles they at once united in protest. The Chamber of Commerce seems to be following; it has called a special meeting for today, and will probably take action in accord with that of the other public bodies. All day yesterday the manufacturers and jobbers were busy in arranging to present their case to the City Council next Tuesday. They visited the offices of the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association to secure information as to what this blow to their security means. The only explanation that could be given is that it must in some way serve the purposes of Cesar Lissner. The resolutions adopted by all the public bodies call attention to the fact that no harm has ever been done by the granting of spur-track franchises, and that there has been no protection on the part of any other citizens than Boss Lissner.

SEES THE INJUSTICE. The Los Angeles Realty Board passed the following resolution: "Resolved, That the secretary be instructed to prepare an address to the City Council and the individual members thereof protesting against any change in the present method of granting franchises for spur tracks and that a committee of three be appointed to attend the next meeting of the City Council to present such arguments as may be advisable in this behalf."

Secretary Burdett, in accordance with the resolution, is preparing an address that will point out to members of the City Council the injustice that will be done Los Angeles real estate and especially that of the industrial section by making all factories insecure in their shipping advantages. The realty men argue that as a certain section of the city has been set aside for industries "the attempt to make industrial advantages there dependent upon the whims of politicians who happen to be in office is destructive to progress and the development of commerce."

POSITIVE ATTITUDE. The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association is equally positive in its attitude. It adopted the following resolution: "Whereas, the Board of Public Utilities has recommended to the Honorable City Council that hereafter franchises for spur tracks be granted for a term of ten years, and may be revoked at the pleasure of the City Council, and

"Whereas, such legislation, if enacted, could be a serious obstacle to the development of our commercial and industrial enterprises, as no merchant or manufacturer would locate or invest in a large business of manufacturing where spur-track facilities are required, if franchises can only be granted for a short period, and

"Whereas, the present attempt to grant the life of the franchise for twenty years has not worked any injury to the public and has never evoked any objection from any source whatever, but has been regarded as a proper guarantee to the investor and fair to the public;

"Therefore, be it resolved by the board of directors of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, that the Honorable City Council be hereby urged to maintain the law as it now exists regarding the life of spur-track franchises."

HITS THE PEOPLE. Scores of individual letters have been written to the Councilmen and to the City Council as a whole by the various members of the organizations who have taken up the fight. Their plea is that the Lissner autocracy is now reaching out to jeopardize the business interests of Los Angeles. Some of them state frankly that they do not understand the motive. Others infer that the present attempt to grant a Tammany "hold-up" grip on business in Los Angeles, or it is one of the serious mistakes of the irresponsible demagogues that is to be found among the Go-Gos. It is the theory of these "reformers" that a corporation robber who has head shows is to make a hit with the people.

In this case Mr. Lissner has hit the people instead of making a hit with them. The railroads are not petitioning for more spur tracks. They would be glad to handle the business with as few tracks as possible. In the case which has brought the matter to an issue—that of the Los Angeles Market—it is a petition to the City Council of an important business concern for one of the advantages essential to its operation. The interest of the roads in building spur tracks is to develop business in the city as to as to create more employment, which is the common object of every business interest in the welfare of the city.

AROUSING RESENTMENT. The action of an official in the position of president of the Board of Public Utilities showing an attitude based upon political animus and not on any consideration for the business welfare of the city, has aroused a resentment that will appear upon the surface. The commercial organizations are overlooking the incentive of the blow that has been aimed at their business, and will confine their efforts to preventing its accomplishment.

The action of the directors of the Chamber of Commerce would predict what its action today will be, but from individual expressions of opinion it is quite apparent that there is quite as much opposition there to the Lissner proposition as there is in the organizations which have already taken action. The meeting today at noon has been called for the special purpose of taking action on the matter, and when Mr. Lissner's recommendation comes before the Council on Tuesday it will meet

FLYER STRIKES AUTO.

Four Passengers Thrown Out, and One Severely Injured, at Sixteenth and Western.

While Noble E. Johnston, superintendent of the Times-Mirror Printing and Binding House, was crossing Sixteenth street and Western avenue in an inbound Venice flyer of the Los Angeles Pacific Company struck his machine. Mr. Johnston was accompanied by three daughters, Azalia, aged 18 years; Opal, 16, and also a granddaughter, Harriet, whose age is not known. The car was thrown out of the auto being thrown aside and carried about ten feet before it was turned over by the occupants.

Miss Opal was the most seriously injured. Her right collarbone was broken and she received a number of severe cuts and bruises. She may be injured internally. Her condition is regarded as critical.

Miss Azalia received a laceration of the scalp and contusions of the right hip, leg and arm, but was not seriously hurt. The little girl and Mr. Johnston escaped injury although they were roughly shaken. The two sisters were taken to the Hospital of the Good Samaritan where they were attended by Dr. H. W. Seaver. He said last night that their condition was as good as could be expected.

Mr. Johnston whose home is at No. 142 Kellam avenue, was driving his Ford car. He was taking his children out on a pleasure jaunt, and was running at a moderate rate of speed. He did not hear either bell or whistle from the approaching trolley car, and before he realized his danger it was too late to avert the accident.

The auto was not much damaged, and was hauled to the garage of Charles W. Buehler at No. 1423 Western ave.

STOP STOPPER WITH A STOP.

Freakish Referendum Plan to Be Invoked.

Second Referendum to Stop First, Then Third.

Brewery Strikers Start "Dry Town" Initiative.

An avalanche of referendum politics is promised as the result of the raiding of the Lissner rates for public service corporations. Taking their example from the tactics of the Lissner crowd, representatives of the utility companies say they will invoke the referendum in order to gain a real hearing before their business revenues are ruined by the Lissner theoretical process.

Before the rate ordinances take effect, and that cannot be before July 1, petitions invoking the referendum will be circulated by the business interests affected by the Lissner rates. Hints of this course reached the City Council yesterday and it had some influence in bringing the membership unanimously to the support of the Lissner recommendations. This was made evident when a divided Council adjourned at 12 o'clock and reassembled for the lighting rates at 1:30 o'clock. Boss Lissner's influence is credited with the unanimity.

A 7 per cent. petition will be sought. This will require 3212 signatures, a number so easily obtained that the park watchmen were able to get one in twenty days without the aid of any Tassie organization funds. The petition will require the City Council to repeal the rate ordinances, refer them to a vote at the next general election in November, 1911, or call a special election to pass on them.

DEMAGOGIC SKILL.

The answer of President Lusk to a suggestion that a variation from the Lissner rates might invoke a referendum was that if one was invoked an election will be called immediately. A referendum petition would be mandatory on the Council if it contained 15 per cent. of the voters. The purpose is to submit the rates with the belief that they will be overwhelmingly sustained because there are some important reductions. That is Betkouski's idea.

But there is a joker in the referendum provision of the charter that the Lissner administration wots not of, unless it be the City Attorney, and he isn't admitting it. When he advised the passing of the rate ordinances so that a full thirty-day period should elapse before the rates took effect, counsel for the rate ordinance understood it to mean that the rate ordinance, as well as any other not passed under a real emergency for the public peace, safety or health, is amenable to the referendum. They also believe that his repeated advice that ordinances calling special elections must be passed thirty days before they take effect means the same thing.

Suppose a referendum petition is filed on the rate ordinances and the City Council calls a special election by ordinance. Why may not another referendum be filed to suspend the operation of the ordinance calling the election?

HERE'S THE JOKER.

This is the joker. The referendum provision admits of such a proceeding and it may be kept up interminably. It will mean that after the Council has called the rate referendum election a new petition may be filed to hold an election to determine whether there shall be an election or not. And then there is another petition.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

MONASTERY BURNS.

Benedictine Fathers Lose Montebello Structure by Fire That Starts Mysteriously.

Fire of unknown origin destroyed the monastery and chapel of the Benedictine Fathers at Montebello, about 10 o'clock last night, entailing a loss of \$3500.

So far as known, there was nobody in the section of the building, which was a long frame structure one story high, where the flames were discovered. It is said that there was neither lamp nor any other light, and no fire of any kind in the structure at the time. The monks are completely mystified as to the origin of the conflagration.

They made every effort to extinguish the flames, but to no avail, and only succeeded in saving about one-third of their garments. The building contained seven rooms in addition to the chapel, and apartments being occupied by five members of the order. There was no insurance.

DRAMATIC.

SNATCH GIRL, WHIRL AWAY.

OFFICERS OF ORANGE COUNTY MAKE A "CAPTURE."

Cause Excitement at Fourth-street Boarding Establishment by Seizing Young Woman, Bundling Her Into Automobile and Speeding Toward Santa Ana.

Three officers from Orange county pounced upon a young woman late yesterday afternoon, while she was reclining upon a divan and chatting with friends at her boarding-house on East Fifth street, overcame her resistance, quieted her fears so that she consented to accompany them, and with a young woman companion, escorted her to an automobile, and whirled her toward Santa Ana as fast as the chauffeur could make the machine travel.

The exciting scene was at the home of Mrs. O'Rourke, No. 507 East Fourth street, the heroine being Miss Mary Staplin, a vivacious and attractive maiden, who recently celebrated her eighteenth birthday anniversary. Behind the sensational arrest of Miss Staplin there is a story of a mysterious estate, court proceedings, threats of reform schools, the alleged incorrigibility of the maid, and the rattling of a family skeleton that is not apt to please any of those concerned.

For more than three months Miss Staplin has been the object of energetic concern upon the part of court officials of Orange county, operating from Santa Ana, where she, until recently, made her home with her mother. Mr. Staplin makes his home somewhere in the East. From statements made by the young woman, both to her landlady in this city and to the latter's husband, as well as to Attorney Hutchinson, whom she sought for advice, Miss Staplin has been persistently followed by men representing themselves as court officials, and once before an effort was made to kidnap her and take her back to Santa Ana.

It appears that the young woman did not find matters to her liking at her home, and differences with her mother led to charges being made against her of incorrigibility. At that time she had not attained her legal majority, and she was given her choice of returning to her mother or being sent to the Whittier Reformatory School. She chose the former alternative, but evidently did not long abide by her decision, for she returned to Los Angeles and secured room and board with Mrs. O'Rourke. She also secured employment and was waiting impatiently for the arrival of her eighteenth birthday anniversary, when she expected to be freed from all further bother from juvenile or probationary officials.

The birthday day was passed several weeks ago, and Miss Staplin was continuing to wait.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



Miss M. Wanda Fraisher,

whose financing of an embryo vaudeville troupe led to complications and into court.

THINK OF IT!

"ANGEL" BALKS AT LONG BEACH.

FOOTLIGHTS ASPIRANT WANTS HER MONEY BACK.

Young Woman Tells Justice That She Acts as Banker for Budding Theatrical Organization and Contributes Until She Discovers Where the Debut is to Be Made.

Make my debut in Long Beach, never!

Thus decreed Miss Wanda M. Fraisher, aspirant for footlights and banker for a budding theatrical organization now suffering from a frost-bite. She is trying to recover some of the money she furnished as participating "angel" in a near-troupe and Justice Sumner heard her recitation of tribulations yesterday when her complaint came before him.

Miss Fraisher, a brown-eyed girl, such to recover from Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Neves money she had given them and paid out on their account while the troupe was in the process of formation—as far as it went. There was no denial that she had paid the money, but the question to be decided was whether it was merely preliminary expenses which she had agreed to pay or whether she was to receive an equivalent.

The troupe was to be a family affair. It was to be composed of Mr. and Mrs. Neves, their small son, Miss Fraisher and her brother.

The idea was launched when the Fraishers were the guests of the Neves at the Santa Monica road races. As the motor car whizzed by the grandstand, the theatrical plan was evolved.

Miss Fraisher became the sole member of the Finance Committee. They all rented apartments at the Percival Hotel. She paid the bills to the tune of \$12 a week. Neves needed a new suit and she put up \$20 for it. He unforgivingly declared yesterday that he was ashamed to wear it.

They needed photographs and cards and Miss Fraisher paid for them. Mrs. Neves desired a new handbag and Miss Fraisher opened hers to purchase it. Dramatic training was necessary, and Miss Fraisher was the only installment which was liquidated.

Neves's father wished to go to his home in Kansas and he asked for a check for \$100 so that he could make the trip. From time to time she contributed to the Neves family. In fact, she seemed to be a regular banking institution so far as they were concerned, even paying a \$25.00 gown for Mrs. Neves.

Meantime Neves was busy writing a

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

THREE MILLIONS FOR LOCAL OIL COMPANY.

NEGOTIATIONS are practically complete for the sale of the Central Oil Company to an English syndicate. The deal is to be closed by next Wednesday, and it is understood that the terms have been agreed upon and that the transfer of papers is all that remains to be completed. The Central Oil Company is one of the large operators in the Whittier and Fullerton districts, and its property is considered among the choicest.

This will be the second \$2,000,000 deal in California oil lands by English syndicates for the week. Prof. Joseph Kirkland has sound back London with options on \$1,000,000 worth of Ventura and Kern county lands. The owners of the Central Oil Company decline to disclose the names of the purchasers until the transaction has been formally completed.

A representative of wealthy London capitalists spent some time recently in looking over the fields. He has now returned with a report on the property, and it proved so favorable that the negotiations have been hurried here and there.

The Central owns 2200 acres in the richest parts of the Whittier and Fullerton districts, and is engaged in producing wells. Oil men who are not in the company have no accurate information as to the value of the property. It will come as a great surprise to them, it is said, as none of the local investors had an idea that it was on the market.

President W. W. Neves said last night: "It is true that negotiations for the sale of the Central Oil Company are about to be completed. I do not wish to discuss the transaction in detail until it is completed, which will probably be about Wednesday of next week. The purchasers are not personally known to me and the negotiations have been carried on through a representative who is not here now. The price at which the property will be sold is about \$2,000,000. Further than this I cannot discuss the transaction at present."

The Central Oil Company will have proven a very good investment for the stockholders under the terms of the sale. The present production is paying good dividends, the stock has advanced rapidly since it was originally purchased by most of the holders, and

the sale will be at a price that means another substantial advance.

INDEPENDENTS MEET.

CONTRACTS ARE RATIFIED. (ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

BAKERSFIELD, May 27.—At the meeting of the Independent Oil Producers' Agency held here this afternoon, agreements were made by which not less than 50 cents a barrel shall be guaranteed the American Petroleum and American Oil Fields production for a minimum delivery of 250,000 barrels every three months. The Newve Petroleum Company is guaranteed 50 cents for not less than 5000 barrels a day, and the California-Coalinga Company not less than 45 cents for a minimum of 3000 barrels a day.

The agency elected officers thus: President, L. P. St. Clair of Bakersfield; vice-president, S. W. Morsehead of San Francisco; secretary, W. B. Robb of Bakersfield; treasurer, H. H. Welch of Fresno.

Executive Committee, made up of operators in the different fields: Kern River, L. P. St. Clair; W. B. Robb, D. W. Carmichael; McKittick fields, P. N. Schofield; H. U. Maxfield; Midway fields, E. J. Dehney; John Barnson, M. W. McQuigg; C. S. Wynn; Moraga fields, W. L. Stewart; C. J. Berry; Coalinga, H. H. Welch; S. W. Morsehead; Mark Rega; S. A. Guiberson, Jr.

OIL LEGISLATION.

PICKETT BILL, OR NONE.

Oil men yesterday received telegrams from Washington to the effect that California operators will have to be content with the pending Pickett bill or no legislation at this session of Congress.

The bill in its present form recognizes rights of prior discovery, eliminates uncertainty concerning much property, but does not confirm former withdrawals. It was said there is no possibility of securing more liberal legislation.

Oil producers are asked to wire to T. A. O'Donnell at the New Willard Hotel whether they prefer no legislation or the passage of the Pickett bill. Telegrams were also sent to the oil men assembled today at Bakersfield, where the meeting of the Independent Agency is being held.

Silk Parasols—Colors Novelty \$1.59

Waist Sale \$9.75



Jeweled Braid Pins Reduced One-Third

Onyx Stockings at 25c

Underwear That Fits

Vests and Pants 25c

Vests and Pants 50c

Choice Meats

Choice Meats

Choice Meats

Choice Meats

Choice Meats

Choice Meats

Choice Meats

Choice Meats

Choice Meats

Choice Meats

Choice Meats

Choice Meats

Choice Meats

Choice Meats

Choice Meats

Choice Meats

Choice Meats

Removal Sale

reached that the crime should be stronger than a simple assault, and Miller was given ninety days in the County Jail.

E. A. Donnelly, found guilty of attempted burglary in entering a saloon on South Main street, where he was

found with a huge hammer ready to begin work on the safe, was given a six-year term at Folsom. If Donnel had taken the advice of his friends as alleged, surely he might not have

Chinaman, who had appealed his case from the police court, was allowed to go on his own recognizance. Wing was found guilty of violating the anti-gambling act. The "chink" had to

**WIFE SUES BELL
ASKS FOR DIVORCE.**

divorce. The counts in the action include desertion, extreme cruelty and gross neglect. The Bells were married in Los Angeles, August 13, 1905. The boys are still a Mexican and about

The name of the defendant in the divorce action has been in the newspaper.

O. P. Widaman and his brother-in-law, Arthur Sanger, at the Hollenbeck Hotel, in 1908; later on Bell took the law into his own hands and threw into the Pacific Ocean a water-cooler.

of San Pedro. Then he was arrested on a charge of perjury in connection with the Hollenbeck Hotel affair, and after the case had been continued

declared that Bell was innocent. Later the information was dismissed on motion of the District Attorney. About this time Bell was mysteriously attacked by an unknown person at the

COURTHOUSE NOTES.
BREVITIES MISCELLANEOUS.
FALSE ARREST CHARGED. Cyr

M. K. Crabb, alleging false arrest and asking for \$5000 damages. Steiner is a member of the Los Angeles police force. It is said in the complaint that on April 25 last, on the solicitation of the

resulted in his incarceration in the city prison for seven days, after which the matter was dismissed in the hearing in the Police Court.

Mines changed to the Los Angeles Chamber of Mines and Oil. The following directors approve the proposed change: Calvert Wilson, S. E. Vermilyea, John S. Mitchell, John N. Math

Mark G. Jones, W. C. Kennedy, H. H. Kerckhoff, Hol King, G. Alfred Mayland, George Mitchell, E. A. Montgomery, A. D. Myers, J. Nelson Nevins, C. M. Shannon, Karl Triest and J. V. Vickers.

was a section hand employed by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway in this city in April last. While unloading rails from an open car on Mateo street he says there was a neg-

him injuring him severely. He asks \$7000 damages on account of the accident.

wife, Margie Virginia Grant, by Marymy E. Webster, for an accounting of the partnership connected with conducting the rooming-house known as No. 1402½ Winfield street. This is the property

INCORPORATIONS. Articles of in-

W. Broughton, O. B. Burdick and H. C. Grupe, subscribed \$15,000; Great Eastern Coffee and Tea Company, capital stock \$16,000, incorporators Charles A. Nelson, Harry E. Officer and

DESIRE TO MORTGAGE. St. Athanasius Church filed in the Superior Court yesterday a petition for leave to mortgage its property, consisting of two lots on Angeles Heights, for \$15,-

CHILD ADOPTED. On the petition of Charles E. and Mary A. Chamberlain, Judge Bordwell yesterday allowed them to adopt Calvin Rogers Estadt, who will hereafter be known as Calvin Rogers Chamberlain. The child is a

COMMITTED. Judge Bordwell and the Lunacy Commission yesterday committed C. W. Conoway, W. H. McCauley and Mrs. Francisco Alvarez to the State Hospital at Patton.

Johnson, administratrix of the estate of Nicholas A. Johnson, entered suit against the Southern Pacific Company yesterday for \$20,000 damages, alleged to be due her on account of the death

ALLEGED ROBBERY. Judge Da-

that at Newhall, February 19 last, Jones relieved Michael Gallagher of \$50. The men were employes on the line of the Owens River Aqueduct.

acres were confirmed by Judge Rives yesterday: Margaret L. Slaughter, east half of lots Nos. 2 and 3, Rancho Potrero de Felipe Lugo, \$8000; Herbert E. Collins and Westwood Collins, lots 1 and 24, Rancho Potrero Grande,

SUIT FOR HUSBAND'S DEATH.
An action has begun by Maggie C. Clark yesterday for damages in \$20,000.

It is set out in the complaint that Clark was driving his auto going east on Twentieth street when it was struck by a car of the Los Angeles Railway Company, and the occupant of the ma-

GRAND JURY ADJOURNS. The
grand jury adjourned yesterday to

6 p.m. Closed all day Decoration Day.

AFTER HER HUSBAND. Judge

SEEK TO ADOPT. Alfred and Lena Luser filed a petition in the Superior Court yesterday for permission to adopt Albert Läniger, who was born at Swindale.

Women Causes Rival in Business
e Appear in Court Because She
saves His Smokestack Emitted Soot.

Mr. G. W. Rennie, owner of the hotel Rennie, No. 110 1/2, South Main street, was the complaining witness. C. Benham, proprietor of the Honolulu, was the defendant. Ben-

The telephone enables her to make as many calls as she pleases, and in all sorts of weather.

The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company

and Dominguez indulged in a spree Christmas Day. A knife was flourished and Condeas hit his friend on the legs with a stick of stove wood.

Penny strawberries Raspberries Blackberries Loganberries Black Cherries, per lb. 10c Royal Anne Cherries, per lb. . 10c	Basket 70c Tray	Boiling Onions Spinach Radishes Lettuce Rhubarb
---	--------------------	---

restaurants, hotels and fountains.
delicious, invigorating and sustaining.
men on your sideboard at home.

THE NEW YORK TIMES
THE NIGHT
Suit
Transfer of Stock
Brand May
the Institution
Within a few days of next week's chapter in the great and day suit. This may be the last hearing scheduled on the mandamus to compel delivery to the trustee of the institution's shares of the bank's stock that the person who is to be a public sale on May 11.
If the court should be transferred as soon as the stock will be sold, the institution.
The transactions the present state of the case in this order.
BORROWING
On April 1, New York and W. J. the All Night and from L. C. E. of the Title Company of \$50,000 and to protect its interests in the bank with the shares of the bank borrowed from the bank a note for \$50,000 and hypothecated the bank's stock of the bank. The bank's stock was sold to the bank and the bank's stock was sold to the bank. The bank's stock was sold to the bank and the bank's stock was sold to the bank.
THEIR HOLDING
This foreclosure of the All Night might only about the bank, leaving a doubt as to the order in which the bank was brought to the bank. The bank's stock was sold to the bank and the bank's stock was sold to the bank.
A STORM
The All Night and something of the suit was started. It was a long and hard fight. The bank's stock was sold to the bank and the bank's stock was sold to the bank.
BELLS RING
The All Night and the Echo of the Divorce Case. William Bayly, divorced, has been issued a writ of habeas corpus. The bank's stock was sold to the bank and the bank's stock was sold to the bank.

This section of the store offers many suggestions of useful gifts for the girl graduates. Whatever you may select from this department you are assured of dependable quality and choicest style.

Sterling Silver Toilet Articles

In Odds and Ends at 1/4 Less Than Regular Prices

This offer embraces brushes, combs, mirrors, puff jars, pomade jars, and manicure articles.

Genuine French Parisian Ivory Toilet Articles

A set of these would make a most pleasing gift. They are shown in brushes, combs, mirrors, puff jars, pomade jars, and manicure articles. The price of set depends upon the number and quality of articles. They can be engraved in colors with monogram, which adds individuality to the set.

High Grade Perfumes

Put Up in Attractive Packages Ready for Presentation

We offer the newest and most popular odors in the best French, Russian, English and American perfumes. Prices range from \$1.00 to \$16.00 package.

Toilet Requisites Put Up Expressly for Tourists

We make a specialty of toilet requisites put up in complete and compact form for the traveler's roll up, or suit case, consisting of small size brushes, mirrors, pin boxes, pomade and cold cream jars, etc.

We are headquarters for E. BURNHAM'S CELEBRATED TOILET ARTICLES.

Great Sale of

Children's Wash Dresses

Continued today in our BARGAIN BASEMENT. Notwithstanding the large number sold today there still remains—

Great Assortments of Up-to-date Dresses at Prices Close to Half

Values to 85c, 50c Values to \$2.25, at \$1.25 Values to \$1.75, 95c Values to \$3.50, at \$1.75

Not For The Careless Smoker

Van Dyck "Quality" Cigars are not made for the man who buys cigars haphazard. Their appeal is to the lover of good Havana tobacco—to the man who appreciates the best.

All that is possible in fineness of flavor and aroma—all that a smoker ever dreamed of in luxurious satisfaction is to be had in

VAN DYCK

"Quality" Cigars

Now will you pay half for those cigars when you might well expect. Similar quality in the "Imported" would cost you again as much. For we save 200 per cent duty by having our factory in Tampa, Fla.—by importing the leaf instead of the cigars.

This economy is your gain, and

27 Different Shapes—3 for 25c and Upward

AT YOUR DEALERS

M. A. GUNST & CO.—"The House of Staples"—Distributors

Spring Clothing \$15 to \$45

Lowman & Co.

131 So. Spring St.

Big Shoe Sale

Special Bargain Tables in Basement today and tomorrow.

MANMOTH SHOE HOUSE

519 South Broadway

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MANMOTH SHOE HOUSE

519 South Broadway

STORE MANAGERS MAY OUTLET SALE

This Store Will Remain Closed All Day Monday—Memorial Day

of Silks at 50c Yard

Values Up to \$1.25

is bound to interest any woman who has any use what-
that includes pretty nearly all of you.

lines and odd pieces of various lengths, colors and kinds—

Plain Pongees
Plain Taffetas
Fancy Silks
Crepes de Chine
Plaid Silks
Diagonal Silks

assortment will be found satisfactory, and the values most
this is a clearance of all accumulations from the week's special



Bunting

For Memorial
Day Decorations

5c Yd.

Good Liners Radically Reduced Now

When these damasks and linens of various sorts by the feeling and appearance, you'll realize that
well worth first-named prices. We can quote the lower figures because we bought these months

Extra fine and heavy; regularly \$5.00, reduced to, dozen \$4.00
Full 27-inch Dinner Napkins; regularly \$10 and \$11, reduced
now to, dozen \$7.50
64-inch All-Linen Damask; regularly \$7.50, now \$5.50
66-inch All-Linen Damask; regularly \$1.25, now \$1.00
72-inch All-Linen Damask; regularly \$1.50, now \$1.20
72-inch All-Linen Damask; regularly \$1.75, now \$1.35
Huck Towels with red borders, 22x44; regularly \$1.25, now \$1.00
All-Linen, very soft and absorbent; regularly 25c, for 12 1/2c
Bath Towels, hemmed or fringed ends, white or red borders;
regular 30c quality, for 25c
Hand-embroidered Tea Cloth, 36x36, hemstitched ends, pure
linen; \$5.00 quality now \$2.00 \$3.00 quality now \$2.50
Tea Napkins, with scalloped edges; \$6.00 quality for \$4.85
\$8.00 quality for \$6.50 \$9.00 quality for, dozen \$7.50

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Savings on Little Things

Shields, all sizes .15c—2 for 25c
Embroidered Skirt Braid .2 for 5c
Shoe Laces .2 for 5c
Seam Binding .5c—6 for 25c
Hairpin Cabinets .2 for 5c
Hairpin Cabinets .5c—6 for 25c
Pins .5c—6 for 25c
Eyes .2 for 5c
Fasteners .3 for 10c
Shirtwaist Buttons .5c—6 for 25c
Shirtwaist Buttons .3 for 10c
Braid, white and colored; values to 65c for 35c

Long Gloves \$1.75

White Glace Gloves, sizes 5 1/2 to 6 1/2;
\$1.50 quality now \$1.75

25c Suede and Glace

Gloves \$2.50

Sixteen Button Suede, Glace and Cape
very stylish now; in broken assortment; some
small sizes; values \$3.25 to \$4 now \$2.50

Reductions of Half

Among Rugs

and Draperies

floor will certainly be crowded today
has been all the week long—if offerings
following are of interest to people who
are without sacrifice of quality:

at half.
all sorts—at half. One and two-
lot.
and matting and Crex rugs at half.
by the yard at half.
hugablow nets at half.
and fancy burlap at half.
crepes, cretonnes and satines at half.
lines of choice pieces.
covers—samples—and one-pair lots
perteries; some of them a bit soiled;
to and including \$12.50.
by the pair, or each—as the case may
\$2.50

\$1.50 Trim'ings 25c

Values of the kind every wide-awake woman is
looking for—reductions on the wanted sorts of
dress trimmings:

Handsome colored net bands; black and white bands and
plain and fancy bands; also colored appliques of charming
style; in usable lengths; goods which bring as much, some
of them, as \$1.50 a yard, specially priced, for
clearance of broken assortments, at, yard, 25c

Specials from the Waist and Petticoat Sections

Saturday is clearance day here; and among other
noteworthy bargains, occur these very practical
ones:

Wash Petticoats; \$1 value for .85c
Silk Petticoats; \$1.25 value for .85c
Silk Petticoats; \$3.75 value for \$2.85
Silk Waists; \$5.00 value for \$3.85
Long Kimonos; specially priced at \$1.45
Lingerie Waists; specially priced at \$2.25
Sweaters; values to \$3.50 for \$2.25
Hundreds of fine Lingerie Waists reduced.
Net Waists; \$5 and \$6 value for \$2.50

\$2.00 German Clunys \$1.00

Scarfs and centerpieces are obtainable, in several different
sizes; they will make very practical and durable wedding
gifts; their regular prices are \$1.75 and \$2.00;
their sale price is \$1.00

Bargains in Men's Furnishings

Men's Heavy, Blue Chambray Work Shirts; all sizes; regular price 50c, now 3 for \$1.00. Each .35c
Men's Blue Chambray Golf Shirts, with cuffs detached; made by a well known manufacturer, and sold in every
good store at \$1.00. Sale price .65c

50c Night Robes 35c
Men's Muslin Night Robes; our regular 50c quality; reduced dur-
ing the sale to 3 for \$1.00; each .35c

\$3.50 Terry Bath Robes \$2.00
Men's Terry Cloth Bath Robes; fine quality, which ought to bring
\$3.50, in the sale at \$2.00

50c Lace Half Hose 25c Pair
Black Lace Half Hose; good style and quality; regularly 25c and
35c, now .2 for 25c
And the 50c grade, now, pair .25c

25c Neckwear 20c
Comprising good, fresh styles of regular 25c quality; now 2c,
or 3 for 50c; don't miss this.

25c Linen Cuffs, 2 for 25c
They are slightly soiled, which accounts for the half price.

Men's 25c Handkerchiefs 15c
All-Linen, Hemstitched Handkerchiefs; reg. price, 25c, now .15c
Regular 35c quality, reduced to .3 for 50c
All-Linen Initial Handkerchiefs; regularly 25c, now .3 for 50c

Women's Hosiery Reduced

Practical hosiery of first quality at reductions today:

Women's black gauze cotton hosiery; all sizes, regular
staple 50c quality, out now at .3 pairs for \$1.00

Children's 4x1 ribbed cotton hose; black or tan; all sizes;
25c quality, out now at .3 pairs for 50c

Really Good Bags \$1

\$1.50 and \$2.00 Values

With your fresh summer suits and dresses you
will certainly want new leather goods. Now
comes an opportunity to choose from a very
wide variety of choice hand bags, at a fraction
of usual cost, because we've but one or two of a
kind and style:

The collection includes dozens of bags whose regular
prices are from \$1.50 to \$2.00; fresh and perfect, but
over lots of lines that have practically sold
out; so we reduce them all to \$1.00

We Serve Sundaes, Soda

Etc., All Day Long in the Cafe

When you become fatigued from shopping, or wish to
chat a few moments with some friend, just come up to
the Fourth Floor Cafe—at any time during the day—
and order something refreshing, for example—

An ice, ice cream—all flavors—sodas and sundaes of every popular
sort; or a luncheon of cold meats, tea, salad or something similar.
We guarantee the purity of everything we serve in the Cafe, of
course, and prices will be found extremely reasonable.

A la carte luncheon served daily between 11:30 and 2:00.
Men's Grill in connection; smoking permitted.

Standard Toilet Goods

Attractively Reduced

35c Tooth Brushes .25c
25c Tooth Powder .10c—3 for 25c
25c Can (full pound) Talcum Powder .15c
75c Bulk Perfumes—Violet, White Rose, Carnation,
Orange or Lilac—Ounce .35c
75c 4711 Toilet Water, Bottle .50c
\$1.25 and \$1.50 Hair Brushes .10c
75c and \$1.00 Hair Brushes .50c
Fancy Back Combs and Barettes; values to \$4.50 .125
25c Braid Pins .15c—2 for 25c
5c Castile Soap, Doz. 25c .50c Barettes .25c
50c Braid Pins .35c 75c Braid Pins .50c
\$1.25 and \$1.00 Braid Pins .75c

Sale of High Grade \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00 and \$8.50 Corsets at \$5.00

There are no better known or better liked corsets in the whole world than these enumerated be-
low; and women who appreciate bargains of the true sort will be out in force today to take
advantage of the lower prices:

\$5 La Grecque; style 253; regular price .70c
La Grecque; style 2245; regular price .60c
La Reve; style 80; regular price .80c
La Reve; style 70; regular price .70c
Mme. Renaud; style 4208; regular price .60c
Lestelle, W. B.; style 1239; regular price .60c
Redfern; short brocade model; regular price .85c

All of the foregoing corsets, except the short model Redfern, which is extremely popular—are the long
styles now largely worn by women of fashion. They are not damaged or imperfect in any way; and are
fully worth original prices.

Clearance of Women's Garments

Day after day, during this week of special sales, we have emphasized certain lines of ready-to-wear
garments at special prices. Now, on Saturday, we gather the whole collection into one final big sale, at these
small prices, which will induce spirited buying among people who have the slightest need for anything of
the sort:

WOMEN'S STYLISH WOOL SUITS, at \$12.50, \$17.50 and
\$22.50. Included are stylish, serviceable suits of new cut
material; in all colors and models which are fashion-favored
just now—and which will continue to be for months to come.
Values to \$37.50.

WOMEN'S LINEN SUITS AND DRESSES AT \$6.50, \$12.50, \$17.50 and
\$22.50. Choice one-piece models, in white and colors; taste-
fully trimmed with laces and embroideries.

WOMEN'S WOOL OR SILK OR LACE COATS AT \$6.50,
\$12.50, \$17.50 and \$22.50. A very wide and choice assortment
of taffetas, pongees, wool mixtures in light weights; black
and colors, at these special prices. Values even double.

WOMEN'S LINEN SUITS AND DRESSES AT \$6.50, \$12.50,
\$17.50 and \$22.50. Finest linens in natural shade and in col-
ors; coats smartly cut; skirts either plain or pleated.

Good News For Our

Women Patrons

On Tuesday, June the first, we shall open, on the
third floor of our establishment, Toilet Parlors
which will be absolutely without peer in Los An-
geles:

Fixtures are of the finest character; all appoint-
ments are absolutely new, with several unique
features for the increased convenience of our pa-
trons; the color scheme of white and green will
not only be very restful, but makes possible im-
maculate cleanliness—a feature upon which we,
of course, lay great stress.

Hair Dressing, Manicuring,

Shampooing and

Facial Massage

under the direction of expert attendants will be
given at prices which will be found very reason-
able for the unexcelled quality of work.

In this Section—as in all other parts of the store—
we have set the standard very high, and we are
confident that you will give these Parlors your
immediate seal of approval.

Open on and after June the first

News of Reduced Bedding

Every item has something of interest for housewives, keepers
of hotels and apartment houses, in the way of good bedding
for less.

66x75-inch Mahair Robes, all colors, suitable for couch covers, fancy
blankets, etc.; regularly \$7.50, to close out a limited quantity. \$2.50
11-4 Gray Blankets; good, heavy quality, for hotels, camping purposes
and beach or mountain homes; regularly \$4.00, on special sale at \$3.00
11-4 White Blankets of extra heavy quality; regularly \$4.25, for \$3.25
72x78-inch Cotton Comforts, filled with all-white cotton; regularly \$1.50,
for \$1.00

Feather Pillows of good size; regularly \$2.00, for, pair \$1.50
Ostermoor Mattresses, covered with dustproof ticking, reduced:
4-6 Mattresses; regularly \$16.50, for \$15.00
4-0 Mattresses; regularly \$14.85, for \$13.35
3-6 Mattresses; regularly \$13.20, for \$11.70
3-0 Mattresses; regularly \$11.50, for \$10.00
2-8 Mattresses; regularly \$9.85, for \$8.35

Special prices prevail on Pequot Sheets, Pillowcases and Sheetings, in all
widths and sizes.

25c Handkerchiefs 20c

A Saturday special from the Women's Handkerchief Section.

Two lines of women's 25-cent Initialed Handkerchiefs out on spe-
cial sale at 6 for \$1.00; each .20c

229 South Broadway COULTER DRY GOODS CO. 224-228 South Hill Street

GOOD OIL STOCKS

We direct the attention of investors to the fact that the market for oil stocks is now offering a very profitable opportunity for investment. The market is now offering a very profitable opportunity for investment. The market is now offering a very profitable opportunity for investment.

Weather.

At this time the weather is very pleasant. The temperature is in the 70's and 80's. The wind is light and variable. The sky is clear and bright.

Investment

Central Income Property. Convey Ownership Right. Pay 6% to 7% and Grow in Value. THE TRUSTEE COMPANY, 424 S. Broadway, Suite 200.

WM. R. STAATS

105-07 W. 4th St., Los Angeles. 60 So. Raymond Ave., Pasadena.

BONDS

High-Grade Bonds. Dividend Paying. American Bankers' Association.

WE MAKE COLLECTIONS

The Southern Trust Company. Commercial Savings, 114 West Fourth Street. The "Wall Street" of Los Angeles.

Barroll & Bond

LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND.

Oil

Midway Northern No. 1. Blue shale and sandstone. 819 Security Bldg., Los Angeles. Phone 1132.

BONDS

C. E. WOODSIDE & Co. Security Building.

WANTED

Street Improvement. The Empire Securities Co., 502 Union Trust Bldg.

MIDWAY VIEW OIL

402-404 Laughlin Bldg. Los Angeles.

6% INTEREST

223 S. SPRING ST. LOS ANGELES. THE LARGEST ASSOCIATION OF INVESTORS.

Snowball-Sullivan

Investment. Buy Central Oil Stock.

Buy Pacific Consolidated

At the Market. For information call ERKENBRECHER SYNDICATE, 122 W. 9th St.

MIDWAY MARION CRUDE OIL

6c—Going to 7c. Without a cent. Directly to the consumer. INTERNATIONAL OIL TRUST, 402-404 Laughlin Bldg.

Money to Loan

On approved real estate. EQUITABLE SAVINGS, First and Spring.

The Federal

Give authentic information. California Oil Lands. 418 Laughlin Bldg.

WEATHER.

TEMPERATURE.	Barometer.	Wind.	Clouds.	Direction.
70	30.0	Light	Clear	Variable

Weather.

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MIDWAY MARION CRUDE OIL

6c—Going to 7c. Without a cent. Directly to the consumer. INTERNATIONAL OIL TRUST, 402-404 Laughlin Bldg.

Money to Loan

On approved real estate. EQUITABLE SAVINGS, First and Spring.

The Federal

Give authentic information. California Oil Lands. 418 Laughlin Bldg.

WEATHER.

TEMPERATURE.	Barometer.	Wind.	Clouds.	Direction.
70	30.0	Light	Clear	Variable

Weather.

At this time the weather is very pleasant. The temperature is in the 70's and 80's. The wind is light and variable. The sky is clear and bright.

Investment

Central Income Property. Convey Ownership Right. Pay 6% to 7% and Grow in Value. THE TRUSTEE COMPANY, 424 S. Broadway, Suite 200.

WM. R. STAATS

105-07 W. 4th St., Los Angeles. 60 So. Raymond Ave., Pasadena.

BONDS

High-Grade Bonds. Dividend Paying. American Bankers' Association.

WE MAKE COLLECTIONS

The Southern Trust Company. Commercial Savings, 114 West Fourth Street. The "Wall Street" of Los Angeles.

Barroll & Bond

LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND.

Oil

Midway Northern No. 1. Blue shale and sandstone. 819 Security Bldg., Los Angeles. Phone 1132.

BONDS

C. E. WOODSIDE & Co. Security Building.

WANTED

Street Improvement. The Empire Securities Co., 502 Union Trust Bldg.

MIDWAY VIEW OIL

402-404 Laughlin Bldg. Los Angeles.

6% INTEREST

223 S. SPRING ST. LOS ANGELES. THE LARGEST ASSOCIATION OF INVESTORS.

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DESPERATE SEND THREATS TO WORKMEN.

Efforts to Cause Fight Fail Miserably.

Back of the Brewery Strike Is Broken.

Police Are Called on to Quell Disturbances.

The labor union bosses, baffled in their attempts to get at the honest workmen now in the employ of the brewers, have resorted to the old trick of sending threatening letters to them. These communications are anonymous and are designed to terrify. The effect so far has been absolutely nil. The men who are being threatened are not at all intimidated and are attending strictly to business and doing better work than the strikers ever did. Absolute protection is given to these men, most of whom have families to support. Among the number of fearless young fellows who are not to be scared by black looks and vulgar words. They have been grossly insulted by the laborites, and have kept silent, but the place in their eyes indicated that in other circumstances, the violence would be soundly thrashed.

STRIKERS' SPIRIT BROKEN.

The spirit of the strikers is broken. They are held together only by the iron hand of the paid bosses who call them traitors if they give a hint of tiring of a hopeless fight. It is a well-known fact that they were called out by "Pratt," the Cincinnati agitator, without a vote. If the question had gone to a vote, the strikers would have been overwhelmingly against walking out.

The brewers are proceeding on the presumption that there is no strike. The breweries are running full blast, and more local beer is being sold now than ever before in the history of the city because a vital principle is at stake, namely, industrial freedom. The only feature of the strike in which they are interested is the interference of the labor union agitators with the trade of the saloon men. A number of the latter complain that pickets march up and down in front of their places shouting "unfair beer," to patrons, and it is keeping timid men out. These men are advised to indicate the ample of other saloon men who stand firm for the local product and defy the laborites to injure them.

Desperate efforts are being made by "Pratt" to break the ranks of the saloon men and coerce them over to the side of the union. When the fall, plausible schemes are hatched. For instance, one saloon man was asked to put on his beer stand a sign which the saloon man did not call into. He told the committee which called on him with the proposition, "Get out of here, I am running this bar." Then calling up his bar-keepers, he said:

"This sympathy racket with the strikers don't go with me. This is my bar. I am running it, not the unions. If you fellows don't want to work for me, you can get out. I can fill your places in five minutes."

PICKET DUTY WEARY JOB.

This picket duty at 11 a day is a weary job for men who have been draying it a day and drinking all the beer they desired. Their former employers never fail to speak pleasantly to them, and more than one strikee has walked away with tears in his eyes. The laborites are jolting the strikers along by saying there is plenty of money to prolong this strike. "Bitch and you can't lose," they say, but it is a sorrowful lot of men who tramp past the busy breweries, jingling empty pockets.

Employers when asked yesterday about the proposed metal workers' strike, June 1 for an eight-hour day, said they were too busy attending to their own affairs to bother with speculating what their men are going to do. There is an adhesion among the proprietors of the iron mills and foundries which is baffling the labor union bosses. Indications point to the metal workers being called out the first of the month.

POLICE QUELL DISTURBANCES.

A gang of laborites sent by labor union agitators who are paid for this sort of "work" created such a disturbance at the Los Angeles Sundry and Finding Company establishment, Nos. 213-215 North Los Angeles street, yesterday afternoon, that President Lichtenberger asked for police protection. Officers were sent to the factory and dispersed the disturbers.

Nine years ago, the Los Angeles Sundry and Finding Company declared for the open shop. Three months ago the employees asked for an eight-hour day and recognition of the union. They were told that those who wished to be come union men had the privilege of leaving, and a number signed the petition and struck. The strike has been in progress three months. The strikers' places were filled and the establishment has been running as usual.

The demonstration yesterday was directed against three Indian boys, graduates of the Sherman Industrial School in Riverside. They are good workmen. The gang of trouble-makers, some of them intoxicated, whooped and howled in front of the factory, and, as they gave indications of resorting to worse methods the police were sent for. Meantime, the gang was told that if violent hands were laid on the Indian boys, the offenders would fall into the hands of the government, whose wars the lads are.

"The strike here is hopelessly lost," said Mr. Lichtenberger. "We are running an open shop, and will continue to do so."

Several brewery strikers were noticed in the gang, aiding and abetting the trouble-makers.

HIS BACHELOR SPREAD.

Twenty-four guests will bid Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Bon Voyage on Matrimony Sea.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

NEW YORK, May 27.—Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who is to marry Miss Eleanor Butler Alexander on June 20, will give his farewell bachelor dinner on Saturday, June 4. His guests will be twenty-four in number. The plans for the wedding have not been completed. The ceremony will be performed in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and a reception will follow at the home of the bride's uncle, Charles B. Alexander.

Try Marine Eye Remedy.
For Red, Swollen, Watery Eyes, Greenish Discharge and Pain. Marine Balm, Sold Everywhere.

LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE WEST OF CHICAGO

Hamburger's

BROADWAY, EIGHTH & HILL STREETS

Flags for Memorial Day

Show your colors—don't let your neighbor display more patriotism than you. Come to Hamburger's Second Floor for your flag. We have the largest assortment and the lowest prices to be found on the Pacific Coast.

Printed Muehlen Flags, on staff	5c a dozen to each 50c
Cotton Bunting Flags, on staff	10c each to \$1.25
Silk Flags, on staff, each	40c to \$4.95
Cotton Bunting Flags, unmounted, each	10c to \$2.95
U. S. Standard Wool Bunting Flags, each	95c to \$29.95

NEW TRIMMED MILLINERY

Note These Memorial Day Items

You want the new hat you will wear on Memorial Day to be particularly modish and becoming—hence Hamburger's is the place to buy it. There's a distinctive style, an inimitable, uncopyable "air" that stamps the creations of our artists and distinguishes "Hamburger" hats from—"just hats."

Trimmed Hats
Beautiful plume trimmed dress hats, where the plumes alone are worth much more than we ask for the hat. Plumes, you know, are a good investment. \$19
Wonderful creations of our own artists in French flower or Chantecleer dress hats; also jaunty new Bedouin turbans, in black and Persian silks. \$10
Flower trimmed dress hats or hand-made toques of high-class material. This line is always new and fresh, owing to rapid selling. \$12.50 value. \$5

Untrimmed Hats
Latest shapes in Milan, chip, Japanese braids and velvet-faced Bavaria. Large assortment; proper styles. Regularly \$1.95 worth \$3.95. Saturday... \$1.95

Fresh Flowers
Huge assortment of high-grade imported trimming flowers. Every popular color and size; every wanted flower. Actually worth \$1 to \$2. Astounding value at... 50c

PIANO BARGAINS

Every Day Bargains You Should Surely Investigate.

Besides our regular line of splendid pianos, the STERLING, the MARSHALL, & WENDELL, the HUNTINGDON, and others of standard make, which we only can sell in this territory, we have on hand pianos taken in exchange on the celebrated STERLING PLAYER PIANO. These are offered at very special figures.

\$10.00 sends a piano to your home, remember. The balance you pay monthly. Investigate our pianos and one-price plan. You will like both.

BATH TOWELS

In a Big Special Sale

Our big receiving room has been literally flooded with bath towels during the past week. Now they are sorted and marked for a special Saturday sale. Prices average more than one-quarter underprice.

22x42 bleached bath towels, hemmed ends; 40c value; each	25c
30x54 unbleached bath towels, extra size and weight; 50c value; each	29c
20x40 unbleached bath towels; 20c value; splendid quality for the price	15c

Bleached Bath Sheets
Wonderfully convenient after the bath, and an excellent substitute for a bath robe. We here quote three items, all of them extremely good values at their prices.

Size 48x72 at	\$1.75
Size 56x80 at	\$2.50
Size 68x96 at	\$3.75

Good huck towels, size 18x36, white with red border; 6 for... 50c

Brush Sale 15c

25c Values Saturday

Tooth and Nail Brushes
Just 2000 of them; very fine assorted handles with hard, medium or soft genuine bristles. Every brush guaranteed against the bristles coming out. Not one in the lot worth less than 25c and the majority are worth very much more!

BATHING SUITS

Like Sketch \$1.75

Get one for your Memorial Day outing. Made of cotton serge in sailor style and trimmed with white braid. A specially good value for women.

Bathing Suits in all fashion's latest styles—princess, blouse, sailor and the popular "Swim-easy" suits. Prices \$2.50 to \$22.00.

HONOR STANTON'S DEAD.

Impressive Services for Those Who Have Passed Away Within the Last Twelve Months.

The annual memorial services of Stanton Post, No. 55, G.A.R. and Women's Relief Corps, for members who have died in the past year, were held last evening at Mammoth Hall on South Broadway. Fourteen chairs were decorated for members of the post who have answered the last roll call and seven chairs for those of the corps.

The members were brought to order by the sound of the bugle. The chairs

This Store Will Be Closed on Memorial Day

Saturday specials are always particularly strong, but when two days' shopping must be crowded into one, as in the present instance, they are doubly and trebly so. Whether you spend Memorial Day at the beach, in the mountains, or whether your plans call for more fashionable finery, you are sure to find what you prefer.

"Lest we forget" what storms and stress our fathers endured that we might have peace, quiet and prosperity in our unitedly beloved land, and to pay them tribute, we show a Memorial Window, Broadway near Eighth. See it and be glad with all your soul and strength that the days it commemorates have gone—forever!

GIRLS' NEW DRESSES

For Memorial Day Wear

For the Memorial Day outing just such dresses as these are needed. Dresses that are jaunty and pretty, and yet can be thrown into the tub when the day is over and all the soil washed from them. Come down Saturday and choose one!

Lot 1 Dresses of gingham, percale and lawn in all shades. Light, dark or medium colors with dot, check and figured patterns. High or low neck; long or short sleeves. Sizes from 6 to 14 years. You'll be delighted with their originality and style. \$1

Lot 2 These are for ages from 6 to 14 years, also, and every color that is popular is represented—sometimes in the solid—sometimes in plaid, check or figured pattern effects. Self and button trimmings or else more fancy with trimming braids. \$2

White Linen "Peter Thompsons"

No outing is complete without half a dozen girls in the crowd wearing this most popular style of dress. It's just right and these regulation models are fine. All sizes in white linen, trimmed with red and blue—the dash of which is always attractive. Got one of these dresses? \$7.50

ROYAL REGENT CORSETS

are popular because of the perfect lines, the absolute comfort and the grace that is embodied in them. A new gown is ten per cent. prettier because of them. It will give more general satisfaction than if fitted over any other model.

Made according to Fashion's newest ideas. Royal Regents are perfect in style, fit and workmanship. Three popular models mentioned here. SMART MODELS for slender figures; graceful and comfortable, at... \$2.50

REDUCING STYLES of French Couture, heavily boned; extra wide front stays. \$3.00

WELL FINISHED models boned with walrus, and sure to give satisfaction. \$5.00

HAMB'R MAURECE GLOVES

Because we buy direct from European factories, and pay our duty to the Los Angeles customs house, instead of paying it to a New York jobber, is the reason why we can sell BETTER gloves CHEAPER. Saturday we offer Women's Maurece Gloves, of real French kid, in the newest 1910 shades as well as black and white; oversewn seams; three clasps at wrist; three rows of self or contrasting embroidery on back. \$2.00

The Basement Store

"A Store Within a Store"

The Basement Store is fairly buzzing and boiling over with activity and enthusiasm. Why? A buyer has just come from the East with boxes and bales of the freshest, newest, most desirable goods you can imagine. Some he brought, some came by fast express, and more is coming every day. The values are simply unbelievable. Dainty wash dresses, pretty silk dresses, skirts, handsome messaline waists—we never had such goods to sell at such low prices. We don't know how he managed it—but we are too busy and too delighted to ask questions. The bargains are surely here—come and share them.

Boys' School Shoes

Boys' satin calf school shoes, with solid oak soles; neat fitting and very serviceable. No one appreciates nice looking shoes more than a boy—see these!

Sizes 9 to 13	\$1.15
Sizes 13½ to 2	\$1.25
Sizes 2½ to 6	\$1.45

Women's Stockings

50c and 75c Value

A wonderful opportunity to buy imported stockings at the price of ordinary domestic goods. It's the entire stock of an importer's agent in New York. Almost every pattern and style. Special. 29c

Boys' Suits

\$1.95

Knicker Style Like Cut

Just 100 of them. Well made; not this shoddy material, style or making. In neat mixtures, checks and stripes. Double breasted coats; pants with plenty of room. Just what the boys like. Ages 4 to 17.

Good Table Linens

Bleached double damask pattern cloths and napkins of beautiful design and rich quality, priced unusually low for the Basement Store.

Table Cloths, 50x64-inch	89c
Table Cloths, 60x81-inch	\$1.00
Table Cloths, 60x96-inch	\$1.35
Napkins, 18x18-inch; dozen	75c
Napkins, 20x20-inch; dozen	\$1.00
Napkins, 24x24-inch; dozen	\$1.25

Men's Night Shirts

Made from good muslin; cut extra long and very full. All sizes of these serviceable and satisfactory garments. 39c

WOMEN'S SAILOR HATS

You'll need one for the beach. Memorial Day. Why pay a big price for the same style somewhere else? Get one Saturday for \$1.39. Black, white or burnt—large or small, straight or draped. Regular Knox braids with plain or fancy. \$1.39

Nurses' Aprons

Nice made aprons of sheer white lawn. Cut full length and have 10-inch hemstitched hem. Useful who need to lay in a supply of these useful aprons will do well to visit the Basement Store Saturday. Price... 35c

Linen Skirts

For Women

75 linen skirts—all in the latest styles. Full cut—all lengths, natural color only. Great values. Same as skirts for which you pay \$3.50. Get one Saturday in the Basement Store for... \$1.98

LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE WEST OF CHICAGO

Hamburger's

BROADWAY, EIGHTH & HILL STREETS

Catholic Prayer Books and Rosaries

For First Communion and Confirmation

White Prayer Books at 58c, 75c, 98c, \$1.25 to \$1.98.
Pearl Rosaries, 19c, 25c, 35c, 49c, 75c.
Gold-Plated Rosaries—Very attractive for gifts, with pearls, amethyst, garnet, emerald, sapphire, etc. Beads put up in lined boxes. Special value at \$1.48; others at \$1.98, \$2.38, \$4.98 and \$7.50. We've a department of our Book Section especially devoted to Catholic goods, including all kinds of Religious articles, such as Statues, Crucifixes, Candlesticks, Fonts, Scapulars, etc.; also works on Catholic Doctrine and a big assortment of Prayer Books.

Women's Silk Dresses

Actual \$20 Values, Each \$14.95

In view of the fact that many women will want something more than the average outing costume for Memorial Day we made a special purchase of dainty summer silks, creations in dress affairs—the matinee and such places. Twilled foulards in colors—dotted and figured patterns, and pretty taffetas in solid colors, fancy checks and stripes. Some of them have the overskirt—others are the straight plaited models. In either style there are distinctive touches that are original and happy. Each dress is beautifully made and hangs gracefully.

Women's Low Shoes

Special Friday At Only \$3

The day of the low shoe is here and the wearing of the short walking skirts calls for pretty footwear. Never has such high perfection been reached in moderate-priced shoes as you will find in this wonderful display at \$3. Every late style and leather is included. Buttons, lace, strap—short vamp, high arch—heels to suit!

And, remember, they are only \$3 a pair!

PHOTO SUPPLIES

For Memorial Day

Don't forget to get your supply of film for the camera that you will want to take along on your Memorial Day outing. Free Development! Bring your film to us Tuesday with all printing orders. Photographic Department, Main Floor, use Escalator.

Films for Brownie No. 2; size 2½x4½; the wanted six exposure	16c
Worth 19c	5c
Acid Hypo, for fixing bath, 7c value	12c
Cyko Paper for printing your pictures 4x5, per doz.	15c
15c value	\$10.50

THE HAIR GOODS DEPT.

Help You Look Your Best!

We keep in touch with the latest modes and our courteous clerks are always glad to tell you about them. Extra large silk hair nets, all shades, each, 5c, 8 for 24-inch sanitary hair rolls, best quality, all shades. Expert mannequing; men, 50c; women. A first-class shampoo. 22-inch switches, wavy hair, all sorted shades.

Sporting Goods

Complete assortments of baseball and tennis goods, also fishing tackle, at lowest prices.

Note these items:

Tennis Racket and Balls

Choice of any 3 racket in our tennis balls included. Saturday special.

Baseball Suits; best quality pants, cap. Leather belt and bag. Regular \$4.95 value. We sell them Saturday for...

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Baseball Suits; best quality pants, cap. Leather belt and bag. Regular \$4.95 value. We sell them Saturday for...

1910—[PART II]

ORE WEST OF CHICAGO

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& HILL STREETS.

Books
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Confirmation
to \$1.98.

Gifts, with pearl,
heads put up in satin-
at \$1.98, \$2.38, \$4.98
ok Section especially
kinds of Religious
esticks, Fonts, Scapu-
and a big assortment

Dresses
\$14.95

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Twilled foulards in
pretty taffetas in solid
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d models. In either
original and snappy.
gracefully.

Shoes



he wearing of the
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derate-priced shoes
lay at \$3. Every
tons, lace, strap—

\$3 a pair!

SUPPLIES

memorial Day

your supply of films for
a will want to take along
Day outing. Free Devel-
y with all printing orders,
rtment, Main Floor, near

ie No. 2; size 2 1/4 x 3 1/4;
exposure. 16c

fixing 5c

printing your pictures. 12c

fixed focus; very fine
excellent pictures. \$10.50

Let

GOODS DEPT.

ook Your Best!

uch with the latest
courteous clerks are
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hair nets, all 25c

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Illustrated Weekly Magazine.

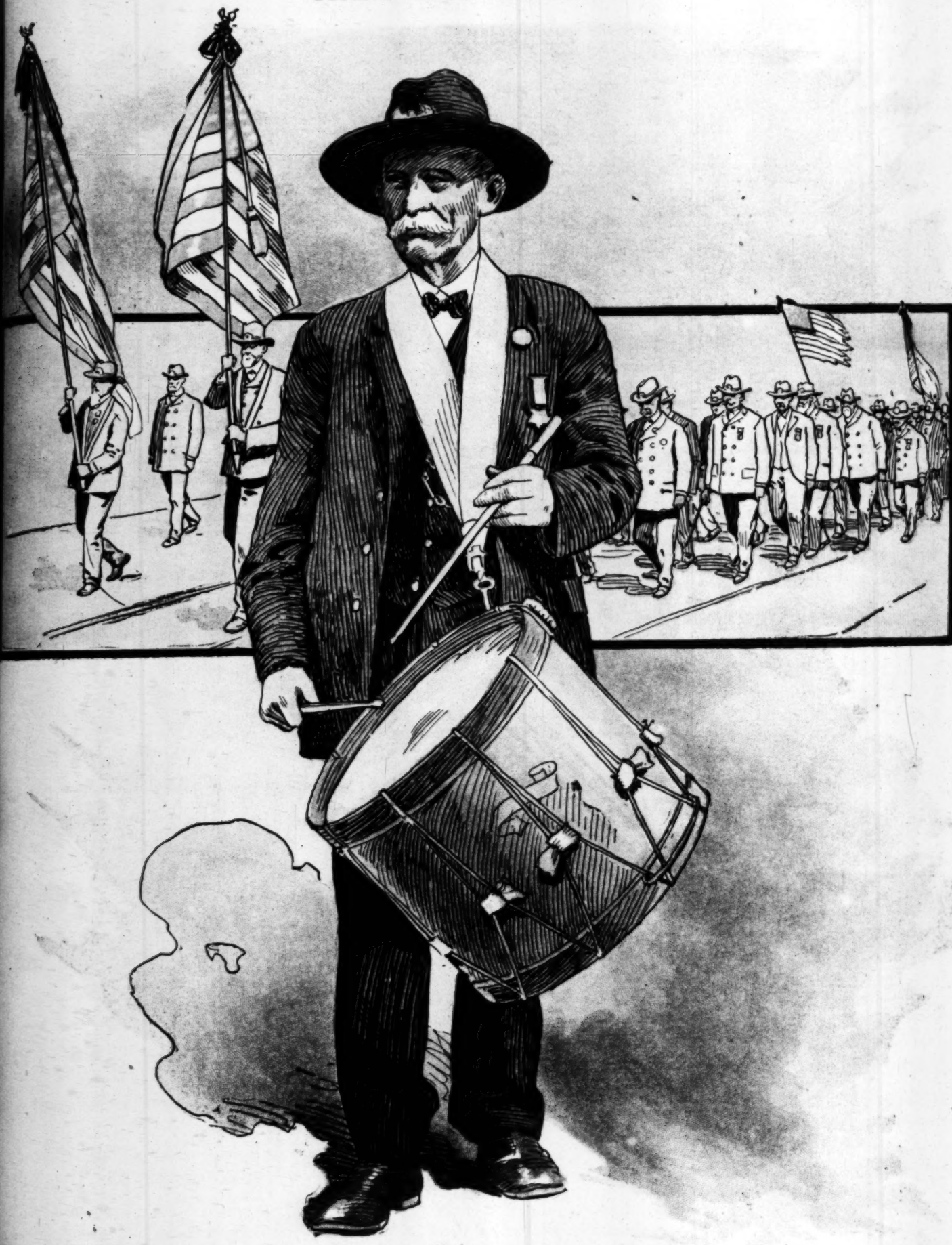
Los Angeles Sunday Times

SEVENTH YEAR.
ANNUUM, \$3.50.

MAY 29, 1910.

FIVE CENTS

THE PASSING HERO.



"Drummer Boy of Shiloh," Type of the Men We Pause to Honor Tomorrow.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

AN FRANCISCO, May 28.—[Ex-] she declared she was the wife of a

Mr. Lorimer gave many particulars concerning his Senatorial election, saying that after persuading him to enter the race, Gov. Deneen had deserted him and sought to turn against

Association in Chicago which I have been organizing with some of my friends. The assault was made to prevent the bank from opening. It utterly failed of its purpose, but it required my constant attention to build

Part I



For Liberty

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DEPARTMENT STORE WEST OF

Hamburger
WAY, EIGHTH & HILL STR

Flags for Mem

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me to Hamburger's Second Floor
assortment and the lowest prices to
Muslin Flags, on staff.....
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ndard Wool Bunting Flags, each.....

W TRIMMED

Note These Memor

nt the new hat you will wear
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Beautiful plume tr
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Bedouin turbans, b
and Persian silks.
Flower trimmed dr
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large assortment; proper
regularly \$1.95
Saturday... value



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H TOWELS

Big Special Sale

elving room has been littl
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they are sorted and marked fo
Saturday sale. Prices averag
one-quarter underprice.

ed bath towels, hemmed
value; heavy, each..... 25c
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did quality for the price. 15c

ched Bath Sheets
convenient after the bath, an
substitute for a bath robe. W
three items, all of them co
values at their prices.

..... \$1.7
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orth less than 25c and
ity are worth very much

A New Cracker Shortcake Bell crescent Sodas



SOLD UNDER
MISSION (10c) ANGELUS (10c) AND STAR (5c) BRANDS

Now that the luscious strawberry is at the season of its fullest prime—we want you to try the simple, but irresistibly delicious "Individual Bell crescent Shortcakes"—another original creation of the clever young Glendale housewife who has contributed so many Bell crescent recipes.

THE RECIPE—Toast Bell crescent Sodas slightly in hot oven. Make cream fondant by beating white of egg to stiff froth. Gradually add powdered sugar and continue beating until it will stand. Spread over crackers and over this place crushed strawberries. Set two large whole berries on top.

Bell crescent Sodas lend themselves perfectly to this tempting strawberry delight. Try it tomorrow and surprise the family. Don't use common crackers—use genuine Bell crescent goods and obtain the best results. Every up-to-the-minute grocer SELLS them. They are indisputably the best and freshest stock obtainable on the Pacific Coast. Just TRY them and you'll forever BUY them. Every carton bears red and white BELL CRESCENT SEAL—The emblem of cracker purity.

Kahn-Beck Co.
Makers of
BELL CRESCENT
PRODUCTS.
Crackers,
Candy,
Macaroni,
Spanish
Delicacies

NEWITT ADY. CO.

QUETENE

MAKES
PIES,
CAKES,
PUDDINGS,
DOUGHNUTS,
HOT BISCUITS
AND ALL
FRIED
FOODS—
AGREE
WITH EVERY
STOMACH.

THE
IDEAL
SHORTENING

CUDAHY PACKING CO.
LOS ANGELES.

**EAST
SIDE
BEER**

Order a case of East Side tomorrow—pour out a glassful—hold it to the light—note the snap, sparkle and delicate color. Taste it and the luscious tang and flavor will surprise you. Order EAST SIDE and get the best money affords.

1 dozen large bottles, \$1.00; bottles returned.
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At the best dealers or phone the brewery. Home 10857, or East 10.

LOS ANGELES BREWING COMPANY.

**THE IDEAL
HEALTH BEVERAGE**

BATHING
GILTS

Underpriced Jewelry; cuff links, 25c
stick pins, etc. Great variety at.
Carpet Samples and remnants of mo-
quets, velvets, tapestries, etc. 95c
Special

terial, style or
making. In neat
mixtures, checks
and stripes. Dou-
ble breasted
suits, pants etc.



150 Boys' Pants
Some all wool ones in the lot. Made
with straight knees and—sewed to stay.
Sizes 14 to 17, only. 25c

Sporting

[May 29, 1910.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST

ESTABLISHED DEC. 5, 1897

It is in line and color, Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the slopes, the valleys and the plains.

It is the development of the country, the exploitation of its natural resources and to the word-painting of its wonders and beauties. The contents embrace a wide range of good reading matter: Popular descriptive articles, thoughtful and picturesque editorial correspondence, poetry, pictures and illustrations.

It contains 32 large pages, equivalent to 120 pages of the average size. The numbers will be published at this office for a moderate price.

Subscription rates: 5 cents a copy, \$3.50 a year by mail, in advance. Address THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Being complete in itself, may be served to the subscriber from the news sheets, except through the medium of the regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Manuscripts for publication in The Times Magazine should be sent to the publishers. Manuscripts must be accompanied by return address. Manuscripts not accepted will be returned if not found available. Others are not guaranteed.

Los Angeles Sunday Times MAGAZINE

Volume Began January 2, 1910. No. 22
Volume Ends June 26, 1910.

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GREAT SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

Now is Memorial Day, when millions of us are inspired by sympathetic hearts will strew flowers the graves of the patriotic dead to whom our country owes its creation, preservation and all foreign aggression or traitorous con-

of those who visit the cemeteries on this occasion look back a period of fifty years when during summer months of 1860 the most earnest, and most acrimonious political campaign in the history of the United States was in progress. When the next Memorial Day, 1911, we shall be celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak of the Civil War.

During the people of this country this current year have received \$100,000,000 in pensions paid to the decrepit and their dependent families who fought the battles of their country, upheld the honor of the Union, kept the Union "one and inseparable" in the struggles the country has gone through. The pension system was first set on foot it has been from \$40,000,000 to \$60,000,000 a year to reward those who protected the flag and preserved the Union. It has cost us \$2,000,000,000 to reward the brave who thus defended us, is not the amount and was it not well earned? It was for they risked everything for their country, their flag, and it was well spent, for it will live in the hearts of the children of the nation thus been taken care of to emulate the patriotic sires if the occasion occurs.

Years since the little handful of patriots from Philadelphia published to the world the Declaration of Independence, by all means the most important announcement, with only one or two exceptions, ever conceived by the minds of men or that ever flowed from the pen of genius. The writer has been accustomed

for a long lifetime to compare this immortal document with the Hebrew Decalogue and the Christian Sermon on the Mount in its influence on the history of the world and the uplift it has given to human aspiration and the impulse it has given to human civilization.

The ranks of the soldiers of the Civil War are thinning with amazing rapidity. The boy who at 15 enlisted in the spring of 1861 is now midway between three-score years and three-score and ten. The boy who at 15 enlisted in the last year of the war is now three-score. As a year from now we shall pass the semi-centennial of the outbreak of the war, so in 1915 those who are here will be passing the semi-centennial of its close.

We shall be close to the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of this republic. We shall be very close to a century and a half of the time when the difficulties between the colonies and the mother country rose in an acute form. No country presents a history whose pages gleam and blaze with more numerous deeds of might, with more bitter struggles against odds, and with more victories and fewer defeats to record than the pages which contain the story of this young nation. Not only on land and sea have the soldiers and sailors of the Union shown a courage almost superhuman, not only is the war record of the nation glorious, but the development of the country has been still more without precedent in the history of mankind. Undoubtedly it is to the inspired and inspiring sentiments expressed in the Declaration of Independence that America owes the impulse which has fairly driven her sons to contend against all the foes of the flag, and the same lofty sentiments of humanity have drawn to our shores more than 20,000,000 of sturdy men and women and of hopeful young children to help us in the development of the great natural wealth of this wonderful continent.

As millions of hands will strew flowers on the graves of the dead tomorrow the minds of those whose hands are thus busy will dwell with sad, grateful and tender memory upon the scenes of fifty years ago, when the war drums beat to arms from one end of the country to the other and young men rushed to the defense of the flag and the preservation of the Union. We shall think of the smooth brows, the ruddy complexion and the bright eyes fired with patriotic fervor of the million of men who flocked to the standard of their country in that summer time half a century ago. They left so much. They were not hirelings. No mercenary consideration led them from their comfortable homes, inspired them to turn their backs upon all their material ambitions and give up all their early hopes to brave the dangers of musketry, parked cannon batteries and saber strokes. We shall think as we spread the flowers upon the graves of those who sleep beneath the sod of the young boys who forsook their books at school and college, of the clerks who left behind them their account books and pens, of the farmer whose plow stood idle in the furrow, of the reapers who left the harvest half-gathered, of the fathers who parted from wives and little ones, of the lovers who bade a tearful farewell to the sweethearts they were leaving behind them. They left comfortable homes. They left mansions where every luxury was theirs. They turned their backs upon great hopes and great ambitions, careers of marked distinction in the financial and mercantile world, in science and in every branch of learning. But the rank and file turned their backs upon that. It was not so much the stately mansion nor the humble roof tree that wrung the hearts of those who went, perhaps never to return. It was the dear ones who slept under those roof trees, who gathered around the family breakfast table, and who might never be seen again, with whom sweet converse might nevermore be enjoyed, that tried the souls of those to whom death had no terrors.

To many of those boys who left the bank, the farm, the factory, the mercantile counter, it meant four long years of hard deprivations and the braving of a thousand dangers of instant death. They wore rough, uncomfortable shoes. They slept in tents in the open winter. Their fare was rough and scant. They lay down many nights in pestilential marshes while the torrential rains descended and drenched their bodies. They traveled wearying forced marches to protect some point from an attack of the enemy. They braved the ambushed battery in the woods. They braved the unexpected night assault, and many a time they marched through a leaden hail of bullets so thick that it might well seem as if not a man would escape. They returned at the end of the great struggle in which they achieved so much honor and won such a marvelous success, preserving the Union forever, often with the loss of limbs, often carrying the leaden bullets of the enemy in their frames, wrecked in health and subdued in spirit by the loss of the robust vigor that had carried them away from their homes four years before. To many the opportunities for acquiring an education or the elements of a trade in handicraft were past never to be overtaken again. To many of them the bright hopes that had kindled their eyes four years before were extinguished in eternal gloom. Their ambitions were subdued never to be revived again.

As the hearts of 90,000,000 Americans dwell tomorrow upon these facts of the past they will think with inexpressible gratitude and with overflowing tenderness of the million of those past generations who marched forth between 1861 and 1865 and by whom were wrought out all the glories that illumine so many pages of our annals and to whom we owe the united and great nation that we are today. Let the choicest flowers the gar-

dens and hillsides of California produce under her glowing skies be spread in all possible profusion over the graves of the warrior dead. Let one great paean of thankful gratitude ascend to the skies, and may the rising generation of American youth as they see the honors thus paid to those who fought the battles of their country in the past be kindled with the same spark of patriotism that fairly impelled the men of 1861 to leave everything behind them and go forth to war. While the country is paying enormous sums annually for war, let it be impressed upon the minds of the young that the larger part of this expenditure is for the sustenance and comfort of the men who fought past wars. If the gratitude of the nation expressed in these subsidies voted to the soldiers of the past and the honors crowded upon their memory today do not kindle a fire of patriotism in the hearts of the coming generation a standing army of a million would be of no use. It is not the numerical value of the army that counts, but the spirit, the patriotism, the love of country and the love of glory that nerve the arm to do the doughty deed and hold the soldier firm in his tracks against the onset of the foe.

Sermons in Song.



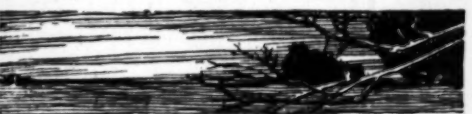
Memorial Day
By Wilbur D. Nesbit

His rest shall be glorious.—[Isaiah xl, 10]
I wonder if, where the soldiers rest,
In the last long sleep of all,
At the inn which only holds one guest—
In that narrow silent hall—
I wonder if they can hear today
All the children as they come,
And the ringing notes that bugles play
And the rolling of the drum.

I wonder if, where they fare afar,
They can see the flag that flies
With the glory gleam of the stripe and star
As it flutters in the skies;
If they may not look back to us today
While the trumpet calls resound,
And the lily white and the rose we lay
On the myrtle-covered mound.

I wonder, too, if they hear us tell
In the tones of love and pride,
How they lived for us; how they fought and fell;
How they marched away and died;
If they do not gaze with their happy eyes,
And their rest is not more sweet
When the mellow songs of the bugle rise
And the drums serenely beat.

God rest them well! for a country's trust
And a country's hope and fame
Are shrined for aye in their hallowed dust
And surround each soldier's name!
God rest them well! If today they come
And can see the hearts of us
Beat glad in tune with the throbbing drum,
Then their rest is glorious.



Crowd's Cheering Heard Two Miles.

At what distance is a crowd's cheering audible? As this writer stood in the King's Road opposite the Chelsea Town Hall yesterday afternoon, he heard the roaring gush of applause of the Boxing Day spectators at the football match at Stamford Bridge. The distance must be two miles or thereabouts, and the intervening ground thickly covered with houses. Even though the air was still, the clearness with which a sudden shout of thousands of blended voices was heard had a touch not only of the unexpected, but of the uncanny, in it.—[London Chronicle.]

Changed His Mind.

"You folks used to have a justice out here who was noted for his vindictiveness toward scorching automobilists," says the visitor to the suburbanite. "What's become of him? Has he retired from office?"
"No," explained the native, "but, you see, he saved enough from his fees last year to buy himself a roadster."—[Chicago Post.]

[May 29, 1910.]

inter.

ing certain years they have paid
 epts are steadily increasing.
 naged by a railway board subor-
 ent of India and represented in
 by the Secretary of Commerce
 ard controls all railway matters,
 ion, and regulates the prices and
 considering the standardizing of
 ent roads. When the first tracks
 gauge was the broadest of the
 d one-half feet for the principal
 gauges for secondary lines. It is
 difficult and expensive to move the
 different gauges, and a standard



ght to be proud of their Indian
 of the Indian lines now exceed
 Asia, and is surpassed by only
 the whole world. It amounts to
 and it has doubled within the
 India has comparatively far more
 It has one mile to every sixty
 and to every 10,000 people
 le to every 230 square miles and
 are well built and economically
 of the lines have been com-
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 ulf by the native states. I do
 of construction per mile, but
 we cost more than \$1,200,000,
 rison with those of the United

take a railroad trip across In-
 Calcutta and go by the East
 in a gharri, a closed box upon
 horses and driven by a Hindoo
 the station.
 night, and it is 9 p.m. when
 pot is a large building covering
 train, and return tickets are issued for polo
 rooms extending out from
 are of stone and they are cov-
 n and women are sitting and
 sprawl out at full length
 in groups against the rail-
 ms and the train shed. All are
 and as they see me take notes
 und their dark faces to shield
 the heathen foreigner. Some
 and lie asleep on the sand.
 ear me. She lies on the floor
 so covered that only the thin
 look, a black Hindoo in dirty
 beside her. He is her husband,
 the bag and is soon fast asleep.
 A train is called, and the
 rush their way through. Some
 heads. Others have bags and
 d backs. All the men are bare-
 ans, caps or handkerchiefs cov-
 ir bodies are half-wrapped in
 their legs are naked.
 nighted Hindoo,
 best he kin do;
 t from first to last;
 makes his skin do.
 ury crowd are Mohammedans
 ats like inverted coal scuttles

and British soldiers, and the servants of civil
 anywhere, and the white clothing so predomi-
 in this light it seems ghost-like and ghastly.
 down a moment in the station while our serv-
 the tickets, check the baggage and secure our
 the train. In India everybody who is anybody
 with a servant. In fact, it is almost impossible
 in figuring up your railway fares you must add
 the fare for your servant. This servant speaks Eng-
 he acts as your interpreter, sees to the hiring
 of your cabs, and waits upon you at the
 in many places you will get nothing to eat if
 have no servant. Your bed is not made, your
 are not blacked, and you may clap your hands
 and ring without getting an answer. If you
 servant he sleeps on the stone floor outside your
 fights with the other servants to get the best

do not watch him he will cheat you right and
 always gets a commission of 10 per cent. upon
 you buy.
 Party Thieves.
 most of these servants are thieves. They make
 of the gang which Ali Baba robbed. I know
 me. I have already had three in my employ
 this present trip to India. The first almost froze
 at Darjeeling. He had not enough muscle to
 I wanted, and after I discharged him I found
 his clothes missing. The second was a black
 with a turban as big as a peck measure. He was
 in European dress and I got rid of him
 his pajamas and stockings were fast disappear-
 There was also a little trouble as to a gold sov-
 which I lost and which he at once picked out
 the outside pocket of my overcoat. I now have a
 looking Aryan with a swarthy complexion, an
 black mustache and a height of six feet. He
 a costly turban and a long gown belted in at the
 I pay him 33 cents a day, but of course he has

will manage our trip. He goes in advance
 the gates, and when we reach the cars we find
 the best seats are covered with our pillows and
 Every one carries his own sleeping conven-
 while traveling. The cars have leather-covered
 and the passengers make their own beds. As
 the women have cars to themselves, so that the
 address and put on their pajamas as nightfall
 is. In the morning, the servants roll up the
 and rugs and pack them away under the seat
 the racks overhead.

Trains.
 The Indian cars are comfortable enough when not
 crowded. At other times they are abominable. They
 are made on the English plan, about two-thirds the
 of our cars and a little bit wider. Each car is
 divided into compartments which look more like long
 than anything else. The passengers sit on lea-
 thers facing each other, with glass windows
 glass doors at each side. On some of the cars
 are lavatories, and on others none. Within the
 the railway board has taken up the question
 of new cars, and the Central India road has
 some what like ours. Its cars have corri-
 dors running along one side of them from end to end.
 The corridors open two berth compartments which
 are lit with electric fans, electric lights and bells.
 are servants' compartments connected with the
 at each end of the coach is a bathroom with a
 sink in the floor, and one can have a wash while
 the train is going over the country at twenty-five miles an
 hour.
 twenty-five miles. That is rather fast for In-
 dia. Many of the trains do not make twenty miles and
 do not over fifteen per hour, while a fast express now
 covers thirty or so. Everything here is run
 on the oriental methods, which means that tomorrow or
 day after will do as well as today.

Animal Rates.
 It is interesting to watch the traffic on these Indian
 trains. You now and then pass a freight car filled with
 You may see tigers in cages or baby elephants
 in cages of ponies. There are stock trains filled
 with sacred humped cattle, and on the passenger
 special arrangements for dogs. The dog rate is
 for every fifty miles of travel. No dogs can be
 into the cars except with the consent of the pas-
 senger, and then only on double fare for the dog.
 are carried at 6 cents a mile when they go by
 train, and return tickets are issued for polo
 at 18 cents per mile the round trip, two attendants
 are carried free with every carload. Calves, sheep
 and goats, if sent single must pay double dog rates, and
 if sent in a lot the same. Wild animals in cages are
 charged 12 cents per mile per truck, and camels are at
 the same rate per carload, but only four can be put in
 one. Full-grown elephants are transported by spe-
 cial arrangement, and elephant calves not more than four
 feet high are charged 6 cents per mile.

Traveling over India I have found the cars univer-
 sally filled. Every train has its first, second and
 third classes. The first is made up of British officials,
 and well-to-do Englishmen, with now and
 then a rajah, or some high native official. The second
 class is made up of the British, army officers of
 rank, while now and then a soldier or so, and
 some well-to-do natives, and the third class carries
 the masses of the people, and, as I have already said, it
 is the poorest. It constitutes two-thirds of the traf-
 fic. The rate being considerably less than one-half cent
 per mile. During the past year more than 200,000,000
 passengers were carried at that rate, and the traffic is in-
 creasing greatly from year to year.
 As to the woman passengers, those of the first and

second class have cars especially for them. A Hindoo
 lady dare not show her face without losing caste, and
 no Mohammedan woman goes about without her head
 veiled. The ordinary compartment for such people has
 windows of blue glass, which permit the women to look
 out, but through which the men cannot see in. The
 women come to the depots in closed chairs or palan-
 quins. They pull their shawls over their faces as they
 walk through the stations, and at the same time may
 leave their ankles and calves entirely bare. The ankles
 often have rings of silver and gold on them, and the
 slippers below may be of gold thread. In some of the
 compartments the windows are so fixed that the women
 cannot see out, and upon one train which took me up
 the Himalaya Mountains we had a car covered with
 canvas as thick as the tent of a circus. This was filled
 with Hindoo ladies going up to Darjeeling. They were
 riding through the finest scenery of the world, but for
 all that they might as well have been tied up in leather
 bags and sent on as mail.

The Ants Eat the Ties.

One of the greatest enemies of the railroad in India
 is the white ant. This insect eats the ties, the tele-
 graph poles and everything wooden. It chews up the
 posts at the stations, and if a pile of timber is left un-
 protected it will soon be carried away or so hollowed
 out that it drops to pieces on touching. I have traveled
 thousands of miles over India, and I have yet to see
 many telegraph poles other than those made of gal-
 vanized iron. The most common pole is a tube three
 or four inches in diameter, and about ten feet in height.
 This has iron brackets with glass insulators, to which
 the wires are fastened. In other places the poles are
 made of iron rails, like those used for the road, two of
 such rails being fastened together by iron bars a foot
 wide. In some of the stations the fences are of iron
 rails, and now and then one sees fences of stone posts
 with barbed wire attached.

Railway Employees.

The general idea at home is that the British hold all
 the offices of East India. This is not so. Many good
 places are in the hands of the natives, although the
 most important ones still go to the British. There are
 altogether more than a half-million Hindoos and other
 East Indians employed on the railroads. They are the
 laborers who build the roads, and at the same time
 many of them have important positions in connection
 with the traffic. There are Indian station agents and
 Indian brakemen, with now and then an Indian en-
 gineer. Not a few of the conductors are natives, and
 nearly all the telegraph clerks are Hindoos or other
 East Indians, who have graduated in the government
 schools. Altogether there are about 7000 Europeans
 and 10,000 Eurasians employed. The engineers receive
 good wages, the best of them getting \$1500 per annum.
 Other officials are on the whole poorly paid, and the
 laborers work for a few cents a day. The employes on
 the roads have a much worse time than those who do
 similar work in our country. The heat is terrible, and
 it is not uncommon for engineers to die of apoplexy
 while handling a train.

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LOVE'S DIVINE INFLUENCE.

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO CAME TO BE RE-
 GARDED AS CHRIST-LIKE.

By a Special Contributor.

President Porter of Yale once said to the students in
 Battell Chapel: "The Nazarene is not wholly invisible
 to mortal eyes. There are individuals, few of course,
 who live such lives as to singularly remind us of the
 Christ; and, I have known at least one man whose life
 has been so gentle and Christ-like that it seems to me
 that I can see the Master walking alongside of him;
 and that man is the beloved ex-President Woolsey of
 this university."

There were others who said the same of the saintly
 scholarly Woolsey; and they who have since that day
 lived long enough to develop superior insight into char-
 acter have seen similar visions of the Master dwelling
 within the bodies of saintly men and women, and shin-
 ing forth in their chastened and happy countenances.
 Such a character has been seen and known by the nar-
 rator during the past five months; and an acquaint-
 ance has gradually developed which has been of great
 value to the writer.

He is an old man, an attractive old man. Although
 his hair and beard are white as the driven snow they
 are like unto the recognized hair and beard of the
 Christ, and his countenance is singularly noble and pow-
 erful. He is tall and graceful, even athletic of figure,
 despite the palpable fact that well-nigh eighty years
 have wended their ways into eternity and been counted
 for both weal and woe to humanity, since he, as an in-
 fant, saw his little image mirrored in the eyes of a
 mother.

In the public park of a great city he was first ob-
 served surrounded by little girls, and daily he told
 stories to them; tales of human interest concerning real
 and imaginary characters, and of their doings in the
 land. He told them stories with morals, always point-
 ing the ways to filial obedience and love of parents.
 Every day he wove and narrated new stories, and every
 day the little ones crowded around him. One of his lay
 sermons was overheard, and this is what he was saying
 to the little ones:

"Love is the greatest power in the world. It is
 greater than steam power, and greater than electricity.
 Folks imagine that love is very rare; but, it is as plen-
 tiful as water, and as expansive as air. It is as essen-
 tial to human happiness as food or raiment. Very few
 people know the value of love, or realize its necessity.
 Thousands of human beings go through life without
 affection. Instead of having their hearts radiant with
 love and buoyant with returned love from others, they
 fill their hearts with animosities and bitter feelings.

Children, would it not be foolish for any person to
 throw away a basket full of flowers, and fill the basket
 with weeds and poison ivy? You know that it might
 indicate insanity for any person to do that. And yet,
 that is what we do, when we throw love away and take
 up hatreds. The greatest philosophy of all the ages was
 the philosophy of Him who taught: 'A new command-
 ment I give unto you, that ye love one another.' Once
 upon a time I knew three little girls who lived on the
 same block and who went to the same school. They
 were very good friends for several years, and then—"
 Here followed a tale of human interest that was thrill-
 ing and interesting beyond degree.

One pleasant afternoon, after the narrator had been
 semi-acquainted with this singularly estimable and at-
 tractive old gentleman for a few weeks, he became remi-
 niscent, and threw back the veil which bars out the
 vision of others from each inner consciousness, and he
 said:

"When I was a youth I began working in a restaur-
 ant; working to earn the money which would keep my
 mother from penury and hunger. There was a saloon
 attached to the restaurant, and it was not long before I
 was also working in the saloon; at least a part of the
 time every day. Before I realized what I was doing, I
 was a full-fledged barkeeper, and a popular one, too.
 While I was dealing out liquor to others, I never ac-
 quired the taste for alcoholic poison, nor the habit of
 using it. Therefore, I soon began building up a little
 bank account. Next, I became a saloon-keeper, and then
 a wholesale liquor dealer. My business prospered; but
 it was not reputable.

"People ignored me socially. All of my money failed
 to make me respected by my acquaintances. My wife
 and children were socially ignored also. My wife begged
 me to retire from the business, for the sake of the chil-
 dren. I quarreled with her for the bare suggestion; and
 then I began to bate her and to hate my children. We
 never lived happily afterward.

"Finally my wife died; died of a broken heart. My
 orphan children were a source of comfort to me, so long
 as I had them to care for; but they grew up and mar-
 ried, and I was left all alone. Then I had no peace un-
 til I quit the business. Neither my children nor any of
 their acquaintances could know me nor associate with
 me, so long as I was a rum seller—and a wholesale one
 at that. I disliked my children then, and hatred for all
 mankind began to permeate my whole nature. Self-
 justification made me self-satisfied. I could not see that
 I was wrong. I, of course, was right; and the whole
 world was wrong. Just at this juncture of my lifetime,
 when I was hell-bound and hell bent, God sent an angel
 across my pathway—a little angel to bring to me the
 manna of heaven's best food.

"One evening a little girl asked me for a penny or
 two. It had always been customary for me to dismiss
 beggars with a curse. But, this little beggar girl had
 the face of my dead wife. She was not more than 12
 years of age; but hunger had pinched her childish lines,
 and she looked as my heart-broken wife looked, as she
 lay in her coffin. I did not curse this little beggar. On
 the contrary, I gave her half a dollar. Instead of say-
 ing 'Thank you,' and scampering away, the child looked
 up into my face with big, honest, blue eyes, and said:

"You are a dear, good man, and God will bless you.
 This will buy bread for mamma and for Bessie and for
 me, and will keep us over Sunday. Won't you please
 let me kiss you for it?"

"I kissed the innocent lips of the grateful little one,
 and told her to call at my home whenever she needed
 more aid. On the following Tuesday she came, and
 told me the condition of her family. She was the niece
 of my dead wife, and she was the daughter of a man
 who had gone to the bad and gone to the grave through
 his frequent patronage of my private bar-room. I
 considered it my duty to make that family comfortable,
 and I did so.

"There is the little girl, now. You see that mature
 and handsome woman over there, caring for those little
 ones? That is the niece of my dead wife. She is now
 a wife and mother. By caring for her, and for her fam-
 ily, I found that I had been an unhappy man all of my
 life because I had been a selfish man. Unconsciously I
 developed a sense of unselfishness, and that developed
 in me such a peace and happiness as I had never known.
 Unselfishness and love are twins. I followed that little
 girl to church. I became interested in the church, and
 then I identified myself with the church. I began giv-
 ing and giving, here a little and there a little, until I
 made myself indispensable to the Sunday-school; and
 now the Sunday-school is indispensable to me. All of
 these little girls that you see coming to me, and crowd-
 ing around me, are my children of the church and Sun-
 day-school; and during the week I tell them stories
 that point toward the last or the next Sunday-school
 lesson; and so, you see, I am busy all of the time, try-
 ing to inculcate the lessons of love and kindness that
 alone can bring happiness and peace on earth.

"Love has a deifying influence upon the heart and
 soul. It makes unselfish the heart, and it glorifies the
 life."

And as he spoke, there came over the kindly, gentle
 face of this singular old man that divine appearance of
 ineffable sweetness that made one feel as though the
 Master was sitting beside him; and his appearance re-
 called the saying of President Porter to the effect that
 Nazarene appeared to be in him and to shine forth in
 his venerable but gloriously beautiful face.

S. D. F.

No Details Needed.

Mrs. Blank: The paper tells of a postmaster who
 was appointed by John Quincy Adams, and has held the
 position ever since. Was he an unusually good man, do
 you think?

Mr. Blank (an experienced citizen): Oh, not at all,
 not at all. It was an unusually poor office.—[New
 York Weekly.

Mr. Lorimer gave many particulars
 concerning his Senatorial election,
 saying that after persuading him to
 enter the race, Gov. Deane had de-

sociation in Chicago which I have
 been organizing with some of my
 friends. The assault was made to
 prevent the bank from opening. It
 utterly failed of its purpose, but it

By a Special Contributor.

Modern nations build stately mausoleums for their great generals, but are usually content to allot only the hasty trench or ditch to the common soldier. The bones

Other cemeteries sprang up by mere accumulation of interments about military centers, hospitals, prisons etc. At Andersonville, for example, the dead were buried by parties of their comrades, who, notwithstanding the horrors of their own lot, took pious care to keep accurate records and even erected many rude headboards. From first to last about 50,000 men were confined at Andersonville. In August, 1864, there were 32,193 prisoners penned in that dread area, the greatest number at any one time. The first death occurred Feb-

In 1864 the estate was sold for taxes by the Union government of Virginia, and was bought by the national government, which set it apart as a cemetery. After the war, Lee considered making an attempt to regain the property, but finally decided that the time was not ripe. Subsequently a son brought suit to the court on the ground that the estate had been sold.

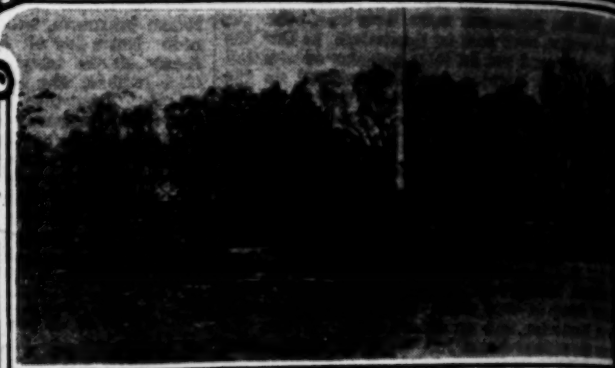
Under the lines, of
Soldiers of the Revolution, of
Civil War, of the Civil War,
minor conflicts—



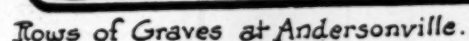
Custer's last stand.



Arlington. Tomb of unknown dead.
and Court of Honor.



Smallest National Cemetery
Balt's Bluff, Va.




amples and remnants of mo-
nets, tapestries, etc.



Chalnette Cemetery, below New Orleans

with straight knees and—sewed to stay.
 Sizes 14 to 17, only.....25c

Sporting 

A Simple Life
the whole thing in a

by one party. Bound
of pocket gophers, ca
farmers residing no
twenty young wolves
ke. Conit

filled with smoke
BIRMINGHAM, CALIF.

HYND
LTD

Sporting

That at Vicksburg is a rather... The Nashville cemetery is... generally known, formerly belonging to Robert E. Lee. Mrs. Lee was... Washington Parke Custis, who... the Washington. The stately... columns have been seen by... the Civil War it was the Lee... in the United States army, w... April 20, 1861. Two days later... home forever to accept comm... of his State.

was sold for taxes by the "rum... of Virginia, and was bought by... t, which set it apart as a ceme... considered making an attempt to... but finally decided that the time... a son brought suit to reco... the estate had been illegally...



National Cemetery, Bluff, Va.

he established his claim, he... to the United States for... does the Potomac and the... could scarcely be imagined... made its glades and knolls, and... nature left undone.

the tombs of Logan, Sher... noted generals, but the most... to 2111 unknown dead gathered... and the route to the Rappah... riparian states, "their remains... but their names and deaths... of their country, and its... as of their noble army of m... eternal camping ground... tents are spread, guards, with solemn round... ac of the dead."

interesting national ceme... little field in Montana. The... yellow-haired young major... five companies of the Seventh... in battle with the Sioux, ... every one. The 266 dead, be... her Reno and Benteen, were... the bodies in most instances... shockingly mutilated. Some... taken up and reburied in a... of the present monument... men who fell at the Fort... and those killed by the Sioux... or two later. Several soldiers... and deceased veterans... found a last resting-place... in the cemetery now total...

onal cemetery is that at Bu... site of the battle field of th... is only fifty feet square, and... overlooking the upper Potomac...

Seen on Derby Day.

LOS ANGELES GIRL'S IMPRESSIONS OF KING AND CROWN PRINCE.

By a Special Contributor.

LOS ANGELES girl's impressions of the late King Edward and of the then Prince of Wales, now King George, are given in the following extract from a letter written from London, June 3, 1905, describing her visit to the races on Derby Day:

"For days I had searched the papers for the exact date of Derby Day, but while horses and owners and one thing and another were mentioned, there was never a date.

"The English papers take so much for granted. If they announce an event a few weeks in advance they seem to think it sufficient notice, and if you don't read the papers every day, you miss a lot.

"Well, Tuesday night I just happened to run across a casual remark in a 'society letter,' 'tomorrow being Derby Day. So and so will attend, and we in Redditch, and no train for London till the morning! But we decided to go any way.

"It was 2 in the morning when we finished our packing, and we were up before 6 and off to the station in the motor. At Birmingham, this time, I knew enough when we changed cars to make a frantic rush with a porter to the baggage car, and personally see our luggage transferred to the London train. No more lost trunks, now that I know the English system, or lack of system.

"Arrived in London, we rushed to the all-sufficient 'Cook's,' only to find the last drag departed, for it is a whole morning's ride through the cool, leafy Surrey lanes. So into a cab to Charing Cross Station, from there a train to Tottenham Corner and the Epsom race course.

"The compartments were packed and we had great difficulty in getting on, but we found places at last in a smoking-car, from which we emerged, after an hour's ride, carrying in our clothing a permanent share of the atmosphere of the place.

"Just outside Tottenham Corner the view of the course is hidden by a lot of cheap, long, eating sheds, but after passing them one of the most picturesque, beautiful and gala scenes in the world lay before us. We were looking down and over a vast saucer-shaped plain, of palest green, its gently-rising sides flanked at the sky line with masses of vivid foliage, of uneven heights, the pines, black and mysterious, contrasting richly with the lighter greens.

"Far away in the center lay the track—but there was no track, that is, no outline of bare earth to break all that lovely, verdant expanse, for the race course is all green, spongy, springy turf—even the horses' hoofs give hardly a sound, only a soft thud, thud, as they speed over it.

"Dotted all over the plain, to the boundary of green trees, were thousands and thousands of white and striped tents, and booths and small amphitheatres, and penny shows, gay with banners and flags of all colors floating in the warm breeze. Back of the winners' post the main amphitheater flung itself in most barbaric outline against the hazy blue of the sky. Never have I seen so much violet in the atmosphere, and through it the sun filtered in broad, slanting rays, producing a lovely soft effect.

"And everywhere were people in holiday clothes, hundreds, thousands and tens of thousands moving about the gay scene. The sounds of their voices and laughter, the cries of the venders, the music of the side shows and the strolling players floated up to us in a dull murmur, almost drowned by the nearer noises.

"From the roads and lanes of the country round about poured streams of wagons, tallyhoses, brakes, motor cars, market carts, jaunting cars, donkey carts, carriages; every possible conveyance, and all loaded down with people of low and high degree. Horseback riders galloped over the green turf. Bands of gipsies, in dirty but picturesque rags, Italians, unkempt, long-haired creatures, pushing street pianos; their women, often with little brown babies in their arms, beggars from the London slums in such rags and tatters as you would never believe, were finishing their long tramp from the great city, and were rubbing elbows with the gay and fashionably-dressed throng. For there is no boundary to this vast plain—it just joins on to the rest of pastoral Surrey, and these poor souls had nothing to pay to enter that valley of pleasure.

"I shall never forget that thickly-thronged, tent-dotted green plain, bathed in brilliant, oriental-blue atmosphere. All I could think of was the gathering of the tribes of the desert, or some story from the scriptures. I suppose it was a funny idea, seeing it was a racing course, but seen from the hill it lost all special characteristics and became just a wonderful, exotic spectacle.

"And then we descended into the midst of it, and became a tiny part of all that vivid life. We worked our way through the motley crowd till we stood on the terrace in the royal inclosure, directly beneath the royal box, which was draped in wine-colored velvet, bordered with gold; it was empty just then, but the adjoining boxes were filled with top-hatted, frock-coated gentlemen, supposed to be the flower of English aristocracy. A long flight of broad steps led through the terrace to the tier of boxes, and a few steps from the top stood Lord Rosebery, gazing now and then over the course through field glasses, near him the Duke of Devonshire.

"I knew Lord Rosebery at once from his pictures, and a friendly policeman confirmed me, and also pointed out many other celebrities, all titled, whom I promptly proceeded to forget in the great excitement of the entrance of the King, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, the Prince of Wales, and a number of charmingly-dressed women. I looked for Mrs. Keppel, but she was not there. I would have known her, for she

sat near us one evening in the theater. Nor was Queen Alexandra. For the first time she had refused to countenance Derby Day by her presence, to our intense disappointment.

"The Prince of Wales is small; as he stood by his father's side he seemed a half-head shorter than the King—who is not of great height himself—and much lighter in build. He has an overdressed look; perhaps his silly mustache and beard and big boutonniere and self-conscious smile—one could almost call it a smirk—add to this effect. Altogether he gives you the impression of a dandyified little man in a fashion plate. He has the painful look of trying to appear at ease and failing. There is no magnetism whatever about him, no force in his glance; he never loses himself for a minute. One cannot imagine him ever being gracious, though he looks kind and even-tempered. His hair is brown, his eyes pale in color and his skin is not good.

"But the King! He stood at the railing of his balcony, laughing and chatting with a lady of beautiful figure, in a wonderful gown and hat of old blue. He looked out over the sea of people below him in the easiest and most unconcerned fashion, as if totally unconscious that they felt the slightest interest in him, but not as if he were not interested in them. I was so excited when he first appeared; but when I saw how calmly he took being the King of England I calmed down, too, and studied him long and well through the glasses. He does not look the King, but a genial, kindly gentleman, of decidedly middle-class appearance—not handsome nor imposing, but approachable and likable, always at ease and full of the magnetism that comes with charm of manner. He is not ruddy-skinned, as I expected him to be, but a brown-yellow, as if he had lived long in India. I can easily understand his popularity, now that I have seen him.

He and his party appeared only while the great race was being run, so during the Derby I watched the King till I heard the soft thud, thud, of approaching hoofs, and then I looked and could just catch a glimpse of the flying horses through the chinks in the crowd.

You should have heard the bookies, their hoarse voices fairly drowning each other out, for all around the outer inclosure of the track is a complete circle of book-makers, and their jargon and cockney talk are as good as a play. I've heard that the poorest beggar saves his "bob" to play a horse on Derby Day; and what excitement there is; what pushing, fighting and swearing, when the race comes off, but over it all you hear the bookies, standing on chairs in front of their blackboards, selling tickets up to the time, almost, of the end of the race.

In a minute or so we knew Lord Rosebery's horse Cicero had won, and great were the cheers, as he, with the royal party, left the inclosure. Then we were free to wander about among the brakes and drags and tallyhoses, drawn up on the grassy bank of the course. Here liveried footmen were unpacking hampers on little side tables and spreading out most delectable lunches for the beautifully-dressed men and women on the drags. There were all the luxuries of the season, and out of season; whole salmon buried in green; and cool salads; champagne coolers, filled with gold-necked bottles; the most delicious-looking fruits.

Corks were popping, glasses clinking, there was much jolly laughter all down the line of people who have all the good things of earth. I saw many a poor soul glance with hungry eyes at those luxurious luncheons. But it was part of the show. The people who had come in a market cart and were having their simple lunch on the grass had just as good a time. And what quantities of bottled beer I saw these less stylish folk consume!

On the outskirts of the course were hundreds of traveling wagons, with chimneys through their roofs, and many with hen coops attached to the back! From all over England they had come, the perfect roads making travel in that manner most comfortable.

DOROTHEA GROFF.

Baptized in Odd Place.

Two years ago a "crypt christening" took place in Great Britain's Parliamentary Palace, at which Archdeacon Wilberforce, chaplain to the House of Commons, officiated. This christening (by virtue of a privilege granted originally by the Pope to Edward III) took place in the Parliamentary Crypt Chapel.

The infant baptized was the child of Mr. Bradshaw, the resident engineer, and was born within the precincts of the royal palace of Westminster. It was this fact which brought the baby within the privileges of the old papal grant (still preserved in the record office) by which the Pope presented a college of priests for his "new chapel of St. Stephen's" and also a font, in which the children of the royal family, as well as any other children born within Westminster Palace, might be baptized.

The last case of the kind, says the Strand, was a christening in the family of Viscount Selby when he was Speaker; indeed there have been only three cases within the last century in which the privilege has been exercised by virtue of birth within the precincts of the Parliamentary Palace.

It Is Said:

Woman is like a honeycomb—full of cells. Bee ware! The nails on amputated fingers continue to grow. Grass widows are not green.

Man is rarely willing to die for his love, but woman frequently bleaches for hers.

Vegetarianism in the tropics causes beri-beri. It is difficult to appreciate the generosity of the man who gives you away.

There are 12,000 saloons in London. It is the ugly baby that makes the handsome adult. But do not, on this account, go about telling young mothers how homely their babies are.

A brown tongue means a bad liver.

By a Special Contributor.

THE millions who tomorrow pay tribute to the great generals and admirals of the Civil War will be interested to learn how fate is dealing with the children and grandchildren of those heroes. Many of their offspring have chosen for their profession the science of war, and the most thorough realization of the now complete reunion of our country is enjoyed by those

head of the army for fourteen years, or until 1924. May 30 was a date memorable in the Grant family before Memorial Day originated and even before the war opened. Gen. U. S. Grant remembered it each year of that struggle, because it was the birthday of "little Fred," who was 11 years old when the war opened. Tomorrow the present Gen. Grant will be 60 years old. He was graduated from West Point in 1871, while his father was President, and resigned twenty years later at the close of eight years service on the frontier. Then, after serving as Minister to Austria and as Police Commissioner of New York, he got back into the regular army by entering the war with Spain as a volunteer colonel. All of President Grant's other children are also living. Jesse R., the youngest son, is in New York, where he is interested in mining enterprises. He is 52 years old and has deserted the party of his father to become a

Sartoris, Sr., deputy lieutenant of whose mother was Adelaide, sister of the famous actress, Fanny Kimble. Sartoris, Sr., died some years before marrying the American President's daughter, and their son Algernon, after serving in the Spanish war and the first lieutenant of engineers and a captain of infantry, received a commission as lieutenant of regulars, but resigned after serving one year. More recently he received an appointment as secretary of legation to one of the Latin-American republics, but resigned after serving but a few months. His mother was not the only descendant of Gen. Grant to marry a foreigner. His cousin, Julia Dent Grant, a few years ago married Prince Michael Cantacuzene of the Russian Empire.

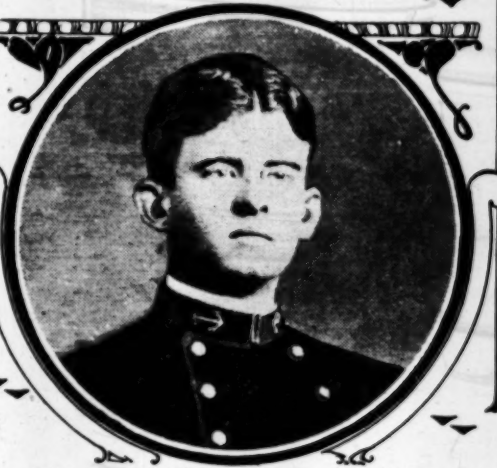
Two of Gen. Robert E. Lee's sons are still living. George Washington Custis Lee, the eldest, who will be 77 next September, lives at Burke, Va., and since



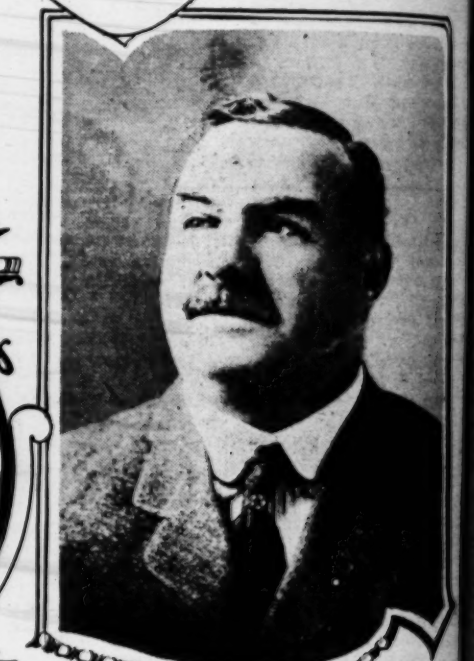
Lieut. Philip H.
Sheridan, Jr.



Maj.
D.D.
Porter.



Lieut Fitzhugh Lee, Jr.



Robert F. Lee, 3rd

Representative
Butler Ames. (Mass).

Ensign A. T. Besuregard

who, in the drawing-rooms of the national capital, have seen a Grant, and a Lee, a Sheridan and a Beauregard, a Porter and a Longstreet touching elbows incased in the same uniform.

Other descendants of these immortals of '61-'65 are attaining success of one kind or another in purely peaceful pursuits.

Some have noble titles and some vast wealth. Grant's eldest son, Maj.-Gen. Frederick Dent Grant, whose likeness to his father is weirdly striking, was the other day put in command of the military department of the East, with headquarters at Governor's Island, New York. Had not Dr. Leonard Wood been allowed to organize the Rough Riders and thereby make his splash in the war with Spain, Gen. Grant would now be the ranking officer of the army and, very probably, chief of staff. As it is, he must retire on Memorial Day four years hence, whereas Gen. Wood will remain at the

Democrat. His brother, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., is a Republican, having been a delegate to three recent conventions. He lives in San Diego. His wife is the daughter of former United States Senator Chaffee of Colorado, and their son is an officer in the regular army.

This is Ulysses S. Grant, III, whom President McKinley appointed to the Military Academy eleven years ago, and who was graduated there in 1903, just sixty years after his grandfather got his diploma at the same institution. He was lately appointed superintendent of the State, War and Navy building, in Washington. He is 28 years old, having been born on Independence Day, 1881. Patriotic dates seem to stick to the Grants. An army career was chosen by another grandson of President Grant—Algernon Sartoris, Jr., son of the general's only daughter, Nellie, who in 1876 married Algernon

has been president emeritus of Washington and
 versity. His mother was the daughter of George
 tis, the adopted son of President Washington and
 son of Martha Washington.

This son of two distinguished houses has served the country in many ways. He was graduated at the Military Academy at West Point, New York, in 1854, and was a lieutenant of engineers attached to the War Department in Washington when he and his father resigned their commissions at the outbreak of the war. In that struggle he built the fortifications around Richmond, and was with the army when it evacuated the city and moved its de-camp to Jefferson Davis and finally made its headquarters at Appomattox. He was a member of the Confederacy. In 1871 he succeeded his father as president of Washington and Lee University.

Robert E. Lee, second, another son of the Confederate commander-in-chief, is living upon his plantation at West Point, Va. He was born fifty-six years ago at Arlington House, that stately colonial mansion.

May 29, 1910.]

new stands in the Arlington
the Washington, and which
Mary Randolph Custis Lee.
Virginia in 1862 to enter the
he won a captain's spurs. Si
his life to agriculture and
mons and "Letters" of his fa
and namesake

A grandson and namesake of the leader-in-chief is Robert E. Gen. William Henry Fitzhugh Lee. Robert E. Lee, 23 years old, is a graduate of the University of Virginia and a police officer. He was a member of the Virginia State Police. Fitz Lee.

Capt. Fitzhugh Lee of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, a young officer who was Fitzhugh's riding companion, also has a connection to Miss Ethel Ross. The subject of comment, is the son of Fitzhugh Lee, who was a nephew and who after the Civil War, came to Cuba as a Spanish-American War, after leaving the army, from which he had retired. Fitzhugh will be 34 next week. He was born in Cuba, and served in the War from civil life as a private, and four months later was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant of the regular army. Blood within him yearned for the war, and he was soon transferred. He was 20 years ago.

Phil's" Little Phil.

"Little Phil's" name also may be remembered fourteen years after the war well along into middle life, the daughter of Gen. F. in his ninety-eighth year came into being a little early when his distinguished father, when he was 18, Pres. to West Point, and now Cavalry.

His uncle, Michael V. Shea, is his youngest brother, just turned 70. He served as a volunteer aide to his father, and afterward rose to the rank of major. After the war he was assigned to the 1st Cavalry Division, 1st Infantry Division, at the outbreak of the Korean War. He was a brigadier-general of volunteers in the Korean War, retired in 1952 after three years of service. He was his brothers' mentor and his military secrets.

One of Gen. Sherman's sons, a lawyer in New York, where he is on the Citizens' Union. He made commissioner of the city. He was not born until now a bachelor of 43. Thomas Ewing, is a Jesuit priest, volunteer regiment in the army. He has more lately been a major in headquarters in Chicago. Both are graduates.

A grand-nephew of Gen. Price. This is Lieut. Sheldon Artillery, whose father married a niece of the D. D. Porter of Today.

the full name of the illu-
ne in the naval service by
on Porter, of the marines,
Spanish War, fought all
in China and participated
Peking. He was recomm
ag campaign, and again
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but for bravery in
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bravery in his every en-
He is the fourth Por-
country in the naval ser-
 Commodore David Porter
(naut) was his great-grand-
ale P. Porter, is a retire-
dition to having the gr-
-grand uncle he had Col-
or a grand-uncle of the b-
Butler's Millionaire Grant

a "Ben" Butler's grand
millionaire Congressman
youngster he decided to
distinguished grandfather
Adelbert Ames, who al
ll as Senator from Mis
he Butler, the celebra

With this military ambition West Point, where he was behind his father. But a brief period when a year got the better of him and he went through the military academy. Then came the idea for a soldier's career, and a colonel's commission in the 1st Cavalry, and then a road. He was elected to Congress from the 1st district of California, and in the House he was for the overthrow of the House of Representatives. In spare time he was inventing things. He was riding to and from his work upon a bicycle.

FIFTY ULTA

Underpriced Jewelry; cuff links, 25c
stick pins, etc. Great variety at...
Carpet Samples and remnants of mo-
quets, velvets, tapestries, etc. 95c
Special

150 Boys Pants
Some all wool ones in the lot. Made with straight knees and—sewed to stay. Sizes 14 to 17, only.....25c

Sporting

[May 29, 1910.]

tenant of Caermarthen, Shire, side, sister of the famous ac- Sartoris, Sr., died soon after in the Spanish War as a lieutenant of regulars, but re- year. More recently he re- secretary of legation to one republics, but resigned after serv- His mother was not the only to marry a foreigner. His few years ago married Prince the Russian Imperial Guards. Lee's sons are still living. Lee, the eldest, who will be at Burke, Va., and since 1897



cc. 3rd

as of Washington and Lee Uni- the daughter of George Con- sident Washington and grand-

gished houses has never mar- at the Military Academy, at 1854, and was a lieutenant of the War Department in Wash- father resigned their commis- the war. In that struggle he ound Richmond, and was al- avis and finally major-general 871 he succeeded his father and Lee University.

another son of the Confeder- living upon his plantation as born fifty-six years ago at ately colonial mansion which

May 29, 1910.]

stands in the Arlington National Cemetery oppo- Washington, and which belonged to his mother, Randolph Custis Lee. He left the University of in 1862 to enter the Confederate army, where as a captain's spurs. Since the war he has devoted to agriculture and the writing of the "Recollec- and Letters" of his father.

and namesake of the Confederate com- in-chief is Robert E. Lee, third, son of the late William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, who was the second of Gen. Robert E. Lee. This young man, now 40 old, is a graduate of Washington and Lee Uni- a lawyer and a politician. For several years was a member of the Virginia House of Delegates.

Fitz Lee.

Fitzhugh Lee of the Seventh Cavalry, the dash- young officer who was President Roosevelt's favor- ing companion, also his military aid, and whose to Miss Ethel Roosevelt were at one time the of comment, is the son of the Confederate Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who was a nephew of Gen. Robert E. Lee, who after the Civil War was Governor of Virginia, General to Havana and major-general in the Spanish-American War, afterward reëntering the regu- army, from which he had resigned in 1861. Young Fitzhugh will be 34 next week. He entered the Span- ish War from civil life as a lieutenant of volunteer en- listment, and four months later was commissioned a sec- ond lieutenant of the regular infantry. But his father's while him yearned for the cavalry, to which arm he was soon transferred. He got his captain's commis- sion five years ago.

Little Phil's Little Phil.

Little Phil's name also lives in the regular service. He may be remembered that he waited until many years after the war and until he had well along into middle age before marrying, in the daughter of Gen. Rucker, who died last win- ter in his ninety-eighth year. In the summer of 1880 he came into being a little "Little Phil," who was when his distinguished father died. Ten years later, when he was 18, President McKinley appointed him to West Point, and now he is a lieutenant in the Seventh Cavalry.

His uncle, Michael V. Sheridan, who was the gener- youngest brother, just turned 70 a few weeks ago. served as a volunteer aid to his brother early in the war and afterward rose to the rank of volunteer cap- tain. After the war he was given the straps of a lieu- tenant of cavalry and was in command of his regiment at the outbreak of the Spanish War, he was made major-general of volunteers, and later of regulars. retired in 1902 after thirty years' continuous serv- ice. He was his brothers' aid-de-camp from 1870 to 1880 and his military secretary from 1878 to 1888.

Gen. Sherman's sons, Philemon Tecumseh, is a lawyer in New York, where he was elected an Alder- man on the Citizens' Union ticket in 1888. In 1905 he made commissioner of labor for the State of New York. He was not born until after the Civil War, and was a bachelor of 43. The general's elder son, Thomas Ewing, is a Jesuit priest, and was chaplain of volunteer regiment in the Spanish-American War. He has more lately been a missionary lecturer, with headquarters in Chicago. Both he and his brother are graduates.

His grand-nephew of Gen. Sherman's is also in the army. This is Lieut. Sherman Miles of the Third Artillery, whose father, Lieut.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles, married a niece of the great Union general.

D. D. Porter of Today.

The full name of the illustrious Admiral Porter is David D. Porter, of the marines, who, after serving through the Spanish War, fought all through the Boxer trou- ble in China and participated in the relief of the guard at Peking. He was recommended for bravery in this campaign, and again for his courage in several Philippine expeditions in the Philippines, including a march across the Mar with Wallace in search for the Filipino bandit leaders. He was then a young lieu- tenant, but for bravery in the battle of Novleta he was given a captain's rank. He has been recommended for bravery in his every engagement since entering the service. He is the fourth Porter in a direct line to serve his country in the naval service.

Admiral David Porter (foster father of Admiral Sampson) was his great-grandfather, and his father, Col. David D. Porter, is a retired officer of marines. And addition to having the great Farragut for a foster grand-uncle he had Commodore William D. Porter for a grand-uncle of the blood.

Butler's Millionaire Grandson.

Ben Butler's grandson, Butler Ames, is a young millionaire Congressman on the sunny side of 40. A youngster he decided to follow the profession of a distinguished grandfather, as well as of his father, Adolph Ames, who also was a Civil War hero as well as Senator from Mississippi, and who married the daughter of the celebrated general's daughter. So with this military ambition that young Ames en- tered West Point, where he was graduated thirty-three years behind his father. But he had been in the army a brief period when a yearning for mechanical pur- suits got the better of him and, resigning from the serv- ice, he went through the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Then came the Spanish War and, longing for a soldier's career, he entered as a volunteer, receiving a colonel's commission in the skirmish at Yauca and Yaucha road. Five years after the war he was elected to Congress from Lowell, Mass., and in the House he voted with the insur- gent for the overthrow of Speaker Cannon from the committee on Rules. In spare moments he amuses him- self by inventing things. He built the automobile in which he rides to and from the Capitol and is now at work upon an aeroplane. He is a bache-

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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lor with a prospective fortune which has been rated up to \$6,000,000, and which comes through the pater- nal and not the Butler side of the family.

McClellans, Beauregards and Earlys.

The career of "little Mac's" son, George B. McClel- lan, second, as member of Congress and Mayor of New York is familiar to all who keep abreast of the news. He was born while his parents were on a visit to Dres- den, Saxony, in the winter just following the close of the war, and after going through Princeton he began life as a newspaper reporter in New York. He is now 44.

Another Civil War general whose son and namesake went to Congress was Benjamin Grubb Humphreys, the Confederate warrior. Young Humphreys, who is the same age as young McClellan, entered the House just as the latter was leaving, in 1903. He had previously served through the Spanish War as a lieutenant under Fitzhugh Lee. He is now practicing law in Greenville, Tenn.

The Confederate Gen. Beauregard's grandson, Augus- tin Toutant Beauregard, is now an ensign aboard the battleship Tennessee, while the Confederate Gen. Early has two grandsons in the army, Jubal A. his namesake, and Clifford C., both of whom are lieutenants in the Twentieth Infantry. President McKinley appointed Clifford to the Military Academy, while Jubal came in from civil life during the Spanish War.

"Stonewall" Jackson's Grandson at West Point.

Sons of the Confederate generals Longstreet, Pickett and Wheeler are also in the army. They are Capt. James Longstreet, Eighth Cavalry; Maj. George E. Pickett of the pay department, and Capt. Joseph Wheeler of the Coast Artillery. Young Longstreet's mother, who lives at Gainesville, Ga., fought a pistol battle in her house some months ago with a burglar whom she found prying into her silver chest in the middle of the night. While her assailant returned the fire she emptied all of the chambers of her revolver and finally made him retreat.

"Stonewall" Jackson's only grandson, Thomas Jona- than Jackson Christian, is a cadet at West Point, where he plays full-back on the academy football team, and where he has also won the medal as champion wrestler. His grandmother, Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson, lives at Charlotte, N. C.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

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Women in Indian Service.

HEROIC AND EFFECTIVE SERVICE OF MISSES RUSSEL AND TRUE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE Delineator for June contains a lengthy illus- trated article on "Woman in the Indian Service," by Francis E. Leupp, former United States Com- missioner of Indian Affairs. The portion in which the work of Miss Clara D. True, for some years past in charge of the Indian agency near Banning, is referred to, is of special interest. Mr. Leupp says:

"Our work for the suppression of the liquor traffic among the Indians is in the hands of a secret service headed by William E. Johnson as chief special officer.

Johnson is familiarly known in the Indian country as 'Pussyfoot,' because of the noiselessness with which he pounces upon offenders before they even suspect his presence in their neighborhood. To tell of all the ways in which he uses women in his work would be to give aid and comfort to the enemy and expose to domestic persecution a number of his most efficient operatives. For present purposes it suffices that on two women he has conferred regular commissions as deputies. One is Miss True, who will be more particularly mentioned later; the other is Miss Maud Russell, who serves most of the time as his financial clerk at headquarters.

"Miss Russell has shown extraordinary promptness and sanity in her work for the secret service. Johnson installed her first in his headquarters at Muskogee, Ok- lahoma. Information from an 'underground' source reached him that a big wagon-load of liquor was to come to Tahlequah on a certain night from the Arkansas bor- der. Knowing that it must arrive over one of three trails, he stationed men on all three for that night and went off himself to look after another job in the Creek country. One of the watchers caught the wagon, in which were two men, one of them a person of some consequence locally. A crowd of the prisoners' friends gathered, and the officer who made the arrest and who was new to his work, soon had a small riot on his hands in attempting to confiscate the team. He tele- graphed to Muskogee for help, but there was no one on hand to receive the dispatch except the financial clerk. A train for Tahlequah was leaving in about twenty minutes. Instead of screaming or falling in a faint, Miss Russell ran down the street, hunted up one of the older officers who had just come in, and sent him to Tahlequah on the train, with instructions to keep his identity concealed till he could get the team away from the crowd, and then apply the whip and make for Muskogee as fast as he could cover the forty miles. He obeyed orders to the letter. The next day two law- yers from Tahlequah turned up in Muskogee to replevin the team, but before the papers could be served, Miss Russell had turned it over to a third officer and started it at full speed toward Vinita, sixty miles to the north. And thus the situation was held until Johnson could be reached.

"The same sort of thing has happened again and again. Somehow Miss Russell always has the faculty of doing just what is needed, especially in acute emerg- encies. A special agent of the Department of Justice, who had occasion to study the methods and personnel of our secret service some time ago, reported that she had 'a man's head on her.' I don't agree with him; she has a first-rate woman's head, with plenty of courage

farther down in her little body. She writes a bit of poetry now and then, too.

"I don't think I ever heard precisely what Miss Rus- sell weighs; but I have the testimony of a standard scale for the fact that Miss Clara D. True weighed 105 pounds when I chanced upon her for the first time in a low mud schoolhouse in New Mexico. She had been for several years teaching Indian children, but she be- longed to the sex of which little was expected, so little came to her by way of encouragement beyond the satis- faction of watching her obscure work grow under her hand. I had come directly from another 'dame' school, whose presiding genius was just a trifle unkempt and whose pupils reflected the characteristic. What struck me at once in Miss True's school was the well-groomed look of the children: the hair of the girls was brushed to such a gloss that you could almost see your face in it; the boys, though naturally more rough-and-ready in appearance, were marvels of general cleanliness, and the clothing of all the children was neatly patched. The chief impression left on my mind was that of executive efficiency, and I marked Miss True for a future in the service. When I went away, the governor of the vil- lage, an aged Indian, collected some of his chief coun- cillors and trailed me several miles, till he found a place where our conversation could not be overheard, and there confided to me that his heart was heavy with fear lest I might be going to take Miss True away.

"In a correspondence which followed, I studied Miss True's traits carefully. Some of her letters came from odd places; one, for example, was written from a rocky cañon where she was waiting, rifle in hand, for a big rattlesnake to emerge from the hole into which he had crawled. From other sources information reached me about her prowess in riding and shooting. The Potrero Agency in Southern California having become disagree- ably notorious for its record of Indian and Mexican out- lawry, I concluded that a man of about Miss True's build was needed to manage it. She had very distinct misgivings, at first, as to accepting my invitation to ex- change a comparatively peaceful for a positively stormy post, even a promotion; but the chance for a career stirred her grit, and she took hold.

"For a while it was an open question whether the lawless Indians would not rebel at taking orders from a woman. Indeed, one of her earliest duties was to at- tend a meeting of Indians at which a debate was car- ried on, in their own language, over her head, to de- cide whether or not they should drive her out of her agency. As the hours passed well into the night with- out any sign of a settlement, she calmly wrapped a blanket around her and took a sound nap in the midst of the hubbub! It was a bold thing to do, and it car- ried the vote in her favor. If she was as little afraid of them as that, the Indians reasoned, she was as good as a man, and they had no objection to her handling their affairs.

"But this stroke was only the beginning of her cam- paign. For a year or more she had to fight Mexican and Indian whisky peddlers who tried to debauch the weaker-willed people under her. Once, at a fiesta held near her school, she passed the middle of the night standing guard at a gate, six-shooter in hand, holding back a mob of half-drunken ruffians while a special agent of our service, who had been sent to her aid, pursued a particularly vicious ringleader into his hid- ing-place and brought him to terms by putting a bullet through his pistol arm. On other occasions she went out with her Indian police or in company with Chief Special Officer Johnson, and hunted down transgres- sors in a wild, uninhabited region and brought them into court. The judges in the neighborhood were al- ways astounded at her first appearance before them with a gang of handcuffed prisoners, as they assumed that this particularly zealous and successful fighter must be a big, strapping man instead of a dainty, very femi- nine woman.

"The decent white people in all the country around her agency were roused to enthusiasm by her work, and supported her publicly and privately. This favorable local sentiment helped her not a little when, digging into the land records, she discovered that white tres- passers had gradually encroached upon the Indians, stealing their acres because the poor fellows did not know how to look out for themselves. She at once be- gan proceedings to compel the wrongful occupants to move off and give the lawful owners possession again. When I visited the neighborhood in 1907 the Indians held what the politicians would call a 'rousing ratifi- cation meeting' to tell me that Miss True had done more for them than all the men who had had charge of them for thirty years, and that if she needed any physical force behind her in her campaign she had only to utter the word and they would fall in, to a man, and carry out any orders she gave. And the chief spokesman of the afternoon was a giant of a fellow who had been known, up to the time she became superintendent, as the most utterly hopeless outlaw in the bunch!"

Heavy Charge for Postage.

A letter is now conveyed 11,000 miles for a penny. Foreign correspondence was a costly luxury less than a century ago. In 1815 William Wilberforce records in his diary the receipt of a note "from Hatchard telling me that a letter from Hayti weighing eighty-five ounces had come for me and was charged at £37 10s., and that he had refused to take it in.

"The general postoffice very handsomely under the peculiar circumstances of the case let me off for a peppercorn of 7s., which I shall gladly pay." The pec- uniar circumstances were that the letter related to the movement for the abolition of slavery.—[London Chronicle]

Has Money to Waste.

Scott: What gives you the impression that Brown is immensely rich?

Mott: Why, man alive, he's been complaining of in- digestion from overeating!—[Boston Transcript.]

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

Mr. Lorimer gave many particulars concerning his Senatorial election, saying that after persuading him to enter the race, Gov. Deane had de-

sociation in Chicago which I have been organizing with some of my friends. The assault was made to prevent the bank from opening. It utterly failed of its purpose, but it re-

Sporting

...city officers who...
...be fitted with electric...
...HERN CALIFORNIA...
...of Pasadena say...
...by pupils shows alarm...
...and they will start...

Fables and Philosophy—By Frank L. Stanton.

flow. Meanwhile, the money
flowed into the pockets of the
said before, everything goes
possible—what causes have contri-
burst of maniacal speculation

is the substantial fact that origi-
for rubber it has advanced enor-
now fetching something like 250
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panies have paid huge dividends
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stockholders the profits accruing
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Edward Vaughan, Faces London

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tell what he knew about, some
rubber flotations.

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ock Exchange. Everything
to that mill. There is no
ares listed there that would
York Stock Exchange and
ted to curb-stone brokers

has helped the boom consid-
ck the public when the public
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collected income tax owing to
t get to go through the House

when the fancy premiums
Speaking of the recent
res, W. R. Lawson, a sound
y, says:
ncial point of view such wild

UED ON PAGE 687.)

Billville.

Billville! 'Twas lively as could be;
sired sixteen singers that had sailed across
could fetch the music from any kind o'
angel-chorus and beat the mockin' birds!
singin' in the city for many a night and

notes—they coaxed 'em for to pack and
our way;
a humble settlement, cold cash their work
crown,
city isn't closer to the sky than Billville

If only one-half of the new com-
anything near it—the promise
pectures, the production of rub-
such an enormous extent as to
save at greatly reduced prices.
t factor in promoting the rubber

me the biggest heathen in the town, so I took the col-
lection and laid in a big stock of groceries!"

The Old Philosopher.

"LIFE," said the old philosopher, "is as short as a
man who wants to borrow \$10, and when trouble
comes you can live ten years in ten minutes, and if the
world is around this old world, somebody will
be sure to levy on their wings and use them for hat
feathers."

If the Fish Will Bite.

FISHIN' days are my delight,
River bank o' green;
If the fish'll only bite,

lers' came around and he joined 'em, and I'm blest if
he didn't roll right into office!"

The Rocky Road of Life.

"NO, my son," said the Old Philosopher, "there is
no one man who is running the country and no
man ever gained the summit of a high mountain with
out the aid of others.

"You must have friends if you expect to make a
successful run for even the small office of road over-
seer in a brand new country, and then to turn the
trick you'll have to promise them all of the earth
that isn't fenced in, to say nothing of an airshaft jour-
ney to the moon; and when you fail to redeem your
political promises you'll be kept busy considering invi-
tations to resign.

"And if you should be so foolish as to resign, you
wouldn't be a hero, but a 'has-been.' Once you get
to the high hills you can't roll down and keep your
dignity; you've got to stay there, though the thunder
is deafening and the lightning blinds you.

"I say you've got to stay there and hug the delusion
that you have organized the thunder, and are chief
director in the lightning factory.

"It's a hard row to hoe and full of tribulation, and
summed up, here is the conclusion of the whole matter:

We dance and pay the fiddler,
And take our time and chance,
To feel, when all is ended,
We knew not how to dance!"

The Brother of Trouble.

DE Lawd put de melons in de watermelon patch,
Yit folks blames de darky fer comin' ter de
scratch;
De door's fer ter open, but you mustn't lift de latch,
An' it's trouble from dark ter de daybreak!

It's a worl' full o' sunshine, a worl' full o' woes,
Sometimes contrary is de way de weather goes;
Dar's a rose in de garden, but you mustn't pull a rose,
An' it's trouble from dark ter de daylight!

Billville and Washington.

"THOSE big office-holders in Washington don't mind
giving out the lie," said the Billville lawyer.
"They hand it to their critics every day in the week
and nothing ever comes of it, but let me tell you one
thing:

"If the head justice of this here town was to call
me a liar in open court I'd send the Code o' Georgia
whizzin' at his head, even if he should sentence me
to be lynched for contempt!"

Doesn't Want "the Earth."

"I AIN'T much on milk an' honey," said the old
colored brother, "so when I gits through de Gates
o' Paradise, I'm des gwine ter ask 'em ter let me play
football in de biggest watermelon patch till I gits half-
drowned in der juice!"

Log Cabin Sayings.

SOME folks cry mighty loud for justice in dis world,
An' when they get it they howl mightily for free-
dom.

All I ask is for Providence to give me the work to
do and I'll furnish the willingness to do it.

Hope in Sight.

THERE'S hope for Poverty—never fear,
Though the way seem long and steep.
When the poor man cries the angels hear,
For they can't get any sleep!



WE GOT THE BANJOS GOING; WHIRLED THE WOMEN IN THE DANCE.

Country's all serene!
Be it river, lake or brook—
Let 'em bite, and bait the hook!

Watch me walk the dusty way
To the friendly banks;
Place me any time o' day
In the fishin' ranks!
Be it river, lake or brook—
Let 'em bite, and bait the hook!

The All-Around Candidate.

"THAT candidate is about the
slickest chap that ever saw
an office ahead of him and made a
bee-line for it.

"In one part of the country,
where the Baptists were strong, he
said that he was born a Baptist;
in another section, where the
Methodists predominated, he said
that he was descended from John
Wesley, and his great-great-grand-
father had a hymn book with Wes-
ley's autograph; and he told the
Presbyterians that he knew he had
been predestinated to hold the of-
fice from the foundation of the
world; and, to cap the climax, he
took a contract to beat the bass
drum in the Salvation Army.

"By and by the people got to-
gether and compared notes, and a
committee waited on him and sug-
gested an explanation.

"They thought they had him
'dead to rights,' but they were
wrong. He 'rose to the occasion.'
"I'm no hide-bound candidate,"
he said, "but as wide as the world
is in my feelings and sentiments."
"I lean towards all of you, but
I'm not going to lean far enough to
fall on any of you. I'm what you
might call an all-around man—a
big potato, and many in a hill!"
"The next week the 'Holy Rol-



HE TOOK A CONTRACT TO BEAT THE BASS DRUM.

(Copyright, 1910, by Publishers' Press Syndicate.)

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

SAN FRANCISCO, May 28.—[Ex- she declared she was the wife of a

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How Gen. Lee Went Out.

MOTIVES THAT LED CONFEDERATE TO RESIGN FROM ARMY.

By a Special Contributor.

ARLINGTON, our greatest national necropolis, is a place equally dear to North and South. Although at the present time reserved for the burial of Federal veterans, and of officers and soldiers of the United States army, a good many Confederates are interred there. And, as everybody knows, the mansion (which served as a hospital during the Civil War) was the home of Robert E. Lee at the period of the outbreak of the great conflict.

At that time Lee was colonel of the Second Regiment, United States Cavalry, stationed in Texas, and (in April, 1861) was at home on leave of absence. The mansion and estate, however, afterward inherited by his wife, was at that date still the property of his father-in-law, George Washington Parke Custis, a grandson of the wife of George Washington by her first marriage. Lee married the daughter of Mr. Custis in the drawing-room of the Arlington mansion.

At the outbreak of the war, much doubt was felt about

in the hospital. Eventually the property was sold at auction for taxes, and was purchased for the use of the government. Neither Gen. Lee nor his wife ever made any attempt to recover it, but in 1877 their son, George Washington Custis Lee, brought suit for the purpose, and, the equity of his claim being acknowledged by the Supreme Court, Congress appropriated \$150,000 to square the business. And thus it comes about that the government today is the owner of the Arlington mansion, and of the estate, which is occupied by the greatest of our national cemeteries.

Any officer in the regular army, or who was in the volunteer service during any of our wars, may have a lot assigned to him by making application to the quartermaster-general. No objection is made to the burial of the wife and child of an officer at Arlington, where, indeed, a great many women have been interred.

In the spring of 1861 much excitement was caused by reports to the effect that Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, had been invaded by Confederate troops. It was urged that the bones of the Father of his Country ought to be removed from thence as quickly as possible, lest they be disturbed. Doubtless there was not the slightest danger of anything of the kind. But Gen. Scott, under date of July 31, issued an order to the effect that there must be no trespass by Union soldiers on the premises; and from that time on, the estate, though guarded only by a lady who resided there, was regarded by both sides as sacred and neutral ground.

the entire army. On his return, he made formal report to the effect that he had eaten the pie.

In the first action in which Grant commanded, his troops at first gained a slight advantage over the Confederates. In spite of all he could do to stop them, they began to plunder the enemy's camp. At last, Grant, who knew that Confederate reinforcements were coming up, managed to set fire to the camp, so as to stop the plundering. Then he got his troops together and re-up, attacked him, and defeated him. There were the colonels under Grant who had not by any means collected his men. An officer (who describes the incident) saw Grant a day or two afterward, when he expressed to him the fact that he was deprived of his command on account of the defeat. He said:

"Why do you not report those colonels? They are the men to blame for not carrying out your orders." "Why," replied Grant, "those officers had never before been under fire; they have had a lesson which they will not forget. I will answer for it that they will never make the same mistake again. I could see by the way they behaved in the subsequent action that they were of the right stuff; and it is better that I should lose my command, if that must be, than that the good men are scarce."

As it turned out, Grant did not lose his command.



Arlington Mansion.

Lee's attitude, and Gen. Scott sent a note over to Arlington on April 19, asking him to come to the War Department. When he arrived, the following conversation ensued:

"You are on leave of absence, I believe, Col. Lee?" said Gen. Scott.

"Yes, General," replied Lee; "I am staying with my family at Arlington."

"These are times when every officer in the service should fully determine what course he will pursue, and frankly declare it," said Gen. Scott. "Some of the southern officers are resigning, possibly with the intention of taking part with their States. They make a fatal mistake. The contest may be long and severe, but eventually the issue must be in favor of the Union. I suppose," he added, finding that Lee made no reply, "that you will go with the rest. If you purpose to resign, it is proper that you should do so at once; your present attitude is an equivocal one."

"General," at last responded Col. Lee, "the property belonging to my children, all they possess, lies in Virginia. They will be ruined if they do not go with their State. I cannot raise my hand against my children."

The general having signified that he had nothing further to say, Col. Lee withdrew. The next day he tendered his resignation, which was promptly accepted.

Lee's family remained at Arlington for some time afterward. There was no thought of disturbing them, and it is possible that they might have stayed there indefinitely had it not been that they were led to believe that the Union forces were on the point of occupying and fortifying the place. Later on, indeed, earthworks were erected there—the object of them being to prevent the Confederates from securing a position from which all of Washington, including the Capitol and every important building, might easily have been destroyed with a battery of heavy guns and bomb-throwing mortars.

Before her departure, Mrs. Lee wrote to Gen. Scott as follows, under date of May 5, 1861:

"My Dear General: Hearing you desired to see the account of my husband's reception in Richmond, I have sent it to you. No honor can reconcile either of us to this fratricidal war, which we would have laid down our lives freely to avert. Nor can it ever terminate now till every heart in the whole South ceases to beat, or they obtain the justice they demand. Nothing can ever make me forget your kind appreciation of Mr. Lee. If you knew all, you would not think so hardly of him. Were it not that I would not add one feather to his load of care, nothing would induce me to abandon my home. Yours in sadness and sorrow, M. C. LEE."

It has been commonly supposed that the Arlington estate, including the mansion, was confiscated by the Federal government. Such was by no means the case, however. Shortly after the first battle of Bull Run informal possession was taken of it, and it was used for a hospital until the close of the war. The first burial of a soldier there was that of a Confederate who died

Grant and Lee are always coupled together in recollections of the Civil War. Of the lofty character of the Confederate leader there is no lack of testimony. It will be interesting to compare with it an estimate of the great Union commander, written during the Civil War by the chaplain of the regiment of which he was colonel.

"Grant," he says, "is about five feet ten inches in height, and will weigh 140 pounds. He has a countenance indicative of reserve, an indomitable will, and persistent purpose. In dress he is indifferent and careless, making no pretensions to style or fashionable military display. He never uses his uniform except on dress parade."

"He is always cheerful. No toil, cold, heat, hunger, fatigue, or want of money, depresses him. Withal he is a strict disciplinarian. On one of our marches, when passing through a small town, some of the men had broken away from our lines and filled their canteens with whisky at a grocery store. Soon they were reeling and ungovernable. Stopping the regiment, as if for rest, Grant passed quietly along and took each canteen, emptying the liquor on the ground with as much nonchalance as he would empty his pipe. Then he had the offenders tied behind the baggage wagons until they were sober. No intoxicating beverages were allowed in his camp."

With all his habitual gravity, Grant had a very eccentric humor. An officer of his staff relates an instance wherein, while he was campaigning in Arkansas, one of his subalterns, Lieut. Wickfield, with an advance guard of eight mounted men, stopped at a small farmhouse and demanded something to eat, representing that he himself was Gen. Grant. A short time later, the commander came up to the same house and desired to know if a meal could be prepared for him.

"No," replied the housewife gruffly. "Gen. Grant and his staff have just been here and eaten everything in the house except one pumpkin pie."

"Humph!" murmured Grant. "What is your name?"

"Selvidge," replied the woman. Throwing a half-dollar in at the door, he asked if she would keep that pie until he sent an officer for it—to which she answered that she would.

That evening, at grand parade, in the presence of all the regiments, the acting adjutant-general read the following order:

"Lieut. Wickfield of the — Indiana Cavalry, having on this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of the Irinton and Cape Girardeau Roads, except one pumpkin pie, Lieut. Wickfield is hereby ordered to return with an escort of 100 cavalry and eat that pie also."

(Signed.) "U. S. GRANT, Commanding."

Grant's orders were law, and no soldier ever attempted to evade them. At 7 o'clock the lieutenant filed out of camp, with his 100 men, amid the cheers of



and three out of the five officers afterward distinguished themselves. RENE BARR.

Why He Wouldn't Shoot.

A deputation of three soldiers once came to the Dr. Lueger to make some kind of a request in his behalf. The Burgomaster of Vienna turned to the soldiers with the following inquiry: "What would you do if the Kaiser commanded you to shoot the burgomaster?"

"I would shoot him," said the soldier. "I claimed Dr. Lueger, 'and what is your religion?'" "I am a Protestant," Dr. Lueger spoke to the soldier. "What would you do if the Kaiser commanded you to shoot the burgomaster?" "Then I would shoot him," said the soldier. "And what is your religion?" "I am a Catholic." The Burgomaster turned to a third soldier. "Would you have shot me if the Kaiser commanded you to do so?" "No," said the soldier. "And what is your religion?" "I am a Jew," answered. "What!" exclaimed the Burgomaster. "You not know that I am the greatest anti-Semite in Austria? Tell me, why would you not have shot me?" "Because I have no rifle; I am the drummer of the regiment."—[Jewish Chronicle.]

Bride Without a Smile.

From the quarterly report of the Borosio Association we learn that Bishop Mounsey has had some interesting experiences in Labuan and Sarawak. Here is his account of the marriage of a Chinese girl who is half-Chinese and half-Dyak: "I saw a very picturesque service and one point was particularly interesting to me. The bride, a pretty girl, generally has a pleasant smile for one, was on the picture of misery. She looked very sad and never smiled. The bishop said: 'I am sure it is quite the thing for a Chinese bride, in the other things their customs being very unlike ours.'"

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Man's Night Shirt

Sporting

May 29, 1910.]
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[May 29, 1910.]

Upon the Skyline.

GRIFTH AND OTHER HILL PARKS
THE WRITER HAS KNOWN.

By a Special Contributor.

the survival of a primitive instinct, persisting still, and dating back perhaps to that far time when our ancestors, for prudential reasons, chose their places close to the hills that commanded an outlook in all directions, has led me, a city dweller most of all, to find the hills as surely as the homing bee the way from his fields of nectar to the distant home.

It is the call of the blood descending from the ancestor who was commissioned by Abercrombie to lead George in 1758 to lead an independent company of rangers in "obtaining intelligence of the enemy, situation, and motions of the enemy, as well as to perform other services which may be of great use to His Majesty's service in the operations now carrying on for the recovery of his rights in America."

At any rate, I am acquainted with many a hilltop, many a river, little and big, and many a ferny, flower-decked meadow, and roadside tangle, not only from journeys and sojournings in the mountains far and near that have made my own possession the glories of the purple Laurentians, the mighty wall of blue that stands to the westward of line to the westward of that "sea of blue" which is Lake Champlain at the compact grouping of the Catskills, the long blue lines of the Alleghenies, and the nobility of the Washington, lifting his head above his fellows at the sunset skies in a mighty panorama for the eye of Portland, Me., ninety miles away, not to mention the sterner grandeur of our own mountains of the White Mountains, but also in a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the parks and the country round about the great city of New Hampshire, while their eastern neighbors look out eastward across island-gemmed waters, seaward. To stand upon the cliffs of White Mountain, looking seaward, with the islands and Portland at one's back and to close one's ears to all but the beat of the surging sea, is to hear the best of those peoples across the waste of waters, who came our fathers in the days long gone, and whose silence still pours the steady stream that flows from the old to the new land.

That land of the sky beyond the Delaware River, where the rhododendrons bloom on all the hills in May and June. I know the miles on miles of that cover the sandy plains of middle New Jersey with a carpet of white suffused with pink as delicate as the afterglow on the snow fields of our western mountains.

On a hilltop near the mid-regions of New Jersey's mountains, near to towns, and within easy reach of people of New York and Philadelphia, from whose summit one may look across the State toward the Delaware and break in the waving sea of pine-tree tops that stretch away to the distant horizon to south and west, and whose soft music comes on the gentle breeze mingled with the deeper tones of the sounding sea, the white sand dunes border the pine forest on the shore. Under those pines, trailing arbutus carpets the ground, intermingled with the azure of the bird's-foot clover that seem bits dropped from the blue of the sky above. There, too, I have gathered the rare and delicate pink lady's slipper.

On the mountain regions of Northern New Jersey the moss makes rugs under the forest trees that put the garish pink mesembryanthemum of cultivated gardens. The northerly spurs of the Alleghenies thrust across the Delaware and reaching out toward the Hudson, furnish many vantage points for looking out over the lovely and thickly-populated region about the mouth of the Hudson, and beyond to the sound and the sea. I have been upon hilltops at dozens of points from fifteen to thirty miles inland, and command views of New York and the neighboring States, the bays and the rivers, the narrows with the procession of ships ever coming and going, the mighty panorama of lights, which are so fascinating to many people who are blind to the more extensive natural beauties all about them. On occasions of illuminations, a great naval pageant, or a remarkable display of pyrotechnics, these hills for thirty miles and more inland are visited by thousands of people, attracted by the gorgeous spectacle of lights.

That part of the world, city, town, and country, where, too, private ownership, coöperate to preserve the natural beauty, and to make perpetually accessible to the people, these beauty spots, Brimont, N. J., a priceless possession in its park along the picturesque Rockaway River, with a fine rocky gorge and a waterfall some thirty feet or more in height, deep in the cool recesses of a primeval forest, of hemlock.

From the teeming cities, on the front range of the Watchung Mountains, South Orange has set aside, the South Mountain Reservation, 1500 acres of woodland, containing a fine stream with two exquisite falls overhung by hemlock trees, to be kept permanently for the use of the people as a natural park. Along the ridge, at Eagle Rock, the highest point in the range, the North Mountain Reservation contains 800 acres, with fine cliffs and a small lake. Eagle Rock is the famed viewpoint, said by many who

have traveled widely to surpass in inspirational beauty the view from any other similar point, as it looks down upon the homes of 6,000,000 people in the score or more of cities within view, and is so diversified in the elements of interest and beauty which it comprehends, stretching as it does from West Point on the north to Sandy Hook on the south.

Here, when the afterglow touches the marble spires and white walls of the wondrous city beyond the Pallades, rising above the purple shadows of the coming night, a solemn hush falls upon the watchers on the heights, and they think of the vision of the lonely man of Patmos.

I shall never forget the quick indrawing of the breath, with a joy so exquisite it was a pain, on emerging from the edge of a wood there one April day to come suddenly upon a whole field of wild pink azaleas whose exquisite fragrance comes to me now across the years as I write; and I know that this April, as in all Aprils since people have lived among those scenes, that same joy will be waiting for every child of man who knows what to seek, for Nature is just as lavish of her treasures as of old, and every spring the white dogwood blooms above the wood violets, white and blue and yellow; the blue hepaticas open their woolly wrappings all winter long; the gold of the cowslips margins the meadow brooks; and throughout the year the stately pageant moves on, from the ethereal loveliness of early springtime, through the full tide of summer beauty, the rich color of autumn in russet oak and crimson sumac, above the delicate tracery of Queen Anne's Lace, and the gleam of white asters mingled with their fellows in purple and blue. When the leaves have fallen, a whole new world of beauty in color and line and form is revealed, which rivals the summer pageant.

These mountain parks are kept to a great extent in their natural state, their beauties of woods, streams and flowers made accessible by roads and paths, and by cars to the borders of the reservations.

Newark, N. J., has one of the most beautiful parks created since the new era in park development along natural lines has taken shape. It has restored to their natural state of beauty the banks of a small stream, and created a park less than a mile in width and a number of miles long. This little river, like those of Florida, is born in a clear spring which gushes from the earth in a pool of considerable depth and great transparency in the midst of a green meadow, and is bordered with elm trees. The city has made a drive throughout the length of its park, and a path with rustic bridges which span the windings of the stream. At a point in the city where the stream flows between goodly hills a dam has been made and concealed by shrubbery and aquatic plants, and a fine lake created, which affords rowing for a long distance. The hillsides above the lake are parked in the most artistic manner, and some garden architecture is introduced, as well as a fountain in the lake. On the heights above stand a great cathedral and the immense building of the city high school, a splendid architectural pile.

In Brooklyn's Prospect Park, Nature has always walked hand in hand with Art. The wild flowers bloom as freely as when their place of habitation was still country woodland and meadow, and city children may gather spring beauties and violets blue and white, pink wild geraniums, and delicate ferns, as freely as buttercups and daisies. On the hill around which was fought the Battle of Long Island, the same trees are growing that grew there when Washington fortified it. Very soft and peaceful now is the outlook across the purple distance to where the long white line of breakers lifts in foam on the beaches of the south shore. Could the wildest dreams of those men of vision have forecast the marvelous growth of the city for which they fought, I wonder?

Comparable in its possibilities to these parks which have long been in existence, and which keep something of nature unspoiled for the city dweller, is Griffith Park, at our own doors. Intimately as I know the several hill parks of which I have written, so I know Griffith Park, for I have walked upon its jagged, knife-like edge, thrust up into the sky, from Mt. Hollywood to and beyond its westerly limits on to Cahuenga Mountain and down its precipitous western face. I have crossed it from north to south, skirted its easterly boundaries, and followed its river's edge. I know the feel of its air in wind and in calm, in heat and in cold, in sunshine and in shadow, in fog and in rain. I know the hour when, even in midsummer's haze, San Bernardino and San Jacinto unveil their beauties for a passing moment as the day dies, withdrawing again mysteriously even as they came. I know the unthinkable mystery of the great valley beyond filled with the light of other worlds. I know how the islands unseen by day float in the gold of sunset like strange ships from the stream of time stranded for a little on our far shores. I know how the stillness beats up in warm waves in the pause between the day and the dark. I know how the sharp black shadows fall when the moon rises full over Cucamonga; how the fog rolls like a sea about one's feet, leaving the little peaks as islands while the onrushing sea of clouds fills every bay and surrounds every headland.

I know where to find the rare yellow mariposa tulip, and the dainty brown bells of the chocolate lily. I know where to look for the footprints of the deer who find a covert in these hills, and I have seen the small denizens of the wilds out foraging for sustenance.

The bare gray southern face of the hills may look forbidding, but they bear close acquaintance well.

Though the garden which the Lord God planted, in which He walked in the cool of the day, was eastward, in Eden, we who have chosen to live where we must water our own lands rather than depend upon the bounty of heaven are not without hope that the barren hills may yet be clothed in living green, for we may have the pine trees, and we may take them for a sign

that Providence still takes thought for us; for does not the Book say: "I will set in the desert the fir tree and the pine, that they may see and know and consider and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this?"

And again: "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious."

It is the devout hope of those who love the hills of Griffith Park that they shall be made glorious with pine trees, even as those of Elysian Park have been. Many a sanctuary is there to be found for man and bird, among the pine-clad hills and wooded ravines. Whether one walk eastward facing the snow peaks, or westward with the breath of the sea in his face, he has in his ears the music of the pine trees, from which all our stringed instruments have come, and he walks indeed through Elysian Fields.

FRANCES B. SCHNEIDER.

Sources of Rubber.

Probably very few of those who have gone mad on rubber shares know that the number of plants producing rubber is considerable, and that they differ very materially in their relative value in the production of rubber for commercial purposes.

The most important of these is *Hevea brasiliensis*, a tree attaining to a considerable height and belonging to the natural order Euphorbiaceae. This is the source of Para rubber, which has long held a commanding position in British markets.

Ranking next in importance is the well-known *Ficus elastica*, which belongs to the natural order Urticaceae and produces the Assam rubber. *Landolphia*, woody climbers, belonging to the natural order Apocynaceae, yield the African rubbers, and *Sapium biglandulosum*, belonging to Euphorbiaceae, produces the Colombian rubber. *Kickxia africana* is the source of the Lagos rubber.

Para rubber is obtained from several species of *hevea*, but by far the most important of them is *H. brasiliensis*. This species is widely distributed in South America, and with other members of the genus is strongly represented in the region drained by the mighty Amazon and its tributaries.

The town of Para, the center of the rubber industry of the Amazon, is on the River Guama about a hundred miles from the sea, but the Para district extends over a large region to the south and the west. Throughout this and the forests of Central and Northern Brazil rubber trees are abundant.

Rather more than thirty years ago the suitability of *Hevea brasiliensis* for cultivation in India was recognized and strenuous efforts were made to introduce the tree into Ceylon and others parts of the British eastern possessions in sufficient number to carry out experiments on a larger scale.

The difficulties were considerable, but they were eventually surmounted and there are now large areas of rubber trees that are giving an ample return. Under favorable conditions the trees grow with great rapidity, and it is recorded that rubber trees planted at the Henaratgoda Garden, Ceylon, have attained a height of fifty feet and a girth of two feet in six years.

Ficus elastica, the "India rubber plant" of gardens and the source of Assam rubber, is of course well known. When growing in its native habitat and under cultivation where it has sufficient space for its full development, it presents a very different appearance from the largest of the specimens that may be met with under glass in this country.

It indeed spreads so freely in cultivated plantations in Burma and elsewhere that eighteen plants to the acre are considered quite sufficient. It is found growing wild in moist forests from the base of the Sikkim Himalaya eastward to Assam and Arracan, and in upper Burma it is so plentiful as to form large forests.—[Gardener's Magazine.]

The First Rickshaw.

Twenty years or so ago when railways in Japan were yet few and motor cars undreamed of, the common method of travel for natives and foreigners alike was the rickshaw.

Horses were scarce and of indifferent quality, the bicycle had hardly made its appearance in the Far East, so practically the only means of getting about the country away from the main line of the railway between Tokio and Hiogo was in the modified perambulator which is known all over the world as the rickshaw.

There are a number of versions of its invention and to whom credit should be given for it. The Japanese themselves claim it for a paralytic old gentleman of Kyoto, who some time before 1868, finding his palanquin uncomfortable, took to a little cart instead. The usual foreign account adopted by Mr. Black, the author of "Young Japan," is that an American named Goble, half-cobbler and half-missionary, was the person to suggest the idea of a glorified go-cart somewhere about 1867.

The first official application to be allowed to manufacture rickshaws was, however, made in 1870. They were soon being turned out in hundreds and thousands for the middle-class Japanese found it a cheap and comfortable way of traveling long or short distances, and there was an inexhaustible supply of men eager to turn themselves into beasts of burden in order to earn the high wages which the employment brought them. Curiously enough, though elsewhere the thing is called a rickshaw, in Japan it generally goes by the name of jinrik.

Both are abbreviations of the real word, which is jinrikisha, meaning literally "man-power vehicle," that is a cart pulled by a man. Sometimes you hear kuruma used as an equivalent, and that is a Japanning of the Chinese syllable sha. Kuruma-ya is a rickshaw puller, and you would call it out in Japan when you wanted a rickshaw, just as we called "hansom" in the days when the handson had not been driven off the ranks by the taxicab.—[London Daily News.]

his return, he made formal report and eaten the pie. In which Grant commanded, his slight advantage over the Confederates' camp. At last, Grant, reinforcements were coming to the camp, so as to stop the Confederate troops together and defeat him. There were five who had not by any means attempted to stop the plundering and officer (who describes the incident) afterward, when he expected to command on account of the defeat.

report those colonels? They are not carrying out your orders." "Those officers had never before they had a lesson which they will answer for it that they will mistake again. I could see by the subsequent action that they were; and it is better that I should that must be, than that the services of five such officers when Grant did not lose his command.



ve officers afterward greatly the RENE BACHE

Wouldn't Shoot. The soldiers once came to the line some kind of a request in the master of Vienna turned to one of following inquiry: "What would I command you to shoot the Ber-

" said the soldier. "So?" "and what is your religion?" "Lueger spoke to the second you do if the Kaiser commanded?" "Then I would shoot." "And what is your religion?" The Burgomaster turned to the you have shot me if the Kaiser so?" "No," said the soldier. "I am a Jew," he said. "I am the greatest anti-Semite in the world. I am the drummer of the chronicle."

Without a Smile. Report of the Borneo Mission at Bishop Mounsey has had some in Labuan and Sarawak. of the marriage of a Christian and half-Dyak: "It was a one and one point was both smile for one, was on this misery. She looked very the bishop adds: "I am told a Chinese bride, in this as atoms being very unlike our."

ing

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

SAN FRANCISCO, May 23.—[Ex- she declared she was the wife of a

Mr. Lorimer gave many particulars concerning his Senatorial election, saying that after persuading him to enter the race, Gov. Denison had elected him and sought to turn him

sociation in Chicago which I have been organizing with some of my friends. The assault was made to prevent the bank from opening. It utterly failed of its purpose, but it acquired my constant attention.

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An Undesirable Man.

THOUGH A CROOK STILL PROVED
TO BE A HERO.

By a Special Contributor.

THE cheap spyglass, held to Ted's good eye in a dark corner of the taxicab, showed him a well-remembered face there by the main entrance of the railroad station. In the taxicab, the lone passenger snarled his anger, perhaps his fear. He opened the door on the street side.

"Cut ice back to the hotel," he ordered. "I'm a mutt, see? Forgive me suit case."

The chauffeur leaned over. "I can't make it, pardner," he said. "It's a twenty-block drive to the hotel, and your train pulls out in fifteen minutes."

"Don't I know it?" Ted barked. "Hully gee! don't I know it, friend? But I can't sneak without me suit case, can I? I'll hang over a day and hand you farmers another bunch of hustle, see? I'm a whisky drummer, and this town's plenty dry, huh?"

"You're on. I thought you wanted me to fly."

The taxicab rolled into the street and joined the throng of clanging vehicles. In the darkness of the wholesale district through which the chauffeur took a short cut, gliding along silent and deserted streets, Ted again opened the door. Opposite a black alley he slipped out, unnoticed. The cab turned a corner and disappeared.

"Hully gee!" Ted grunted, and mopped his damp forehead. "Now, beat it, pal!" He took his own advice, and pelted down the alley.

That strange, overgrown, smothered city of arroyos took Ted into its arms for the night. In the damp and clouded dawn he came, quite by accident, through echoing reeking alleys into the city's old plaza. The adventures of that nightmare night had deeply impressed and somewhat frightened the crass New Yorker, until, though indeed he had come scathless through ugly encounters, he bore a chastened spirit to the green plaza. On a wide bench under a magnolia tree, a brown man looked with an unfavorable eye upon the overdressed tenderfoot.

"Hullo, pal," said Ted; "you've got me sized up, I take it? Now, tip it off straight, when I get back to the hotel will me wife t'ink I've been dizzy? Do I look like a dinky little drunk?"

The Mexican grinned and shrugged. "No sabe," he said, and leisurely got to his feet.

Ted shook an impotent fist at the retiring back, and gloomed until shortly a tall policeman came down the sandal walk. Ted drew in his breath slowly, as if drawing in confidence with it.

"I say, Copper," he said, "I'm from Chicago—rooming at the Angels—"

"Any car up there," the officer answered without stopping. "The conductor'll show you where it is."

Ted went slowly. In the city of tourists a strayed and bemuddled reveler would evidently attract but little attention, yet Ted was afraid of the streets. His description had not been given out when this plaza officer came on duty, but shortly every keen-eyed policeman in the shopping district would be inspecting faces, patiently searching for a wizened, monkey-faced little man with a half-blind eye, a bald head, and stooped shoulders—a short man dressed passionately, with flashing jewelry and the loud neckwear and hosiery of the prosperous vulgar—searching for Ted Grogan of New York, sneak thief and pickpocket and cadger, who had made his get-away from Chicago with money and jewels worth a hundred thousand, cold!

The car that Ted took went not among the waking streets, but northwest to a suburban city, far extended along the lower slopes of the foothills. Too keen to attract attention by inquiries, Ted paid his fare, and got off near an exotic park. Here and there citizens were up and about their business. By questioning a boy on a milk wagon, Ted learned his whereabouts. A smart, cross-country tramp brought him to the tracks of a beach line, and by 9 o'clock he was eating breakfast in a small restaurant on the main street of St. Maria Cleofas, and reading in the morning paper an excellent account of himself, together with the news that he was supposed to have slipped back to the station after abandoning the taxicab, and to have taken a southern train for the Mexican border. In another hour Ted's telltale clothes were safely locked in a dressing-room of the Maria Cleofas Plunge, while Ted, spindleshanked in his abbreviated western bath suit, lay on the white beach sands. There he saw the mist-cloaked Pacific rolling in sleepily, yawning into wakeful hunger, at his feet. He felt the thick money belt safely about his waist, bulging his dry suit, and he shivered and grew blue of face in the sharp wind of the morning.

The fog came in thickly, but not before a few health-and-strength devotees came in maniacal guise to jump the breakers. Chilled men began running up and down the beach; Ted joined them, and trotted slowly, going ever farther from the bath-house, until he found himself quite alone. He did not turn, but followed the endless coast. In the fog there was little to be seen. Beyond the white sands, a cement walk bordered the ocean, and there, to his left, Ted glimpsed electric-light posts moving regularly. Now and then black pedestrians passed, and always a skyline of cottage roofs and infrequent green trees went in a monotonous panorama. On his right hand was the ocean, coming in with stately deliberation out of the fog, swelling upward, breaking in lengthening lines of white, and foaming faster to the sands, where it blessed and reached impotently and went back and forth over the wet beach underfoot.

Ted had studied a map, and knew as he went farther and yet farther from the Maria Cleofas pier, that he was leaving behind him the city of Maria Cleofas, and was entering unseen into Maria Magdalena. Farther to the south and west would lie the third and larger mu-

nicipality of these three long and conjoined beach resorts which fronted the blue bay of Las Tres Marias. Beyond the semicircular hills would be met where they came down to the sea through Cape Maria Magdalena. It was a land of mystery and fog, sand and sea, through which Ted Grogan trotted. White, snake-like crests sprang out of the blue mist, ran with weird beauty into stretched threads of surf, to boom with sudden wrath upon the sands; they hissed seaward in a widening field of foam, and vanished, to be succeeded by renewed arrows springing out of the fog. Steadily a never-broken procession of lamp posts went by above him and vague outlines of buildings, and black pedestrian ghosts.

The great pleasure pier of Maria Magdalena suddenly blocked the beach. A few persons were here, and Ted mingled with them. His long run had brought a glow to his body, until he felt warm and happy in the aromatic, chilled air of the winter morning. Beyond the pier he once more entered into the deserted reaches of sand, but now, however, he walked steadily with bent head, as if set upon an interminable journey. Beyond Maria Magdalena fisher folk formed a picturesque village, well exploited in local commercial literature, and there Ted hoped to outfit himself anew.

Several times he had passed bathers who, running down from their near-by cottages to the sea, were taking a quick dip, to be succeeded by a hasty race to shelter. The passage of a spindleshanked man exercising himself after a plunge was no rare occurrence, and attracted small notice. A handsome fellow might have been better remembered.

It was near noon, and Ted was tired and chilled, and yet he had seen no fishers' huts. The paved beach walk with its iron pillars continued as monotonously as the sea. But the journey for Ted was almost ended. A group of bathers was glimpsed dimly through the fog, was seen again and nearer, and then Ted began his old athletic run as if he were going back and forth to ward off the chill. Indeed, a man detached himself from the bathers and approached at a dog trot, he also exercising himself. The two came close, passed each other, and the man nodded a friendly greeting. Ted responded in kind. A moment later he found himself passing three or four young women, who, with hands clasped together, formed a line near the surf. There was a child clutched in the center, who looked back laughingly at the runner; she snatched her hands loose and waved her bare arms. Ted again responded in kind and went on, while the women, with much shrieking and laughter, wet their feet and suddenly found themselves waist-deep in a breaker.

Some one stumbled, the undertow caught her and tugged. There was a wavering of the line of women, some twittering, and with a splash they disappeared. They came up almost at once, knee-deep in the receding water, where for a moment they stood gasping, spluttering, and then in full chorus they broke into hysterical laughter. But Ted did not laugh. He was past them, and racing toward a newly-appearing breaker. The laughter in his rear changed to terrified screaming and cries and incoherent adjurations. Ted went ears over in the sea and struck out. In the white foam of the breaker he saw for an instant the tumbling child. Then Ted dived, as cleverly as any sea duck, and came out beyond the surf line into the heaving ocean.

He swam overhand with great effort, at every stroke opening his ugly mouth fish-like and snatching a short breath of air. He tired quickly; the money belt about his waist grew sodden, leaden, and dragged with an ever-increasing weight, tugging downward. The next instant Ted caught the child by the hair and she clutched him about his body. She was coughing, and choked, chilled blue, with little muscles jerking under the skin, but finally he calmed her and got her floating half over him, her bare arms clasped tightly about his neck.

A thrill went through Ted Grogan's benumbed body as he felt the first cold touch of those little arms, as the child's wet hair fell over his neck and shoulders, as she gave in to him with a baby's complete confidence, and clung, no longer afraid, but only cold and uncomfortable.

The current was pulling him out. He fought desperately, bitterly. The belt was pulling him down. Once they went under and floundered a moment, and when they came up, the child was choking. She coughed her lungs clear, however, and but clung the tighter, never whimpering nor crying. Ted strove the harder, the more desperately, swimming now with a steady under stroke, his head held rigidly erect, his breast strained upward from the sea. But he approached the shore no nearer; rather it seemed as if he lost in the struggle and were pulled slowly, resistlessly, seaward, though indeed he for the most part held his own. What was happening on the beach he had neither leisure nor thought for; his one supreme obsession was to swim, to keep the child safe there on his back, to swim, and yet to swim!

Again they went under, and when they came up Ted found himself headed for the horizon of waves. He turned with heavy effort. That long run of the morning had told on his vitality, sapping it of the vigor needed here in this fight with the wastes of salt water. Perhaps without the child to hamper him, he could have regained the shore, but with her, and with this increscent belt about his body, Ted's case seemed hopeless. He thought of the riches with a savage fury. It was as if Ocean had clasped his waist, as if Triton hung there, or some monstrous mermaid whose great arm circled him with deadly violence. Though the moment he stopped swimming, the land began to recede. Ted paused, and got the child free of his back; she clung to one of his hands as he treaded water. Now he could look at her closely, this dumb little victim of the sea. Her brown hair, he remembered, had been in long curls about her shoulders; now the dull and weedy crown was matted about her head and neck and was pressed close to her skull. Her face was drawn and pained, her little mouth was purple, her teeth chattered

continuously. But she clung to his arm, and with her steadily and in silence, like some subconscious thing; and there was perfect trust in her gaze.

Very carefully Ted unbuttoned his suit at the waist; then with one wrench he freed his body of the incubus money belt and let it slip from him. The child with him to the surface. She struggled for the hair away from her mouth, and trying to get back with closed eyes. Ted's heart stopped for a moment, but then the child looked at him and smiled; and at once Ted struck out vigorously for land. He was yet battling, with doubtful success, when a dauntless will, when a voice hailed him. The child gurgled inarticulately as a blond head bobbed above the waves toward them. It was the man Ted had passed on the beach.

"All right," the voice called, cheerily; "I'm in a minute. Hold on to her. Got her safe?"

"All safe," Ted called back. "Speed—the man!"

"Can't make it—nowhere."

The child was passed to the fresh shoreward. "Now, can you get in yourself?" the newcomer asked.

"If not, I'm fresh and can lend you a shoulder. Isn't far to the breakers."

"Watch me," Ted panted, briefly, and struck out with desperate force. The breaker caught him, rolled him over and over, ducked, tossed, played with him, and then him shoreward furiously, and threw him, a waving tangle of white arms and legs, on the beach.

There was a small and anxious group there. The women were running into the surf to meet the child and her rescuer. Ted got to his feet and stumbled on dry sand. Men gathered about him, until he was a jerk of dismay; for there was a familiar face looking at him.

"Gee!" Ted gasped. "Holbrook!"

The sharp-featured man whom Ted had seen smiling grimly, and nodded. "Good for you, Ted. You're a hero. I didn't know you had it in you. You're a case of come along home with papa. You've gone to Mexico after you, eh? Oh, there's no need of that. I ain't chased crooks twenty years for nothing. Coming peacefully?"

"Well," Ted growled, "I ain't got to be no coddle, see? I don't play no cheap sport game with private business, see, an' you're to keep your nose about it. Now chase me out of here before the cops gets wise."

"Here's a cloak for him," some one called. "He will take his death of cold. Who is he?" person came closer. "Bunice and her father have come to the cottage, and the women, too. They're thinking—sent me to get this gentleman and take up at once. We'll take care of him."

Ted wrapped himself in the cloak. "Thank you," he said. "I notice mermaldens ain't popular with the women. Now, beat it, pals. Me an' this gent's got a couple of business, see? All right, Holbrook, you're me. I'll go wit'out no extradition, just we'll not let the kid know, I guess."

"Where's the money?" he was asked.

"Hully gee!" Ted barked, "you don't think that much a wad on me wit'out sportin', do you? It's spent, see? I had a fine time wit' it, an' the piper. Ta-ta, pals," he called back at the sudden theatrical bravado; "see you later—years later."

R. CLAIBORNE

The Wild Flowers in the Town

From the mountains and the hills
By the roadways and the rills,
They come trooping to the towns
In the loveliest of gowns;
And from gardens and from walls
All arrayed for nuptial balls,
The ladies of the city,
A reception committee,
Are ready for the meeting,
And plan a gracious greeting
To the bridal maids of Spring.
As they come to dance and sing
With a dainty, fragile grace,
For a few weeks' fleeting space
But when the Bridgroom Summe
A swift and eager comer,
Spring has taken to his breast
The wild flowers sigh for rest,
And before the wedding's end
Weary heads begin to bend,
And like bridal maids of old,
Of whom we're often told,
They lay them down to rest
Upon their mother's breast.

VIRGINIA

Long Ago.

George Sargent, the golf champion, was a golf reporter.

"The golf reporter is now a very common sight," said, "but when golf first became popular in the most ludicrous errors."

"One reporter in Chicago wrote about a golf ball that had been presented with a set of silver-spoons."

"Another reporter, a New York sharp, called a golf bag a quiver all through a long article."

"Still another, a Pittsburgher, wrote a piece on golf in which he said:

"Golf is now a popular amusement with the Even the ladies have taken to the game, and they may daily be seen upon the links, with caddies as to the manner born."

The Des

A STORY OF A WIT
LOYAL

By a Special C

WHEN I descended to the at Lancaster, and inquired of Fontaine, the landlord, of satisfaction in his eyes, there would be no mistake. He added that he was an optimist, that he thought that people should work when they were already get three big country

"The old soldiers will parade the band from Queen City today now. It's a party place after a hearty breakfast I

After the way, and I strolled it was a pretty place, a combination of man's

as far heavenward as the evergreen and spruce across the lots and paths, for the place was broken, with rich blue

women and girls, I wandered along a vein of the gravestone, where the gravestone began idly reading the

very much alike—John Henry. When the record of a

like every other life. It was very few—to stand over a very few—there are a

wooden headboards. And on the wooden headboards may be seen a line some of

has been guarded by a number of angels on every corner

"Your pardon, Stranger, but the rocks there and get me a

started, I turned suddenly, and the old face I have ever seen

was standing at the foot of the lot, her hands clasped in

me out of two great gray eyes, belonging to a pretty school girl

looking women, but I've always seen a smallish woman with

three score and ten, some about her face. This was

growing glory was a man, but it seemed never to be

led me to the hiding-place, and cautioned me earnestly

I lose my balance and tumble to secure quite a bit of

more than worth the light as she took it. I

ended her arrange it in the

Then I noticed the

thus lettered:

BOB,
"My Soldier"
Died
At Wilson's Creek
August 10,
1862.
MARY.

"You gave him to the country," he nodded sadly, and then

"It is a noble death, is it not?" he asked the question with

we might be some doubt about such a death is hallowed,"

she looked relieved. The soldiers will come out

place a little flag on his deal of Bob."

During her talk she spoke as described the sort of man

and told how she loved him, and held her handkerchief to

"Sometimes I feel that I am

now," she said, "and that it is best as it is. His

his presence would have been a queer after my telling

he looked up at me eagerly

"Tell me about it," I said.

He walked over to a bench, and motioned me to follow

people trace their lineage," she began, "and in our

ancestors who served under General Grant, and in our

condense in a few sentences

came on, Bob and Mary

in nearly every town

drilling, expecting daily

member of the Union company

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Underpriced Jewelry; cuff links, stick pins, etc. Great variety at... 25c
Carpet Samples and remnants of... 95c
Special... 25c
All over Lace of unusually pretty... 25c

making. In neat mixtures, checks and stripes. Double breasted coats; pants with



Some all wool ones in the lot. Made with straight knees and—sewed to stay. Sizes 14 to 17, only... 25c
Men's Night Shirts

Sporting



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA... Pasadena... and their

How Nestlings Are Fed.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE BIRD FAMILY.

By William L. Finley.

Author of "American Birds"—Photographs from Life by Herman T. Bohman.

HERE is a marked difference in the nestling that is born with a warm, downy coat and with strength enough to start out into the world following his mother a few hours after he sees daylight, and the little chick that makes his appearance from the egg blind, naked and helpless. For the most part, the nestlings of grouse, quail, sandpipers, rails, ducks, geese and other game birds are able to leave the nest a few hours after they are hatched. The shell from which these chicks have emerged has contained enough nutriment to give

I have often noticed that in almost all the songsters, as well as in many other birds, the ability to regurgitate the food, or vomit it up from the crop, comes as naturally in feeding the young as it does for the parent to carry the food in her bill and place it immediately in the mouth of the nestling. I have found that warblers and chickadees when feeding their young generally collect as much as they can in the bill alone and return every few minutes to the nest, while many of the seed-eating birds often collect the food and swallow it and this enables them to gather a larger amount before returning to the nest to feed. In such cases the crop is merely used as a carrier of food, and not because the nestlings need a predigested dinner.

The humming-bird and flicker are two good examples of birds that feed their young by regurgitation, not only while they are in the naked stage, but after they have left the nest and are not fully able to care for themselves. I have watched both of these species bringing food to their young when you could see them holding particles of food in their bills, but generally there is no

er's bill till she had trouble in drawing it out; he was bound to have the last drop. In a twinkling she was off, and he flashing at her heels, squeaking for more.

I had little idea of just the amount of food that a small bird collects for its young until I watched it at a note-book in hand for days at a time at different homes. During the two weeks when young birds are growing from the egg to full feathers they require a great deal of food for such rapid growth, and where the nest contains from five to eight growing appetites the parent birds on an average feed every few minutes during the day. In a case where a careful record was kept a young bird ate over half its own weight in food each day. In another case during the fifteen days that young birds remained in the nest, they had eaten ten times their weight on the day of flight.

By far the greater part of the food these nestlings receive is composed of insects and worms. Last summer in an old orchard, we found five different species of insects within a few yards of each other. A robin that built in an apple tree fed the young on cutworms, large

otherwise the youngsters their daily allowance. Nature has given the gr

bill to crack seeds and h thought this would be rat

show it. The mother alw able so her chick could ea was all so quickly done tha each the way she did it. The youngster's mouth and as if he were afraid she give it to the next one.

Among the hawks, owls, and the prey that is b into bits. Visiting th few days after the young headless bodies of four gr of the nest, from which the downy young. Th follow the example of the strength, they tore their own animals that were brought her of visits that the bill consisted almost entirely of occasional variation includi

In a study we made of cottonwood on the bank of nestlings were fed on quail. One day we found a screech owl in the nest, sh respecter of birds, but some hawk eat hawk. In the ear the Columbia overflowed its surrounding lowland, the red t and fed their nestlings on th plentiful and which they ing about the edges of the

We made a number of t study the nesting habits of One day as I sat watching, in and lit on the branch ab ing tree. There were three, ing tree. In ecstatic contortio awkwardly along the limb. bight to grasp her long bill calmly looking about. The her long beak and pull it o her feed them. The mass

crow seemed to form into s on the end does for a cow. down the throat of each ne as she came. In another c older, the mother disgorged youngster pitched into the eery that would have amaze When one climbs anywher youngsters have had a good "unswallow" as fast as they account of this habit, espe young night herons, it is al way as much as possible, o nestful of young birds from

A few years ago we made coast to some rocks to mak The gulls and cormorants w always came in with good comitted up for the nestlin came in from the feeding gr from their bills. Among th in burrows underground, fa different. The petrel is a bl the rocks in day time. It

ma surface miles out from s incubation, the male and fem of hatching and brooding the days in the burrow with the the other is at sea. Then a big petrels sweep in from th like a swarm of bats, and the nest holes.

The petrel nestling is fe parent thrusting its beak do him with a yellowish fluid. at this, for if you dig one o immediately play "Jonah" i rising power of projection. suddenly shot up your sleeve your nerves at the time or to

The Auto

The doctor studied the pale woman.

"You are anaemic," he said. "I will not give you an an how you are to get bac

"You are to ride in an open least, every day. The sh stimulate your circulation and will soothe your nerves.

"When I prescribe the auto ing you the advantage of a n

antly made on an anaemic. tect of automobile exercise

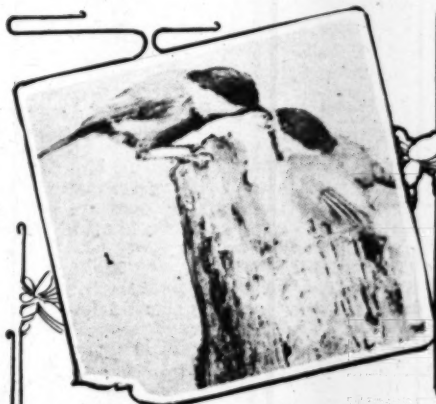
The number of red bl millimeter of blood rose from ing one week of the cure.

ach an improvement in the c ordinarily have been accompl ay in the mountains at an

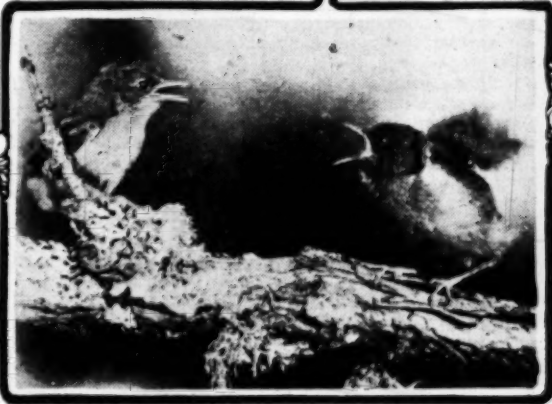
Didn't Cat

A Missourian who bough wanted to unload it told a "doubled in value since other, "you offered to se

ice you paid. How has it e see, I gave twice as much City Star.



Mother Chickadee feeding young.



Young Warblers whose opinions differ.



Female Black-headed Grosbeak about to feed young.



Mother Bush-tit feeding nestlings.



Black-throated gray warblers.



Black-headed Grosbeak.



Bluebird at the entrance of her home with food for young.



A house wren with a tidbit.

the nestling two or three days' start in the world. The parents do not have to feed them, but they must be hovered and kept warm. Warmth is the essential thing, and the young are soon strong enough to pick up food for themselves.

In the large class of birds known as perchers, the nestlings have to be carefully fed and nursed for two or three weeks before they acquire a coat of feathers and are able to leave home. For the first few days these nestlings are fed only the softest and most nutritious food. In the place of milk as in the animals, the naked nestlings receive the partially-digested food of the parent's crop. In the early stages of life, they are fed almost entirely by what is known as the process of regurgitation. In some birds this method is used until the nestlings are full grown and even after they have left the nest, while in others it is used only a day or so, until the hantlings are able to digest more solid food. Where regurgitative feeding continues, it is used as a convenience, not a necessity.

Indication of a dinner, for the morsels are swallowed by the parents and then pumped into the stomachs of the little ones.

The feeding of a young humming-bird by its parent is a frightful-looking process. The mother inserts her dagger-like bill clear into the stomach of her nestling and then starts a pumping, or what looks like a stabbing process, until she literally injects him full of food. Her feeding would not resemble the murder of the infants so much if she were to go slowly and carefully, but she seems so rough and goes with such lightning speed. I thought the sight was bad enough as I saw her feed the tiny midgits when they were little larger than an ordinary bean, but it was even worse after the youngsters had left the nest and were sitting on the clothes line. She went at one of them like a madman. He opened his mouth and she jabbed her bill in clear up to the hilt; then there was such a shaking and wiggling that they could hardly keep balanced. But the midgit liked it, for he seemed to hold on to his moth-

worms and insects until the nestlings were quite grown, and then the diet was changed to berries and cherries. In an oriole's nest near by, the young were fed for the first few days by regurgitation, but the parents began carrying green caterpillars, worms and occasionally cherries, but fruit seemed given more as a desert. For three years we watched a wood pewee build its nest on the limb of a pear tree in the same identical spot. The storm of winter always destroy the old nest, and each time new one has been built from the foundation up. The food of the pewee consists largely of flies, spiders and moths. The other two birds that nested near a yellow warbler and a Parkman's wren. These songsters lived entirely on bugs and harmful insects. They searched every tree and bush, turned every leaf and pried into the crannies and cracks. It would be difficult to estimate the real value of a few birds in an orchard, but it is safe to say these five species destroyed untold thousands of destructive insects and more than paid for the little fruit that the birds might destroy in a dozen different seasons.

I have watched at some nests where the young were cared for almost entirely by the female, and I have seen others where those duties were taken up by the male. Many times I have seen both parents work side by side in rearing a family, but I have never saw the work divided as it seemed to be in a family of black-headed grosbeaks that we watched last summer. The first day we stayed about the nest, I saw that the father was feeding the children almost entirely. The mother fed only about once an hour, and he fed every ten or fifteen minutes. This seemed contrary to my understanding of bird ethics. The male is generally wilder and the female has to take responsibility of the home. The next day everything was the same, but I was surprised to see that the parental duties were just reversed. The mother was going and coming continually with food while the father sat about in the tree tops, sang and preened his feathers leisurely, only taking the trouble to hum a mouthful for his bairns to every sixth or seventh wife brought. To my surprise, the third day, the father was the busy bird again. Out of eight photographic plates exposed that day on the family, we got only five snaps at the mother, and of these were poor ones. The fourth day we were at the nest, it was the mother's turn at supplying the meals, but she spent most of her time trying to get the hantlings to follow her off into the bushes. The father brought in food about as often as the mother.

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ded Grosbeak.

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the youngsters would hardly have received daily allowance.

the mother always cocked her head to one her chick could easily grasp the morsel, and it all so quickly done that only the camera's eye could the way she did it. She slipped her bill clear into the youngster's mouth and he took the bite as hurriedly as he were afraid she would change her mind and it to the next one.

the hawks, owls and eagles, the nestlings are from the prey that is brought in by the parents and into bits. Visiting the aerie of a golden eagle a days after the young had hatched, we found the bodies of four ground squirrels lying on the nest, from which the parents had been feed- ing the young. The nestlings soon learned to the example of the old birds, and as they gained strength, they tore their own meals from the birds and that were brought in. We found after a num- ber of visits that the bill of fare at the eagle's aerie consisted almost entirely of ground squirrels with an occasional variation including rabbits, quail and snake.

the study we made of a red-tailed hawk in a tall wood on the bank of the Columbia River, the nestlings were fed on quail, pheasants, and small ro- busts. One day we found the legs and claws of a owl in the nest, showing that the red tail is no master of birds, but sometimes descends to a case of not hawk. In the early part of the summer when the Columbia overflowed its banks and covered the sur- rounding lowland, the red tails took to fishing entirely for their nestlings on the carp and catfish that are plentiful and which they had no trouble in catch- ing about the edges of the ponds and lakes.

the mother disgorged into the nest and each en- gester pitched into the mess with a vigor and en- ergy that would have amazed a litter of young pigs. When one climbs anywhere near the nest after the en- gester has had a good meal, they will begin to "growl" as fast as they have gobbled it down. On the of this habit, especially common among the night herons, it is always safe to keep out of the nest as much as possible, or at least, not approach a nest of young birds from below.

the petrel nestling is fed during the day by the mother thrusting its beak down its mouth and injecting it with a yellowish fluid. The old birds are expert in this, for if you dig one out of his burrow, he will immediately play "Jonah" in your direction with sur- passing power of projection. A dose of rancid fish oil shot up your sleeve is not pleasing, either to the nerves at the time or to your nostrils afterward.

the doctor studied the pale countenance of the young one. "He is anemic," he said, "and you say you cannot give him any medicine, but I will tell you how you are to get back your appetite and sleep again. We are to ride in an open automobile eighty miles, every day. The sharp air in your face will stimulate your circulation and give you rosy cheeks. It will soothe your nerves. When I prescribe the automobile for you I am giving you the advantage of a number of experiments re- sulting from an anemic subject. In this case the use of automobile exercise on the blood was mar- velous. The number of red blood corpuscles to a cubic centimeter of blood rose from 4,300,000 to 5,600,000, during a week of the cure. Eminent doctors say that an improvement in the condition of the blood could hardly have been accomplished only by a prolonged stay in the mountains at an altitude of 3000 to 5000 feet.

the Missouri man who bought some Texas land and tried to unload it, told a prospective buyer that it was "worthless in value since I bought it." "But," said the other, "you offered to sell it to me for the same price," he said. "How has it doubled in value?" "Well," the Missouri man gave twice as much as it was worth. [Kansas City Star.]

A Providential Arrival.

HOW WASHINGTON ESCAPED CAPTURE IN JULY, 1864.

By a Special Contributor.

THE Battle of Fort Stevens was fought July 11-12, 1864, and although but a little bit of a battle, as compared with some of the Titanic conflicts of the Civil War, it was one of the most important of that entire period of four years warfare between the North and the South.

On Memorial Day the Secretary of the Treasury delivered an address on the site of the old battle field, and in the course of his remarks made this observation: "If it had been possible in those days to carry the news around the world by electricity, it is probable that the Southern Confederacy might have been acknowledged by some of the European powers. The army of Early was within five miles of the Federal Treasury and Executive Mansion, but that fact was not known to the world for some time afterward. In the meantime the Federal armies had been winning victories."

The Confederate Gen. Lee, who was always resourceful and bold, had fought stubbornly against Grant's superior numbers until he was obliged to make a final stand behind the entrenchments around Petersburg. There Grant found the key to the Confederate capital, and he daily strengthened his lines about the beleaguered army. Gen. Lee was unable to break the chain which was being forged about him. At last he resorted to a bold stratagem which came very near being marvelously successful.

While Grant was trying to take Richmond, Lee determined to make an effort to capture Washington. The movement was secretly planned, and its execution was the first intimation of the design of the Confederate commander. About 25,000 Confederate veterans were placed under the command of Gen. Jubal Early, with Breckinridge and Rhodes as corps commanders. It was a splendid force of fighting men. They moved rapidly up the Shenandoah Valley, and reached Martinsburg on July 3, 1864, without encountering opposition. By July 6 they had taken Hagerstown. The movement had been a grand success, and the officials in Washington were crazed with fear, because Grant had with him all of the available veterans, leaving the defenses of Washington in charge of new recruits known as "hundred-day men."

The invading forces had at least two days the advantage of Grant, and they were racing toward Washington before Grant realized that his adversary had made a masterly move to outgeneral him. But Grant's military genius instantly grasped the situation. His forces were in motion like a flash. The Sixth Corps was dispatched to Washington. Then began a race for the goal; Early by land, and the Sixth Corps by water.

Gen. Early had brief skirmishes at Harper's Ferry and Maryland Heights. On July 9 he was confronted by Lew Wallace and 8000 Federal recruits. He brushed them aside and resumed his race for Washington. If he had had time he might have captured all of Lew Wallace's men at Monocacy on that day. Wallace fell back upon Baltimore, leaving open the road to Washington. By the evening of July 10 Early was at Rockville, Md., only fifteen miles from the Federal capital. Grant's relieving forces were away down the Potomac on transports, speeding for Washington, but manifestly too late. By noon on July 11 the Confederate forces were in front of the almost empty defenses ready to rush them with the "rebel yell."

There were a few old soldiers in the defenses, several hundred feeble convalescent soldiers from the hospitals having been required to go on duty. But the rifle pits were poorly defended by raw recruits. Gen. Early knew this, and he was anxious to take Washington before the arrival of the Union veterans, whose coming had been told him by telegraph from Richmond.

Government clerks, under command of a few veterans, had erected barricades along the streets and avenues leading to the Treasury and the White House, and had placed artillery there; but they could not have withstood the onset of the Confederate veterans. It seemed that nothing but an act of Providence could prevent the capture and looting of the national capital. Why, then, did Early hesitate? Why did he waste precious hours when he knew the need of haste?

In his official report Gen. Early says: "A short time after noon (July 11,) riding some distance ahead of my infantry, I got in sight of the fortifications of Washington, into which a force of the enemy's cavalry had retired before mine. The works were apparently feebly manned, though they appeared to be strong in themselves. I sent word for the leading division (Rhodes) to be brought up as rapidly as possible, and for the other divisions, except one to be left as guard to the trains, to be moved out of the column to the front. This was the work of time. Gen. Rhodes was ordered to have his division brought into line as it came up, and to move at once against the works. While his brigade was coming up, he and I were in front examining the works, and before his first brigade could be formed into line, we saw a cloud of dust from the direction of Washington, and a column of infantry had filed into the trenches on the right and left and a regiment was sent to the front as skirmishers. We saw the men deploy with precision, and Rhodes remarked: "Those are not hundred-day men. They are old soldiers."

The deploying of that regiment with precision and under fire from the Confederates convinced Early and Rhodes that a portion of Grant's army of veterans had arrived. Early hesitated to attack veterans from the army of the Potomac, behind strong entrenchments. His hesitation was the salvation of the city. Not until 3 o'clock that afternoon did a soldier from the Sixth Corps reach the city.

"It was the work of Divine Providence," said Col S. E. Chamberlain, the veteran who commanded the regi-

ment that Early saw deploying with precision under fire. "I was senior captain and in command of the regiment that day, and as the years have passed away, I have grown to regard it as an act of Providence that there should have been sent there, at that important moment, our veteran regiment, which deceived Early and stopped his whole army."

"We had only a skeleton of a regiment, something like 500 men, and had been sent to Camp Stoneman, near Washington, to be remounted. Thus it happened that we were near by, and were ordered to Fort Stevens. The Confederates had taken possession of the houses within rifle range of the fort, and we went out to dislodge them and destroy the houses. That was the movement that Early saw. We marched out like the veterans that we were, drove the Confederate sharpshooters out and burned the houses. We did this in the presence of the Confederate army, and it was the coolness and audacity of the movement that convinced Gen. Early that back of that regiment was an army of veterans. We were the Twenty-fifth New York Cavalry. My diary shows:

"July 11. Ordered out as skirmishers at 2 p.m. Rebs within rifle shot of Fort Stevens. Advanced and drove enemy from houses. Sharp fighting. Burned several houses by order. Was relieved by Sixth Corps. Loss, five killed and thirteen wounded. Maloney of my company killed.

"July 12. Went out on skirmish line and relieved regiment of invalids. Exchanged shots with enemy until evening, when enemy advanced strong line of skirmishers. Sharp fighting by Sixth Corps; enemy driven back.

"July 13. Rebs all left. Sixth and Nineteenth Corps in pursuit."

It would have been gallant work for that regiment to have charged an army of veterans even if they had been supported by an army of Union veterans. But to charge the Confederate outposts, with nothing but a defenseless city to fall back upon, was an act of valor unsurpassed, and the Twenty-sixth New York Cavalry deserves all of the glory that is given to it in military history. The boldness of the advance, the coolness under fire, the successful effort to dislodge Confederate sharpshooters, all tended to convince Gen. Early that the almost invincible Sixth Corps was in front of him.

Early says that he came in sight of the defenses a short time after noon. He ordered the attacking force into position, saying: "This was a work of time." Col. Chamberlain's diary says that his regiment was "ordered out at 2 p.m.;" that would tally with the time of arrival of Rhodes's brigade, when he and Early saw the cavalry dismounted men advance with such precision as to compel Rhodes's admiration, as expressed: "They are not hundred-day men; they are old soldiers."

Col. Chamberlain said: "I know of no human agency which directed us during the four days of wandering which brought us to the right spot at the right time. It was providential. We were instruments in the hands of powers invisible which said to the invading host: 'Thus far and no farther shalt thou go.'" S. D. F.

To Anna.

Above the gray, green coverlet of grass that shelters thee
Like watered silk, wind-shaken,
Bends thy exquisite sister, gracious Lady Duchess Rose
And sings to thee a whispered song of all the joys that can be,
Earth's lullaby of long repose.
And whilst thou slum'st on, like unto a well-loved touch
Her petals fall upon thy couch.

She stands all through the year in rose-pink sheen and
brocade green
Attired with a noble grace.
And like to thee most graciously she sheds her lovely cheer,
To every weary passer-by her golden heart doth lean.
And like to thee she holds most dear
The gentle grace of sympathy, and giving of her best
Falls down like thee to perfect rest.

Thou art beyond the fretting and the wearing of the years.
Time shall not bend thy graceful head.
Nor shall life tear thy gossamer dream nor mar thy perfect trust.
But all thy treasures shalt thou keep unsoiled by bitter tears.
The Heavenly Gardener, whom we trust,
Hath set thee for eternity within the Garden of Repose;
So shall you bloom our perfect rose.
VIRGINIA V. ROOT.

Kansas Feast for Sparrows.

Farmers in this county who raised kafir corn last year and are just now completing the work of threshing it have found out what a big appetite the little English sparrow and his numerous feathered brethren really have.

Practically none of the crop was threshed last fall, and very little was headed or put under cover. All winter long the birds had free run to it, and many of the farmers relate when they went to thresh the crop a few weeks ago that on the top and outside of every shock where the kafir corn heads were exposed the seed was picked off as clean as if it had been run through a threshing machine. [Cottonwood Falls correspondence Kansas City Times.]

Business Conference.

"The junior partner wants to see you right away," announced the book-keeper. "I guess it's the bounce for yours."

"Nix," replied the office boy. "He only wants to find out what new players have been signed." [Washington Herald.]

SAN FRANCISCO, May 21.—[Ex-] she declared she was the wife of a elusive Dispatch.] When Dorothy prominent army officer.

Mr. Lorimer gave many particulars concerning his Senatorial election, saying that after persuading him to enter the race, Gov. Deane had deserted him and sought to turn against him.

association in Chicago which I have been organizing with some of my friends. The assault was made to prevent the bank from opening. It utterly failed of its purpose, but it required my constant attention to build a new one.

Every Inch a Queen.

THE STORY OF MRS. ALLEN OF SANDY BEACH.

By a Special Contributor.

MRS. ALLEN—of Sandy Beach—had a hobby which is best dilated upon in her own words.

"Did I ever tell you-all I'm a Mental Scientist? I ain't taken a drop o' medicine for Gawd knows how long. Don't b'lieve in 't. And when I go—I want to go standin' on my two feet.

"That's why I never lie down in the daytime. I'm 'fraid I'll get sick and can't git up. It's funny, now, ain't it, honey, to see an old woman like myse'f that never lays down to rest her old bones?

"But let me tell you-all, I ain't a-goin' to be caught. I'm too tarnation sick! If I was to keel over every time I git a dizziness in my haid, I'd 'a' be'n daid long ago.

"When I feel it a-comin' on I jest put on my 'fascinator' and walk down Ocean Front! An' I see so many that's wuss off—ridin' round in wheel chairs too pindlin' to set up straight—that I come home feelin' real rested. 'Gawd A'mighty, ye can't give in to it and expect to stay well'!

Hers seemed to be a sound philosophy, for never a day passed but that the old woman mustered spirit to carry out her usual programme.

It was the crowning humiliation of her life that "untoward circumstances forced hah to live in hah own reah apartments."

The small cottage on the front of her lot she let for a few paltry dollars during the dull season and for a magnificent sum during the three months of gaiety on the beach. This income seemed to be her only means of financial support. Her son, a bachelor of forty-odd years, rose late mornings, dressed himself carefully, helped his mother with her work, and then went off smoking a cigar toward the business section of the town, from whence he returned late in the afternoon with the evening paper and another cigar. But as for work!—it was not for a southern gentleman so to demean himself.

Mr. Allen, the third member of the family, a tiny old man so quaint and so fossil-like that he looked as if he might have been cast up by old Neptune himself and left on the shore to dry—spent his working time in the little plot between their two houses, which Mrs. Allen was accustomed to refer to airily as "the grounds."

He was a wrinkled little man with silver hair and beard, and mild eyes that could light up with a pathetic pride if his flowers were praised in his hearing. His geraniums! They were his pets! He had nine beautiful varieties that grew like giants in their tropic environment. All day long he pruned and tended and watered them. Always he wore a faded smoking-jacket of a dull tan hue, and a derby hat that came down to his ears; and as he worked he puffed contentedly on a vile old pipe. His age was a riddle. He might have been contemporary with the Old-Man-of-the-Sea, as far as appearances went.

Mrs. Allen was wont to revel in long reminiscences concerning a very flowery past. It was hard for the listener to reconcile the glowing accounts of past glories when, "niggahs to wait on yuh, broad verandas and cotton field, and nothin' to do but sit with your hands folded"—were everyday luxuries—with the old, white-haired woman who would stand sending an occasional unostentatious stream of tobacco juice toward a convenient rose bush as she talked of "goin' to the most see-lect school in New Aw-leens, honey, and ridin' in the finest kerriage in all Dixey."

And yet, her familiarity with the gentler usages of life, her generosity, and a certain independent pride that asked no pity of any living creature, made the contrast at times less strange.

As she herself explained it: "Laws, honey, at one time Mist' Allen was the richest man in Los Angeles county. Jest pint in any di-rection ye'd a mind tuh, and ye'd be a pintl'n at prop'ety owned by Mist' Allen." Here, probably, she would stay her flow of eloquence, to shift the quid to the other cheek before continuing: "But Mist' Allen he's had reverses. He swamped a pile o' money in them mines down in Mexico. So ye see, here we are, honey, livin' in our own reah apartments."

One joy in life Mrs. Allen had as compensation for all she had lost. She loved band music above all other pleasures, and if she had ever missed a concert evening or afternoon, since band concerts were, none of the other residents of this particular beach town had ever heard of it. She was a patroness of the exiled Italian families who lived lonely, isolated lives among haughty foreigners. Mrs. Allen visited them and carried them flowers, and petted their spindle-legged children. Every musician in the band knew and loved her. They played to her as she sat in her own particular place on the end of the third bench in front of the band stand.

Every evening the trio set forth. Mrs. Allen in an old gray plaid cloak and black "fascinator," Mr. Allen in a little shiny black suit, and their son, lending each of them a gallant arm! Not to go to the band concerts was to be in the eyes of the Allen family a degenerate member of society.

Especially rabid on the subject was Mrs. Allen. It seemed as though the old woman in some mysterious way eked out her own vitality with her favorite operas, and as if, should she be deprived of them, the very foundations of her life might be disturbed.

One day she appeared with direst consternation in her old face. Her mouth worked childishly, she hadn't even the heart to hunt up her quid. "They're done struck," she said tersely. "But it's right they should," she added in loyal haste. "It's a burnin' disgrace how little the business men of this town are willin' to give

to support our band. An' we—the only ones that have conce'ts the year round rain or shine.

"They want a raise. And I hope they git it. They've got families to feed just like you-all have."

But the strike was not to be so easily settled. Two afternoons passed without concerts. Mrs. Allen was taking it pitifully to heart. She sat on the empty bench and tried to extract amusement from watching the people. Many came and talked with her, sure that she would have inside information were there any in circulation.

The next afternoon she appeared evidently in all her former high spirits. "I'm a-follerin' 'em up. They're playin' down at the next beach now," she called back, as she sprinted for the car at a lively hobble.

It was two weeks before the musicians and their employers came to an agreement. But at last they were all back in their old places and the promenade—much to the secret relief of the various merchants—was once more thronged with a busy procession.

Mrs. Allen, swathed in her plaid cloak and "fascinator," listened enrapturedly and dreamily munched crackerjack during the popular numbers.

Truly, it was a high task set before those musicians—to crowd into their music enough of light and sweetness to make up to one old woman for all the beauty that had long since fled from her life, leaving only the sordid, barren present.

They felt something of this in their sensitive souls, and it was to one insignificant old woman that the sprightly leader bowed his graceful thanks. Special numbers were played for one insignificant old woman with tobacco-stained lips. The tender passages were made more tender, and the grand finales more triumphant, for this same shabby old woman.

II.

The busy season was on. The Allens' front cottage had assumed the swollen value that any space big or little takes on at the beach during dog days. Mrs. Allen was in her glory with so many new people in the neighborhood, such constant comings and goings, and always an unjaded listener to regale with tales of her splendid past. She would have been perfectly happy but for two things.

The "nasty feelin' in hah haid" had developed into a chronic annoyance. The intense heat aggravated it—it was the hottest summer the coast had known for years—and some afternoons the old woman stumbled forth on her pilgrimage, half-blind and wholly miserable. To her husband's pleadings she turned a deaf ear.

No doctor should "da'ken hah doah" so long as she stood on her two feet. And lie down and rest she would not, for fear of being seized with her last illness during an afternoon siesta.

Her husband sighed, but humored her, being deeply sensible of the honor that had been bestowed when such a darling of the Gods had smiled upon mere him. It had kept him tame all his life.

He and his son were loyal subjects in that small kingdom bounded by four walls and a sand plot of as regal a queen as ever spurned earth with haughty foot. The son walked a half-mile every day to bring the pall of "clabber" that Mrs. Allen's southern appetite craved. Her husband never thought of sitting down to the table without making such changes in his "ollet as a limited wardrobe permitted. They three held their heads high and patronized the world from four walls and a sand plot.

The second fly in the Allen ointment was the advent of their next-door neighbor. This fat old lady was the purse-proud proprietor of the apartments next door, a recent acquisition with which she was inordinately pleased. She sat, like a huge frog, upon her veranda, ready to snap up any house hunters who came her way.

The ramshackly old building was divided into a phenomenal number of apartments, all equally stuffy, high-priced and inconvenient. But wily Mrs. King knew how to pass lightly over such points and to call hasty attention to the shower bath and location—only fifty yards to the water itself—and that usually landed her victim.

Now, Mrs. King had a way of donning her beach hat, waddling down her front steps, sauntering round to the rear of her mansion and peremptorily summoning Mrs. Allen to the back fence for a chat. These conversations served to aggravate Mrs. Allen to the point of desperation. Comfortably established with her fat elbows on the fence and a sharp eye on the lookout—no one had as yet succeeded in cheating her out of her rent money—Mrs. King would open fire.

"I s'pose you find it real uncomfortable back in there where you can't see anything. You ought to come over and set on my porch sometimes."

"Well, I've got every apartment in this house rented, but the one upstairs that hasn't any outside window, but law! I'll rent it before long if I come down a little on my price. You people that don't own no property scarcely, don't know what a care it is. Of course it brings in a good deal of money, not that I really need it. Mr. King left me so well fixed and he would never let me do a thing, why, I never lifted a finger so long as Mr. King was alive. Heigh-ho! But of course there ain't many women fascinatin' enough to inspire such a terrible passion as he felt for me."

By this time Mrs. Allen would be reduced to a state of helpless rage.

"Gawd A'mighty! Wuk! Talk about nevah wu'kin'! I reckon you-all hain't the slightest concep'tion of the way the real 'ristocratic south'ners down where I come from, did live. Why, there was niggahs to fetch and ca'y and to wait on me every time I t'ned ma haid. Until I was ma'led I had three niggahs jest to wait on me hand and foot. We 'ristocratic south'ners suttinly can say all they is to be said about luxurious livin'." Shifting her quid excitedly, Mrs. Allen would straighten her bent figure and turn a flashing eye upon her challenger. "Devotion! Gawd A'mighty! I kep' Mist' Allen dancin' roun' foah years befoah I give him the slight-

est encouragement. The money that man spent in the presents fo' me wud fu'nish two or three of my houses."

Thus these two palsied, white-haired, old women would stand in the hot sun and argue by the hour, over their respective positions as enchantresses of the past and present.

Mrs. King, however, was impervious to all shafts, immersed as she in her own self-aggrandizement, and nothing but look on in ill-concealed envy while her rival grew in importance in the neighborhood. The apartments were all rented and paid for in advance. Their mistress had little to do but sun herself on her own front porch while studying up new ways of patronizing "the stuck-up old woman in that back shack."

Mrs. Allen dressed herself carefully every afternoon and departed for the band concert, always stopping to tell her neighbor how sorry she felt for "you-all that can't appreciate music, like we 'ristocratic south'ners that was bawn and raised to appreciate all the show."

Yet there was no gainsaying the fact that Mrs. King had what might be vulgarly termed the "upper hand" in the situation. While Mrs. Allen did her own washing and ironing, Mrs. King made flying trips to the city or arrayed herself in spotless white and waddled over the past the band-concerters with her nose in the air and an aloof stare for the common herd.

This, however, was not to endure for long, the wheel of fortune suddenly taking a forward twist in the direction of a certain "reah apartment" and a sand plot.

One afternoon Mrs. Allen's son came home from the postoffice with an open letter in his hand and disappeared into his domicile with some traces of excitement visible in his bearing. The letter contained a nonchalant statement to the effect that, "Mr. Allen was offered \$50,000 for all rights in the mine known as the 'Gold Brick Consolidated,' situated in Cochitla, Mexico, by Amor Hepworth, promoter and mine inspector. In conclusion, would he care to take up the offer?"

Mrs. Allen said not a word to a soul until her son returned two weeks later from a trip down into Mexico. She allowed herself merely an enigmatical smile in Mrs. King's direction.

What was that lady's consternation to copy the Allen's early one morning, moving into their front cottage!

Tremblingly donning her beach hat, she hastened to the front porch.

"Moving, I see!" she called disapprovingly. "Could you get a tenant? I turned away four different parties yesterday. If I'd known of your bad luck I'd 'a' set 'em on over."

Mrs. Allen, rocking elegantly on her own front porch, looked up as if but just aware of her neighbor's presence.

"Oh, good mawnin', Mis' King. Beg pardon? Oh, I just decided to occupy this cottage myself. I don't like to be bothered with tenants. I dunno as I shall of it, though, it's so public out here."

Mrs. King's jaw dropped, she stammered, gulped, and then rose to the surface again. "Won't you come over and set until your place is cleaned up?" she exclaimed with sudden politeness.

"Wouldn't I hinder you from doing up your mansion wuk? I think I'd better stay heah and direct them 'su'vants that Mist' Allen has hired for me."

"Two Japs, as I live!" ejaculated Mrs. King in a struck tone.

Slowly she took off her apron, straightened her back and came puffing over to Mrs. Allen's porch. "Well, then, I'll just come across then and set with you," she said respectfully.

The news of the Allens' good fortune leaked out in some way or another, and before many days the whole neighborhood was coming to call on Mrs. Allen and her homages. She took it all as her just due. "Southerners that was bawn and raised in the lap o' luxury don't git our haidz tu'ned by a few thousand or less," she was wont to remark loftily.

The only thing that had really galled her pride was the "reah" cottage, and now that she had a front porch of her own and a view of the sea, she was content.

It never occurred to any member of the trio to leave the beach.

"Why, it jest seems to me, Honey, that I'd be lonesome without that band, I've got so fond o' Mrs. Allen said one evening as they strolled home arm in arm, in the moonlight.

Mr. Allen removed his pipe from his lips long enough to remark contentedly: "Them flowers would do me we was to leave them for any length of time."

"I've been thinking," began their son tentatively, "kind of like to buy an interest in Joe Levy's little alley. I've had it in mind for some time to go in business. It could be bought for three thousand."

"Well, Honey, I don't like to think of you wakin' anything too hard for yuh. But if you've set your mind on it, jest go ahead with it, I reckon," answered his mother tenderly. And arm in arm in happy silence they went only by the boom of the surf against the shore to take their peaceful way homeward.

III.

All through the long sunny afternoon Mr. Allen, his faded tan smoking jacket clipped and pressed, dallied over his beloved geraniums, always with a watchful eye to the street down which Mrs. Allen would come home from the concert. For in spite of his increasing uncertainty of sight and a troublesome lameness of step, his wife insisted on "keeping on her feet and goin' where she'd a mind to go." Neither she like "a passel of people doggin' her heels like she was a half-wit." Mr. Allen sighed a little and heavily over the wilfulness of his lady, but said nothing. The queen could do as she pleased.

But when there came an occasional harsh day and the cold, chill rain of the tropics, Mr. Allen would shiver through the long afternoons with an eagerness that was only relieved by the sight of a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 397.)

The

STORY OF AN SECRET S

By a Specia

THE dictation finished curt nod of dismissal narrow-browed, sallo was not a particularly ag to have near one. Howe to linger now, for he rose passing around Flint's door. Then he stopped, glance at his employer's steps to a spot just behind ing from his coat pocket a tickling, he stooped, ca mouth the big arm chair, make his exit from the ro lably eager, was upon the to turn it, when Flint's co

"Oh, Vizzari, a momen he called. "Come and wi you?"

The secretary's oily, sa gree yellower as he hesit fust, yet reluctantly comp "Sit here," Flint direct own arm chair.

Vizzari, more than ever master's dominating influ the chair gingerly. But F else, thus cooping him and stood at his side a litt ing to give him the pen.

"What's that? Listen! tickling sound? What can dealy."

The secretary's counten lor, and he made a movem chair arms held him ca cked his dry lips, hardly to stammer:

"Ye-yes, I—I hear it. It i to sign here, sir?"

"Ah! the clock, to be su though the clock which sto away, ticked almost inaud than the one they both he added, in a tone so lela

Vizzari gripped the pen ad got nearly through a with marvelous quickness, over his head and drawn followed by another and he could recover from his any attempt to do so woul

fixed to the chair as tigh and seat with which it w however, his puny strengt a child in Flint's vigorous

begun a verbal protest w an effectual stop to all s about his ankles and pull the floor, rendered him ab

When Flint rose from quickly to a door opposite had entered, and handed a ant, with a whispered inju ing away.

Coming back, he walke table facing Vizzari and, watch, looked at it, then, addressed the Italian.

"I wish to make a littl quiet, conversational tone experiment I began when month ago with that pite starving children. I gawe well and treated you kindl have no children, and are

might bear watching. Al known what you are and been marked for removal belong, because I opposed

trated one of the vilest, m ancient human life at whole even by the cold-blooded burrow and crawl."

Flint paused and looked Vizzari uttered an inarticu to move, he continued, with "Don't get uneasy on my

the minute hand. The-e isn't due to perform for a I shall be at a safe distanc

The Italian's face was c eye-rolled in mortal ter came through the folds the

strove impotently to get him as if in the grip of a cool, impersonal way that

finishing a "specimen" unde "You don't seem to rely

of your own medicine," it is instructive to look at new you'll have a chance

will be new to you. Let tively, "although you escu you who threw the bomb

the square at Neustadt, as offensive men, women and of sheer wanton, purpose

the faintest shadow of an e pay for it with your worth "Well, well, don't get in

Underpriced Jewelry; cut links, stick pins, etc. Great variety at... 25c
Carpet Samples and remnants of mo- quets, velvets, tapestries, etc. 95c
Special.....

making. In neat mixtures, checks and stripes. Double breasted coats; pants with



Some all wool ones in the lot. Made with straight knees and—sewed to stay. Sizes 14 to 17, only..... 25c

Sporting

The Clock.

STORY OF AN ANARCHIST AND A
SECRET SERVICE MAN.

By a Special Contributor.

THE dictation finished, Flint gave his secretary a curt nod of dismissal. Vizzari, stoop-shouldered, narrow-browed, sallow, shifty and unwholesome, was not a particularly agreeable person to look at or have near one. However, he seemed little inclined to flatter now, for he rose almost precipitately and, gliding around Flint's chair, glided half-way to the door. Then he stopped, turned, shot a venomous glance at his employer's back, and softly retraced his steps to a spot just behind where he was sitting. Drawlingly, he stooped, cautiously set it on the floor beneath the big arm chair, and darted noiselessly away to make his exit from the room. Already his hand, feverishly eager, was upon the door knob, and he was about to turn it, when Flint's cool, deliberate tones broke the silence.

"Oh Vizzari, a moment, there is one more thing," he called. "Come and witness my signature here, will you?" The secretary's oily, saffron-hued cheeks grew a deeper yellow as he hesitated, much of a mind to refuse, yet reluctantly compelled to obey. "Sit here," Flint directed, rising and indicating his own arm chair.

Vizzari, more than ever unwilling, still yielded to the employer's dominating influence and lowered himself into the chair gingerly. But Flint pushed it up to the table, thus cooping him in beyond chance of escape, and stood at his side a little back, holding but not offering to give him the pen.

"What's that? Listen! don't you hear it? A sort of ticking sound? What can it be?" Flint exclaimed suddenly.

The secretary's countenance was wax-like in its pallor, and he made a movement to rise, but the table and his arms held him captive. His hands shook, he wiped his dry lips, hardly able to muster enough voice to utter a word.

"Yes, I—I hear it. It must be the—the clock. Am I right, sir?"

"The clock, to be sure," assented Flint carelessly; "the clock which stood on the mantel some yards away, ticked almost inaudibly and with a slower beat than the one they both heard. "Yes, sign on that line," he added, in a tone so leisurely as to be almost a drawl.

Vizzari gripped the pen now placed in his fingers, and with marvelous quickness, a length of rope was thrown over his head and drawn around his body. This was followed by another and yet others, till, almost before he could recover from his surprise enough to struggle, an attempt to do so would have been useless. He was fast to the chair as tightly as were the leather back and seat with which it was upholstered. In any case, however, his puny strength would have been as that of a child in Flint's vigorous hands. He had hardly even begun a verbal protest when a gag in his mouth put an effectual stop to all speech. Another rope, wound about his ankles and pulled back till his feet were off the floor, rendered him absolutely helpless.

When Flint rose from behind the chair he stepped quickly to a door opposite that by which the secretary had entered, and handed something to a waiting servant, with a whispered injunction that sent him scurrying away.

Coming back, he walked around to the side of the table facing Vizzari, and, standing there, took out his watch, looked at it, then, still holding it in his hand, addressed the Italian.

"I wish to make a little experiment," he said, in a quiet, conversational tone, "or rather to end a little experiment I began when you came to me about a month ago with that piteous tale of a sick wife and starving children. I gave you work, I have paid you well and treated you kindly; but, as I learned that you have no children, and are unmarried, I thought you might be watching. Almost from the first I have known what you are and why you are here. I have been marked for removal by the society to which you belong, because I opposed anarchy with order, and frustrated one of the vilest, most heartless plots to take innocent human life at wholesale that ever was concocted, even by the cold-blooded reptiles among whom you move and crawl."

Flint paused and looked again at his watch, then as Vizzari uttered an inarticulate sound and tried vainly to move, he continued, with grim sarcasm: "Don't get uneasy on my account; I have my eye on the minute hand. The—er—the clock underneath you will due to perform for a good five minutes yet, and I shall be at a safe distance from it before then."

The Italian's face was of a sickly greenish hue, his eyes rolled in mortal terror, horrid, strangled noises came through the folds that covered his mouth, and he came impotently to get free from the cords that held him as if in the grip of a vise. Flint eyed him in the cold, impersonal way that he might have worn in scrutinizing a "specimen" under the microscope.

"You don't seem to relish the idea of taking a dose of your own medicine," he remarked calmly. "Well, it is instructive to look at all phases of a situation, and now you'll have a chance to occupy a viewpoint that will be new to you. Let me see," he went on reflectively, "although you escaped capture, I think it was you who threw the bomb into the holiday crowd in the square at Neustadt, and killed more than fifty innocent men, women and children. That was a piece of sheer wanton, purposeless devilry which had not the faintest shadow of an excuse. What a pity you can't see it with your worthless life only once!"

"Well, well, don't get impatient with me, my little

lecture is over, and there are two minutes of grace left. I am going; you won't have MY life to answer for, at least. Oh, by the way, I'll hand the balance due of your salary to your sick wife and starving children. Addio, Signore Vizzari! Buon viaggio!"

Left alone, the captive, half-insane from fright, tried again and again to effect the impossible, while the thing beneath his chair ticked on steadily, monotonously, relentlessly, each beat seeming to pound upon his brain with sledgehammer force. Bitterly and many times did he curse his fatuous folly in believing he could outwit the shrewdest secret-service official in the country. Imbecile, idiot, driveller that he had been!

So the seconds ticked off till their tale was told, and then followed that for which Flint, on the other side of the door, had been listening. When he reentered the office he crossed quickly to the table and unlocked his prisoner. The latter's head fell forward and sideways, his body settled down unconvulsively and remained motionless. Flint bent and thrust a hand inside his waistcoat, then lost a shade of his usual healthy color. The heart was quite still.

The man had died of his own fears and the clamor of a ridiculous little alarm clock!

FRANK M. BICKNELL.

The Midnight Bottle.

BEING THE TRUE STORY OF A BURGLARY IN PASADENA.

By a Special Contributor.

SAPLING, the plumber, came into the shop at the regular morning hour, deposited his lunch box upon one corner of the wiping bench and took down his oil-blanketed overalls from their nail on the wall.

"Anything doing in the repair line before we go out on that roughing-in job?" he inquired of the book-keeper who had just hung up the receiver of the office telephone.

"Yes; a hurry-up call from 1071 South Orange Grove avenue," said the book-keeper. "Something wrong with the bathroom connections; can't get any water to the tub for their morning swim. Wealthy people, and good customers of ours; wouldn't like to disappoint them."

Sapling hunted up his scattered pipe wrenches and stuck them into his jobbing box, together with his furnace, soldering kit, assorted fittings, some pieces of nickel-plated tubing, and a small can of "dope."

"All right," he remarked, producing from his coat pocket a short applewood pipe and a sack of "clippings." "Guess I'd better take the small rig, and leave the other for Joe to haul over that load of soil fittings and calking lead. I'll probably not be gone very long. But a fellow never knows just what he is up against when he starts out on a job of this kind."

Gathering up his necessary equipment he climbed into the small rig and drove out along Colorado street in the direction of Orange Grove avenue.

As he was crossing the Salt Lake tracks, an express wagon covered with a loose canvas rattled past him. When a few rods ahead, a beer bottle rolled out from under the covering and, unnoticed by the driver, fell to the asphalt pavement below. Sapling smiled genially to himself and made mental calculations to stop and gather this accidental bit of grist for his own mill. He was not concerned as to who might be peddling forbidden refreshments about the city—and a good quart bottle of thirst extinguisher was not to be picked up gratis every day on the streets of Drytown. Alas! for the frailty of human hopes! A clean-shaven, well-dressed man crossing the street at this point stooped and picked up the bottle, turned it carefully over in his hand, then slid it into his overcoat pocket and went on his way.

The plumber said a few words softly to himself which were not strictly in accord with the highest rules of etiquette. He saw the bottle very plainly as it reposed in the stranger's hand, and noticed that it bore the brand of one of the choicest grades in its line. Incidentally he saw that an irregular streak of purple ink like a careless finger mark traversed the label obliquely from side to corner.

Freshening up his pipe by a few strong puffs, he resigned himself to his fate and proceeded on his way.

Arriving at his destination, he rang the bell at the rear door, was admitted by a neatly-attired housemaid, and with professional directness immediately entered upon his work. Carefully he went over each fixture on the lower floor, testing all openings and angle valves, until he had located the source of the trouble in the bathroom.

It proved to be something more serious than he had anticipated, and the time at his disposal would but serve to make temporary repairs which would allow usage of the bathroom to a limited extent during the day. The shop had a contract job under way, which must be finished by the close of the afternoon or lay itself open to penalty for delaying the construction of the building. It would be necessary for him to return next morning when he would have sufficient time to fix things in permanent shape.

These facts he explained to the lady of the house, gave her instructions for getting the best results from a crippled water service, and departed.

The following morning, as he came into the shop at his accustomed time, he was met by the rather ambiguous interrogation from Skimmerhorn, his comrade-in-tools:

"Heard the news?"

"No; what is it?"

"The Mayflower residence burglarized last night. The

safe opened and a large sum in money and jewels gotten away with; fifteen or twenty thousand dollars in all, so the papers report."

"Which Mayflower residence?" asked Sapling, with almost startled interest; "414 West Colorado street?"

"No; 1071 South Orange Grove avenue," said Skimmerhorn, unconcernedly.

"The deuce! Have the burglars been caught?"

"No; got away without leaving any trace at all, I guess."

"That's the place where I went yesterday to fix the bathroom supply," muttered Sapling, with a frown of vexation, "and I have to go back this morning to finish the job."

"That's all right," responded Skimmerhorn, cheerfully. "If the police arrest you for the burglar, we'll bring the horse bucket over to the jail and bail you out."

Sapling picked up his tools in grim silence and started out on the job. His face looked worried, and he forgot to light his pipe.

As he turned in to the palm-bordered driveway leading to the rear of the stately Mayflower residence he saw a number of policemen and detectives about the place. At the rear entrance he was met by Chief Lavour in person. He felt a trifle shaky, but putting on a bold front he saluted the officer in an easy, offhand way.

"You are the plumber who was here doing some repair work inside, I believe," remarked the chief.

"Yes; I'm the man."

"Come into the house. I want to show you something," said the officer, briefly.

Sapling followed him to the kitchen, feeling a faint line of goose flesh rising along his spine. Silently the officer pointed to the floor where lay various scraps of an improvised lunch, an empty beer bottle, and a small screwdriver. The plumber gulped once or twice and stared at the scattered objects at his feet. He recognized the screwdriver as his own! And it seemed to him that he had seen that beer bottle, with its irregular ink mark across the label, somewhere before.

"Ever see any of those articles?" asked the chief, eyeing him sharply.

"I must have left that screwdriver somewhere in the house when I was here yesterday," he replied, moistening a pair of dry lips with his tongue. "It is mine."

"The burglar, whoever he may be, was certainly a cool one," said the chief. "He was apparently in no hurry to get away, for after making his haul he sat down here and ate a good meal at the expense of the house, all except the beer. That he must have brought along with him. There was nothing of the kind here, so the folks tell me. Now, this tool may have been left in the house yesterday as you say, and employed by the burglar in his midnight operations. He used it to remove the hinges from a locked jewel case in the safe. But, under the circumstances, I will have to place you under arrest, Mr. Sapling, until this matter has been investigated a little further."

Sapling paled considerably, but offered no resistance; and as soon as the patrol auto could get there he was taken to the City Jail.

At the trial, his brother workmen were present in force, determined to see justice done and the ridiculous charge squelched, if possible, as flat as it deserved to be. Indignation ran to a considerable extreme, for the prisoner was a well-known resident of the community and a member of the plumbers local union.

The robbery had seemed to be the work of a skillful professional, not the bungling job of an amateur, but circumstances pointed with almost convincing directness to the plumber who had been in the house the previous morning. On the witness stand in his own behalf he was forced to make two damaging admissions; that the tool used by the burglar was his own, and that he recognized the beer bottle which had been left upon the floor. The story that he had seen a man pick it up from the street was regarded as rather fishy. The case looked ominous, and only after a lengthy and hard-fought legal battle was he able to establish a somewhat weak-kneed alibi.

He was grudgingly acquitted, and as he left the courtroom, many still believed him guilty. With dejected, shamed-face men he went back to his work. For a long time he was sullen and uncommunicative, and seemed loth to look his brother workmen in the eyes.

Weeks and months passed by, and no trace of the burglar had resulted from the untiring efforts of Chief Lavour and the city detectives. A reward of \$500 was posted far and near, but to no purpose. He had eluded the clutches of the law like a fox.

Just after the big tourist hotels had opened for the autumn and winter season, Sapling was driving by the city's leading hostelry of this class when he saw, among other fashionable guests, a faultlessly-attired gentleman stroll out on the veranda, nod pleasantly to the others, and light a cigar with the easy grace of a born millionaire.

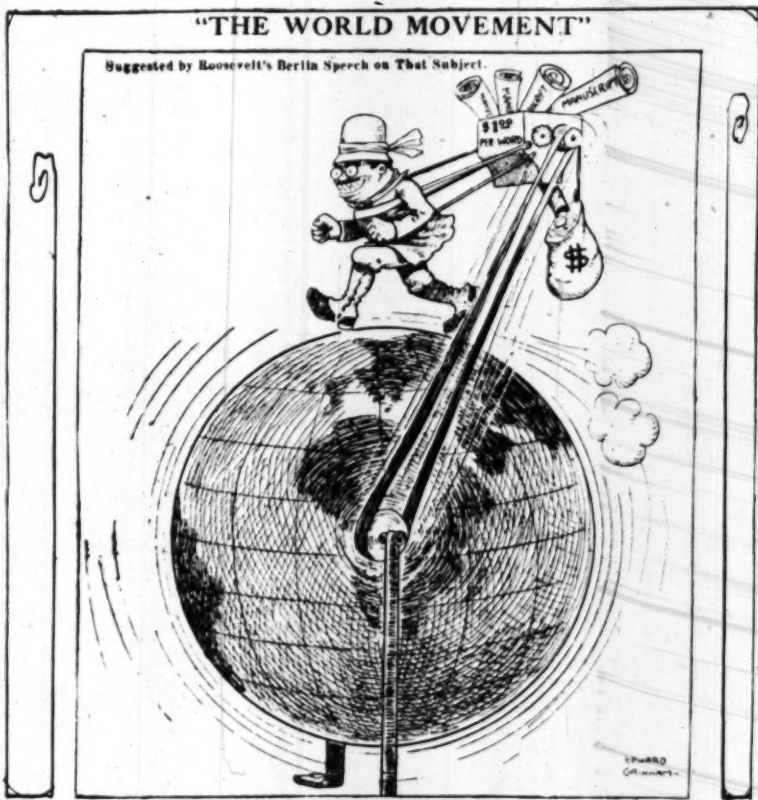
The plumber drove on, turned the corner of the block, and lashed his horse unmercifully in the direction of police headquarters. A few minutes later he appeared at the hotel, with Chief Lavour beside him.

A sensational trial followed, the guilty person was promptly convicted, and given the extreme penalty for his crime; and Sapling, the plumber, publicly vindicated, smiled through misty eyes as he received a check for the \$500 reward.

And this is why the mysterious "Gentleman Burglar" who so long baffled the police in many cities by posing as a wealthy eastern tourist and living at the best hotels, is now serving a twenty years' sentence at San Quentin.

CLYDE SCOTT CHASE.

Some Leading Cartoons of the Day.



St. Louis Times.



St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



New York Herald

The Public Drinking Cup



Baltimore American



Spokane Spokesman-Review



Portland Oregonian

May 29, 1910.]

Good Shows
BRIEF ANECDOTES
VARIOUS S
Compiled for

A Quiet Call.
PHILADELPHIA veteran
grim humor of the great
"Some of the boys were
smooth. They meant well, I
"Gen. Grant, cigar in mouth
one day past a sentinel.
"Hello, Gen!" said the
"Gen. Grant looked the
and down. Then, shifting
of his mouth, he said:
"Don't call me 'Gen.'" I
"Yes."

Didn't Know the Purpose.
MARK TWAIN, as an exam
used to quote a Hartford
in the late spring:
"My husband is the dearest
him this morning, 'are you v
"I certainly am hard up."
high cost of living is terrible
going to do."
"Then, Jim," said I, "I'll gi
to the country for July and A
"But the dear fellow's face!
"Indeed, then, you won't
wanted to buy a hat with an
ahness. No, no, my darling
money to let his dear little w

For Pensioners.
COL. W. P. BROWNLOW,
Soldiers' Home, said at
"They are great wags, the
one City home. I heard one
day a very fierce and famous
had been pitted against 300, a
sixty brave fellows—thirty
"Then the old soldier pause
"Of that sixty, boys," he
"Overcome, he blew his no
"There only survive today."

A Vacuum Explanation.
BISHOP SANFORD OLMST
Dor, said in the course of
"That explanation not only
made the commentator's ign
of a talk in a smoking-car
"Two men in a smoking-car
ing of the vacuum brake.
"The tubal inflation is wh
dared the first.
"Rubbish! You're wrong,"
the vent of the exhaust that
"The brakeman just then pa
him. They laid their argum
am. The brakeman, at the
shook his head.
"Boys," he said, "you're bo
of the vacuum brake. It'
think. To stop the train we
the pipe with vacuum."

What is a Bore?
PHILADELPHIA veteran,
said of Gen. Grant:
"He talked little, but his
one night at a banquet here,
two hours' description of a
Gen. Grant whispered to me:
"The man's a bore."
"Then he leaned back and
watching the smoke clouds,
said:
"But what is a bore, after
talking about himself w
myself?"

Tart Tongue.
COL. ROBERT C. CARTER
was talking about campai
"Then there was Dash, of
Dash had the reputation of
was in the regiment.
"It was Private Dash, you
evening on a rich estate
the owner's wife, a grande d
"Dash asked her for foo
again. But, still refus
"No," she said, "I'll give you
"I'll give you nothing."
"Made up, is it?" said Das

Two Evils.
"ITA," as Mrs. Desmond
novelist, is called, score
divorce in America. In
orce court, that of London
here a divorce court
"Perhaps you have so many

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very much

Underpriced Jewelry; cut links, 25c
stick pins, etc. Great variety at.
Carpet Samples and remnants of mo-
quets, velvets, tapestries, etc. 95c
Special.....
Allover Lace of unusually pretty 25c

making. In neat
mixtures, checks
and stripes. Dou-
ble breasted
coats; pants with
cleats of room.



Some all wool ones in the lot. Made
with straight knees and—sewed to stay.
Sizes 14 to 17, only.....25c
Men's Night Shirts

Sporting
Goods

Good Short Stories.

ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM
VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

Philadelphia Call.
PHILADELPHIA veteran said of the quiet and humor of the great Grant:
"Some of the boys were rather untrained, rather rough. They meant well, but, dear me!
Grant, cigar in mouth, strode over a corn field past a sentinel.
"Gen!" said the sentinel, grinning brightly.
Grant looked the rawbone young sentinel up and down. Then, shifting his cigar to the other side of his mouth, he said:
"Don't call me 'Gen.' It's so formal. Call me 'Gen.'"

Know the Purpose.
MARK TWAIN, as an example of unconscious humor, used to quote a Hartford woman who said one day to her husband:
"You are the dearest fellow. 'Jim,' I said to you this morning, 'are you very hard up just now?' 'Certainly am hard up,' he replied soberly. 'This way of living is terrible. I don't know what I'm going to do.'
"Then, Jim," said I, 'I'll give up all thought of going to the country for July and August this year.'
"The dear fellow's face changed, and he said:
"Indeed, then, you won't, darling. I thought you were going to buy a hat with an aigrette or some such foolery. No, no, my darling—Jim can always find the way to let his dear little wife go to the country."

W. P. BROWNLOW, secretary of the National Anti-Slavery Home, said at a dinner in Brownsville, Tex., that the old soldiers in our Johnnies' home. I heard one of them describe the other as very fierce and famous action. Two hundred men were pitted against 300, and after the fighting, only three fellows—thirty on each side—remained.

The old soldier paused solemnly.
"That sixty, boys," he said, "there survive today only survive today, by actual statistics, 417."

Explanation.
GEORGE SANFORD OLMSTED, at a dinner in Denver, said in the course of an argument:
"That explanation not only fails to explain, but it reveals the commentator's ignorance. Thus it reminds me of a talk in a smoking-car.
"Two men in a smoking-car wrangled over the work of the vacuum brake.
"The total inflation is what pulls up the train," declared the first.
"Fiddle! You're wrong," the other insisted. "It's the exertion of the exhaust that does the business."
The brakeman just then passed. The two men halted. They laid their argument before him for discussion. The brakeman, at the end, laughed heartily and said:
"You're both wrong about the work of the vacuum brake. It's much simpler than you say. To stop the train we just turn the tap, and that the pipe with vacuum."

Philadelphia veteran, apropos of Memorial Day, said of Gen. Grant:
"He talked little, but his words were to the point. One night at a banquet here, a colonel wearied us with his description of a minor cavalry charge, and Gen. Grant whispered to me:
"The man's a bore."
Then he leaned back and puffed at his cigar, and, seeing the smoke clouds, he said with his quiet voice:
"What is a bore, after all, but just a chap who is talking about himself when I want to talk about you?"

Tongue.
MR. ROBERT C. CARTER, at a Nashville banquet, was talking about campaign comrades.
"There was Dash, of Company A," he said. "He had the reputation of being the nastiest-tongued man in the regiment.
"He was Private Dash, you know, who, out foraging one evening on a rich estate, came accidentally upon the wife of a grande dame in evening dress.
"Dash asked her for food. She refused him. He asked again. But, still refusing, she walked away.
"He said, 'I'll give you nothing, trespassing like this. I'll give you nothing. My mind is made up.'
"Made up, is it?" said Dash. "Like the rest of you, you are a bore."

The Evil.
"RITA," as Mrs. Desmond Humphreys, the English novelist, is called, scored, on her arrival in New York, a divorce in America. In England there is only one divorce court, that of London," said "Rita," "but you have a divorce court in every village, haven't you?"

too reckless about marrying. I met one American girl on the boat who is certainly going to marry very recklessly indeed. She said to me, as she twisted her engagement ring nervously:
"Hubert is a rake, and I know he'll lead a double life. But—"
"She smiled grimly.
"But better that," she added, "than for me to lead a single one."

The Secret.
"RITA"—so Mrs. Desmond Humphreys, the English novelist is called—was condemning in New York the frequency of divorce in America.
"You Americans," she said, "don't seem to possess the secret, the secret, I mean, of matrimonial happiness. Perhaps you might take a lesson from a city clerk I heard of recently.
"A friend of this clerk's, after visiting him at his home, said:
"Excuse me, Will, but how do you manage, on your small salary, to have such well-cooked and delicious meals?"
"The secret is simple," Will replied. "Every day I kiss the cook and do all I can to please her and make her happy."
"But doesn't your wife object?" the other asked.
"Dear, no—she's the cook," was the reply."

A Pusher.
"MARK TWAIN," said a New York magazine editor, liked to tell, as an illustration of persistence and push, a story about a Sheephead Bay race.
"He said that at the end of an important race a young man shouted so savagely: 'Hats off! Hats off, there!' that every one in hearing distance obeyed him and stood bareheaded.
"A moment later, the young man hastened toward an elderly gentleman, shouting as he ran:
"You can put on your hats again now. It's all right."
"Some one asked him, later on, why he had made all the people take their hats off.
"Why," he replied, "I'd bet fifty with a bald-headed man, and I had to find him, hadn't I?"

Out of the Mouths of Babies.
EX-GOV. PENNYPACKER, discussing in Harrisburg the divorce evil, said with a smile:
"Why, even the children are taking a flippant view of divorce. A Reno lady, I have been informed, was calling on a friend when a beautiful child entered the room.
"The lady drew the child to her.
"And whose little girl are you?"
"I don't know," the urchin answered with a laugh. "The decree isn't expected till next month."

The Wrong View.
CHANCELLOR DAY of Syracuse University said at a recent banquet:
"It does a young man no good to go to college if he doesn't work."
Then, with a smile, Chancellor Day added:
"Some young men seem to think that the sole object of a university education is to give one a firm and ineradicable feeling of superiority over those educated at high school or business college."

The Major's Value.
GEN. W. H. LEMON of the Grand Army of the Republic was recounting, at a dinner at Lawrence, Kan., tales of the Civil War.
"Maj. Bunks," he said, smiling, "was a pompous chap. The boys had a good deal of fun once over his exchange.
"It seems that on a very dark night a stalwart Confederate took the major prisoner. This fact, together with the narrative of the prisoner's return to camp, was signalled to headquarters tersely:
"Maj. Bunks, captured during night march, exchanged later for two plugs tobacco."

Spring Fever.
FLEET COMMANDER S. C. VAN TASSEL, one of the heads of the National Association of Naval Veterans, said in Yonkers, apropos of Memorial Day and sailing:
"Sailing is hard work. Some men seem to think that a naval life is nothing but one long lounge in a deck chair, a blue sky above, a blue sea beneath, a cigar in one hand and a novel in the other.
"Such men are mistaken about the navy. They are as egregiously mistaken as a little Yonkers boy to whom I said one lovely Sunday morning in May:
"Have you ever studied the Bible?"
"Yes, sir," said he.
"Then, of course, you know all about the parables?"
"Oh, yes, sir."
"Good!" I said. "And now, tell me, which parable do you like the best?"
"The boy, looking out over the green and pleasant Yonkers country, answered:
"I like the one where everybody loafs and fishes."

A Difficult Feat.
THE school girl with the large feet was sitting with them stretched far out into the aisle and was busily chewing gum, when the teacher espied her.
"Mary!" called the teacher sharply.
"Yes, ma'am?" questioned the pupil.
"Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."—[New York Observer.]

"BREATHING CAVES."

A TEXAS PHENOMENON THAT HASN'T BEEN FINALLY EXPLAINED.

[New York Sun:] The discovery of oil in the Sacramento Valley north of El Paso, Tex., may be the explanation of the numerous "breathing" wells and caves east of this city in El Paso county. For a long time these wells and caves, the caves in particular, have been a puzzle to the natives and visitors alike, but the discovery of oil to the north and in the same valley now leads to the explanation by some that it must be gas beneath the surface that causes the "breathing."

The wells and caves at times emit the air and at other times seem to draw it in, hence the appellation "breathing" wells. A test in one of the "breathing" wells made recently showed that the air exuded would burn when caught and confined in a small space. Thus it was proved that gas caused this part of the phenomena, but why the wells and the caves in the neighborhood should inhale the ordinary air is not yet established, for it is generally believed that where there is gas beneath the surface it always seeks an outlet.

A test of one well was made by T. A. Kindred and associates at Plateau, this county. By covering the well while the air was escaping and only leaving a small aperture through which the gas could escape they were able to apply a match and produce a flame that continued to burn for several minutes. Later they dropped a torch into the well that caused an explosion; but when the gas stopped bubbling and the well began to take in the air from above, there was no explanation of the incident.

These wells were sunk in the ordinary course of events for stock watering and have been in use for many months. They aroused considerable interest, but nothing of a sensational nature, for the conduct of caves in that vicinity had been the same as the wells for a long time. Nobody thought until recently of testing the wells or caves for gas, and the caves have not yet been tested.

One of the caves is on the ranch of R. F. Wright, four or five miles from Boracho, a station in El Paso county and not far from Plateau, where the Kindred well was recently tested. Mr. Wright, who is in El Paso on the Federal grand jury, tells of the cave. He says the cave is in the side of a mountain or hill, the mouth being among the rocks, and that at any time of the day or night a person standing in front of the entrance can feel the air, either being sucked in or thrown out. He declares, however, that the air which comes out of the cave does not appear to be impure, and he has seen cattle stand close to the entrance for hours in the summer time. A peculiar feature of the action of the cave is that the "breathing" changes abruptly and at varying intervals. Sometimes the cave is exuding air at night, and again it is sucking it in at that time.

Cigarette papers held up in front of the cave when it is drawing in the air are whisked away into the interior of the mountainside, Mr. Wright declares, and when the air is being exuded from the bowels of the earth it sometimes blows small objects along the ground for a considerable distance.

A Porcupine Family.

Some workmen who were employed cutting down trees in a wood found a nest of five little porcupines in a little hollow. Seeing neither of the animals' parents and that the little porcupines were hungry, they took them a distance of four miles and presented them to their employer's children, who kindly cared for the animals.

Late in the evening the house dog set up a great howl outside. The girl opened the door, when the excited dog rushed in with a bleeding nose. Closely behind a big porcupine walked quickly through the hall. The dog was furious, but the porcupine sniffed her way to the door without heeding the dog at all. The door was open and she trotted through another room to the next door and from there to the box where her babies were. She crawled into the box and laid herself by her little ones, talking soothingly and nursing them to sleep.

The next evening the dog began the same racket, and when the girl went out he was rolling a big ball of quills around in great dismay. She took the ball in her apron and carried it to the box. It turned out to be Mr. Porcupine, who also wanted to be with his family. The children took the reunited family to the barn. Here the porcupines seemed happy all winter and were so tame that they often crawled into the children's laps to be petted. Toward spring the door of the barn was left open one night, and in the morning the porcupine family was missing. How it happened that the door was opened the children never understood, but I think their mother thought the porcupines wanted to be free again.—[Our Dumb Animals.]

Traveling Mosques.

Trains on the Hedjaz Railway (in Turkey) will contain carriages fitted up as a mosque, where pilgrims will be able to perform their devotions during the journey to the sacred cities. Externally the praying carriage is only distinguished from the other carriages by a minaret 6½ feet high. The interior is luxuriously fitted. The floor is covered with the richest of Persian carpets, while around the sides are verses from the Koran, appropriate to the pilgrimage, in letters of gold. A chart indicates the direction of Mecca at one end, and at the other are placed four vessels for holding water for the ritual ablution. Most of the carriages are of foreign make, but the "wagon mosque" was built in Constantinople.—[Charles F. Beach, in Moody's Magazine.]



St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FROG IN THE POND



OTHER DREADNOUGHT ON EXHIBITION
Baltimore American



Portland Oregonian

The House Beautiful—Its Flower Garden and Grounds.

BUILDING THE GARDEN.

SOME SUGGESTIONS AS TO DRAINAGE AND OTHER FEATURES.

By Ernest Branton.

VERY seldom does harm result from draining the garden by means of underground tiles. Many gardens suffer for lack of it. Expensive houses are built on costly ground very easy of drainage. Where the garden level is three or more feet above the street one or more tile lines should be laid before the sidewalk and open through the curb into the gutter, sloping very gently up into the garden. If but one main drain is advisable, a system of laterals opening into it should be so arranged that the whole garden may be served. This preliminary is especially needed where soil is heavy.

After the underground drainage system has been installed, the surface should be so graded, if possible, that surface drainage will be away from the house in



THE PARRY PINE.

all directions. Even though this should necessitate making the garden border a little lower by moving the earth up toward the house, the change will be found a wise one. Sometimes the needed soil may come from excavating for house foundation, or in the complete garden it may be taken from a lily-pond site. Do not have the surface slope flatly away from the dwelling, but give it a rounded contour. Even though this rounding amounts to a few inches on an ordinary city lot, the surface will look flat and a perfectly flat stretch always looks hollow or sunken. This optical delusion appears on all surfaces of sufficient extent. If a pond is planned, the ground should slope down toward it, so it will appear in a natural depression. Stable manure should be freely worked into the soil wherever possible, no matter how great a depth below the surface. No ditches for water pipes, drain tiles or anything whatsoever should be refilled with stable manure mixed with the soil. Even in after years when digging for repairs, changes, extensions or for other purposes, do not miss an opportunity to enrich the soil with humus-supplying organic matter, either animal or vegetable, though the latter is best for several reasons. If any large plants or trees not easily moved are already on the premises, leave them and make the rest of the planting harmonize with them. It takes so long to secure permanent effects that we cannot sacrifice plants of considerable age or size until the new planting has made several years' growth, even if the large plants are of a poor class. If a pond is planned it must be in the full sun; do not have shade of buildings or large trees or shrubs fall across the water. Pond lilies in a land of cool summer nights need all the sunshine there is, and even that is too little. If a pergola is used, do not have it meaningless. There must be a use for it, ornament alone is not a sufficient excuse. It may run from the house to some other object or feature or connect one part of the garden with another. Do not have arbors or garden seats in a central position except the garden be large. Place them at points of vantage where the view or views prove attractive and of greatest possible extent.

These are a few of the rules which govern us in the planning of all gardens, and if your garden is of any size, do not attempt to plan it yourself. There are many talented landscape designers in Los Angeles whose services always give satisfaction for fees expended. Failure to give satisfaction is most generally caused by a lack of appreciation and understanding on the part of the garden owner.

The Parry Pine.

DOWN in the most southerly part of Southern California and extending over the border into our sister republic grows the most compact, garden-sized pine native to the Pacific Coast; the specimen here shown is growing in Elysian Park. We have always known it as the Parry pine, or *Pinus Parryana*, but the latter-day botanists say we must now call it *Pinus quadrifolia*. Just why this name should stick it is hard to say, for it does not describe a marked peculiarity by reason of the leaves or needles often occurring in bundles of three or five, as well as in fours. The tree grows slowly, in a compact pyramid, the foliage is flattened rather than needle-shaped, and is a silvery white on the under side. For ordinary gardens this Parry pine is to be preferred to any other in the market.

Soil Moisture.

SEVERAL persons have written stating that they were deeply impressed with an article in this department a few weeks ago on the proper watering of the soil as against sprinkling. Several found their gardens were suffering from lack of water, though the soil surface was wet.

The Nebraska Agricultural Experiment Station has just issued a bulletin covering several years' experimentation upon soil moisture. It was found that while a half-inch of rainfall had a decidedly beneficial effect upon a growing field crop, it had no effect upon increasing the water contents of the lower soil upon which the plant was constantly drawing. Such an amount, falling upon dry soil, is soon evaporated by the sun and wind. It was found that field crops used the soil water to a depth of at least six feet, and many of them, alfalfa, for instance, fed from far greater depths. It will be seen from these experiments that a garden may be given a half-inch of water very often and the lower soil still be growing drier each day. To get best results, irrigations should be given, once a month at least, of sufficient volume to wet the soil down to not less than six feet from the surface. Does your garden watering accomplish this?

An Ornamental Fruit Tree.

FEIJOA SELLOWIANA is the name of a shrub or small tree that for combined ornamental and economic value cannot be surpassed. It is native to Uruguay and Southern Brazil, and has stood without harm a temperature down to 10 degrees above zero, so we need not fear fatalities from frost anywhere in Southern California.

The writer bought one several years ago when they were first known here and grew it until of fruiting size. This shrub fruited late, so late, in fact, that the frosts, even slight, caused all the fruits to drop. Last autumn the plant was given to a friend near Sierra Madre, where, under better, or at least milder conditions, it should fruit heavily this year. It is a bushy evergreen of fine appearance, eventually growing fifteen or twenty feet high, though we have none above six feet. For several years our oldest plants have fruited and prove a pleasant surprise to all who have tasted them. The flowers are large and showy, not surpassed in beauty by any of the myrtles to which family it belongs. The fruit far surpasses in flavor and aroma those of any of the guavas or engelias to which the Feijoa is closely allied.

Botanical Confusion.

AN Illinois botanist, finding some differences among the sunflowers referred to *Helianthus occidentalis*, considered these of sufficient importance to require the segregation of a part under the name *H. illinoensis*. Quite recently another student discovered that plants which in spring and early summer were *H. illinoensis*, were at the time of blooming and fruiting simply *H. occidentalis*.

Most botanists, having established this fact, would have contented themselves with noting under the species its variations under certain conditions. In the present case, however, the investigator "proposes that these plants should bear the name *Helianthus occidentalis illinoensis* comb. nov." It would be more in accordance with the fact to propose that they should bear that name in "the spring and early summer," but that in the fall they should be called "simply *H. occidentalis*."

It seems, then, that there are botanists who hold that a species and a sub-species may grow from the same root, and on the same stem, at different seasons, may indeed gradually pass from one category to the other as the year rolls by. What boundless possibilities does such a conception open up! What a multitude of plants must be provided with "sub-species!" The case is especially strong for those trees which have very different juvenile and adult foliage. In fact, why is not the bean of early spring, showing only its cotyledons, a good "sub-species" of the very different plant which, later in the season, under the stimulus of nutriment, moisture and light, succeeds it at the time of blooming and fruiting?—[S. B. P.]

The News Astonished Her.

Mr. Hubb: I see by the paper that a case of bubonic plague has arrived in San Francisco.

Mrs. Hubb: Mercy Peter! They are surely not importing it in cases.—[Boston Transcript.]



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Practical Poultry Culture in the Southwest.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF STANDARD-BRED POULTRY AND THE PEOPLE WHO GROW IT.

WHITE TURKEYS.

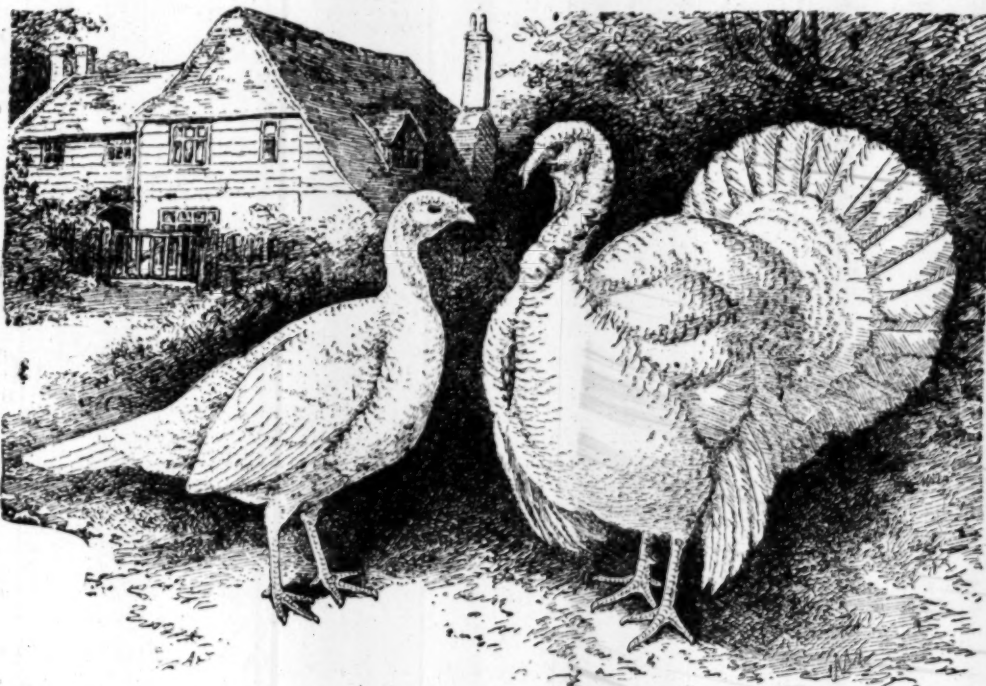
NOT WITHOUT THEIR CHAMPIONS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

NOTE—Short articles of a practical nature are cordially solicited from breeders and fanciers, relating their experiences with poultry, giving their successes as well as failures. The writer will be glad, in so far as lies in his power, to answer inquiries of public interest bearing on any phase of an enlightened poultry culture, such as feeding and management, disease and its prevention, market conditions, fancy points, etc. The co-operation of utility breeders and fanciers is cordially solicited, to the end that the best thought and practice in an enlightened poultry culture may find a healthy expression in these columns.

It is well known to experienced breeders and nature students that black-plumaged birds will once in a while have white offspring; this explains the origin of what in this country is known as the White Holland turkey. So keen an observer as Tegetmeyer is on record as saying that "It is well known that most birds, wild as well as tame, occasionally produce perfectly white individuals of more delicate constitution than the parents. There can be no doubt that the selection and pairing of such is the way in which the breed of white turkeys has been established and kept up." J. A. Le-land, a noted Illinois breeder of white turkeys, says:

Is no limit to the number that will soon arrive on a hen carrying a dozen mites. The eggs are laid about the base of the feathers near the legs; are a gray collection of living matter, stuck around the base of the feathers in a decidedly neat-looking pack. Any one having hens with feathers so decorated should hustle and spoil the decoration before it can hatch. Get some liquid lice killer at once and pour on the flat perches, where the hens roost at night. If the perches are not flat, wash the perches with a swab in the stuff, being careful not to get any on the hands; or get some four-inch flat perches, which are better all around. No lice can live that contracts the stuff, and when the hen sits down on the perch, her under parts are in splendid contact. It will kill the eggs laid around the feathers, and all the strollers of a night getting to the under parts. The liquid lice killer should be swabbed on the rest of the perches and in any other holes or cracks of the pen. Any hens roosting in trees should have their wings cut and be obliged to perch on the painted perch at night. One should take lice powder and carefully sift over the backs of the fowls, tenderly lifting the wings a little as one sifts, being sure to get plenty on the flesh covered by the wings. This kills or drives the mites below, where they will get the severer dose. They will soon kill out, if attended to. The house should be swept and sprayed or painted with whitewash. Once



A PAIR OF WHITE HOLLAND TURKEYS.

"As to color, I have never seen White Holland turkeys that did not show some black ticking in plumage during some period of their lives." All of which would seem to establish that in origin they are sports of the Bronze turkey. We opine that our White Rock and White Leghorn friends will take exception to the reference to "delicate constitution" in white breeds, but there is no argument as to the fact that with us the Bronze is the more robust of the two.

We believe that in quality of flesh the adherents of the White Holland turkey claim that it is second to none, but when it comes to quantity and quality combined, the bronze and black are certainly in the ascendancy. In France the whites are popular, but in England and America, they have always been considered delicate. In the market-place they are but little known. Males weigh from fifteen to thirty pounds; females from ten to twelve pounds.

In California white turkeys are not without their champions. For the past twenty years they have been a feature at our poultry shows, and from a fancier's point of view they are not without attraction, their glossy white plumage, pinkish-tinged beak, and pinkish-white legs and feet giving them an individuality over their darker-colored namesakes. Our illustration shows a pair of champions at the Dairy (England) Show, originally depicted in the Feathered World of London.

Why Have Mites at All?

It is astonishing how many people there are who think mites are a necessary adjunct to poultry keeping. How many people would like to keep chickens if it weren't for the mites? Why, well-kept poultry never have mites, and no poultry does well that has mites. Mites come of innocent carelessness in the poultry quarters, and some of the best housekeepers yet think a hen pen clean that has mites. Just think how it feels to have one mite crawling up one's sleeve! One mite can steal about one person and spoil the joy of a day. Think of having fifty crawling about on a small hen! At night the hen can't rest—and not all crawl off by morning; she carries ten or twelve all day, and spends her time trying to rid herself of the nuisance. She gets nervous and sick and has no inclination to lay. There

clean, by keeping the liquid lice killer always on the flat perch, putting it on at least once a week, when there are no mites at all, there will never be any mites.

Good housekeepers should learn that mites on poultry are due largely to filth in their quarters, and that it is a disgrace to the caretaker to have them; that good housekeeping is not good hen-pen keeping. The lice killer must paint the perch and prevent any mites from living on the under side of fowls, where they delight to stay. Nests should have lice powder in them always. Lice will certainly come to hens in quarters even, if the preventive are not there, and being there, one may handle his fowls with no fear of getting a mite up his sleeve. Mites will kill little incubator chicks in a little while. There is no hope for them or for any fowl carrying them, or for any caretaker resigned to having the pest.

Just a Word to the Wise.

Since the reference in this department to the custom of selling three-months-old pullets as an article of commerce, many inquiries have come from The Times Sunday readers asking for information and the addresses of people who have the goods for sale. All of which goes to show that there is a strong demand for pullets on the part of both commercial poulters as well as the individual who wants only a family flock. Leading up to this demand, the day-old-chick business is but a stepping stone. The average person wanting laying hens would rather pay a fair price for pullets "on their feet," rather than submit to the care and trouble of hatching and rearing them. This condition leads only to the conclusion that the growing of three-months-old pullets is destined to become a lucrative branch of the poultry business. The man who gets in early and becomes established at it, will surely have a market for all he can produce at good prices. He is playing a safe game, because his surplus males can be turned into money as broilers and roasters, while the females sold as pullets will be the velvet of his enterprise. There is an opening for such an undertaking in Southern California; who will be the fortunate ones to take advantage of it?

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Sizes 14 to 17, only. 25c

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Sizes 14 to 17, only. 25c

Sporting

[May 29, 1910.]

London Rubber Mad.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 482.)

...be suicidal, no matter how profitable the boom may be on which it is based. Even if \$3 rubber is guaranteed five years ahead the boom could be carried on for a half or a quarter of that time, because it could not be financed. There are too many men in it, too many small gamblers, and, at all, too many West End plungers. It is said that new issues so eagerly that they took over the shares, when Capel Court and Minchew Street, late Governor of the Straits Settlements, where the estates of several of the new rubber companies are located, has also had the courage to say, "there are far too many new companies being promoted. It is difficult to understand the situation of one or two, and sometimes three, in a day can possibly be justified. No doubt the companies recently promoted are quite sound, but there are many that none but a lunatic, so I think, would dream of trusting with his money."

...all previous big stock-jobbing booms, this rubber boom has evolved no great central dominating figure. The man who has the best claim to the title of "the King" by virtue of the extent of his interests in the rubber trade is Keith Fraser Arbuthnot. He is a director in no less than twenty-four rubber companies, and is credited with having made \$5,000,000 in the boom. Greedy and disappointed stock jobbers who did not get in on the ground floor of the rubber boom have started an oil boom within the last few days. It has a less substantial basis to go on, but, of fact, than the rubber boom, for there is no big advance in the price of petroleum. But the same methods that have proved so successful in the rubber boom are now being unloaded on the oil boom with almost equal rapidity at fancy prices. The rubber boom, however, to do more than bracket the oil boom.

...an unbiased view of the rubber craze I left my mammon in the city and went to the rectory of Father Bernard Vaughan, the famous priest whose life and fearless denunciation of the sins of the world have won for him the title of "the modern saint." Vaughan was just as busy as the brokers, but different way. Not dividend hunters, but souls in the claret for his ministrations. Not a man who could spare me at the rectory. But if I would follow him on his way to fill an engagement near the city, he would talk to me. He told me of the financial aspects of the rubber boom, when I had propounded my query to him. He said, "I am ignorant of the methods of frenzied finance in new rubber companies are made to pay enormous premiums as soon as they are issued. Speculation is no business of mine, for I belong to a practical institution in the world, the Roman Catholic Church. But it needs no expert knowledge to see that the wild buying of rubber by all sorts of people has developed into a gambling. And gambling inevitably leads to disaster as well as pecuniary, to those who indulge in it. The gambling fever is fastening its hold like a snake on the rubber boom, to my mind, is to a large extent a bubble, behind it a small residuum of unlovely reality. It looks full of beauty and promise till it bursts, leaving behind it a small residuum of unlovely reality. This rubber bubble, which now wears such a beautiful, will, when it bursts, leave behind it disaster, all the more difficult to bear because of the money wedded to gullibility. I do not pity the man who ought to know better, but I do pity the man who is misled whose florins have been drawn out by specious advertisements in her halfpenny paper. In your opinion, could this species of gambling be checked?"

...leading newspapers if they could be got to stop their functions as public guides and mentors. In the rubber boom is concerned, they have, with exceptions, sadly shirked their duty. Instead of being a guide to the public they have lent themselves to the gullibility of gamblers in all walks of life. The principal mediums through which the products of these new rubber companies that are springing up every day make their appeals to the public. The rubber boom was inevitable, the demand being in the supply, but without the aid and columns of the papers it never would have developed. The bubble boom it actually has. Columns of the papers are filled with alluring advertisements calling all and sundry to invest in rubber shares and while you wait. These papers employ financial writers who are supposed to possess the expert knowledge which enables them to discriminate between wild claims, however cunningly disguised, and those which are conducted on sound business principles. That the general public can't do—particularly in the case of the rubber boom. But it has been said that throughout this rubber boom these editors have not very actively exercised their editorial faculties on rubber shares. They appear to have been rubber-muzzled. Why? Is it because if they were unmuzzled—if they were left free to criticize the speculations advertised in their own columns—their readers would lose some of the advertisements that now seem so handsomely?

...not for me to suggest that the proprietors of the greatest and most respectable dailies can be bribed to maintain silence by big advertisements when the public weal demands that the truth should be told, fearlessly and unflinchingly, but I do emphatically maintain that there are occasions when silence is wrong and warning is right—when it is an imperative duty to speak out.

"If you were the proprietor of a big daily—?"
"If I were the proprietor of a big daily newspaper, instead of being what I am, a priest," answered Father Vaughan before I had finished the sentence, "I hope that I should make it clear to every member of my staff that the truth must never be suppressed in order to gain or retain advertisements. Especially would I warn them against company prospectuses, even should their advertisements fill a whole page of my paper. Then—but my work calls me, and I fear that I am late."

So saying, Father Vaughan dived into a back street where he was in search of a poor girl who is the bread winner of her family by making straw hats to be trimmed in the West End.
E. LISLE SNELL.
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The Song of the Tinker.

I am the man of pot and pan,
I am a lad of mettle;
My tent I pitch by the wayside ditch
To mend your can and kettle;
While town-bred folk bear a year-long yoke
Among their feeble fellows,
I clink and clank on the hedgerow bank,
And blow my snoring bellows.

I loved a lass with hair like brass,
And eyes like a brazier glowing;
But the female crew, what they will do
I swear is past all knowing!
She flung her cap at a plowman chap,
And a fool I needs must think her,
Who left for an oaf the mug and loaf,
And the snug little tent of a tinker.

But, clank and clang, let women go hang,
And who shall care a farden?
With the solder strong of a laugh and a song
My mind I'll heal and harden.
My ways I'll mend, and the pots I'll mend
For gaffer and for gammer,
And drive my cart with a careless heart,
And sit by the road and hammer!

—[May Byron, in the Spectator.]

Around the World.

The viceroys of Kiang-Sou, of Kiang-Si, of Kiang-Hai and of Ngan-Hoel in China have issued a proclamation forbidding baby girls' feet to be bandaged. The proclamation says that it pains a mother to bind her daughter's feet, it sacrifices health for beauty, and it makes young women incapable of work, forcing many to live in poverty.

A French sailor married a young woman in Crete. As the wife of a Frenchman she had to be provided with a dot. The dot in this marriage consisted of two postage stamps of the Isle of Mauritius, extremely rare, which the Frenchman willingly accepted. He was amazed, however, to find from an expert that the stamps were worth \$8000.

During the last four years the tigers of India devoured 4000 human beings. In Southern India one animal alone is known to have killed and eaten 200 people before he was trapped.

The report of the Consul-General at Hongkong announces that last year China exported more than 200,000 pounds of human hair. This hair was destined to hide the baldness of the ladies of Europe and America. Statistics show that among women over 30 years old, there are only nine out of every hundred who do not wear false hair. Happily, China comes to the assistance of the other ninety-one.

The Language of Rapture.

She was one of a Sunday walking party which was wending its way southward to the brow of West Rock. At a turn in the path there burst on her view that vista which seldom fails to impress the one for the first time beholding it, a view hardly to be equaled in this part of New England. At her feet lay the resting city in its length and breadth, its streets and houses and public buildings standing out clear in the leafless springtime. Eastward was sentinel East Rock, with its heavenward-pointing shaft reflecting the westerling sun. Southward were the waters of the blue harbor, and further the bluer waters of the Sound, while one could almost discern in the dim distance the white sands of Long Island. It was an impressive vision, and the beholder was visibly impressed. Her ruby lips parted in a burst of rapture, and this is what she said:
"Ain't it classy?"—[New Haven Register.]

A Light.

The moon shone full till the midnight looked
Like a lovely ghost of noon;
And the sun, next day, waxed warm and bright,
Till the dark December day grew light,
Light as a day in June.

Oh, may a light in my soul thus shine,
To banish its doubt and fear;
To change its winter and its night
To something fair and warm and bright—
God's light of hope and cheer.

MARY E. KENNISTON

Early and Sour.

Customer: Well, well! Strawberries on the market already! How much, please?
Dealer: Seventy-five cents a box.
Customer: Ah! You may give me a nickel's worth of sour pickles. They cost less and taste about the same.—[Cleveland Leader.]

Every Inch a Queen.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 490.)

lar black "fascinator" and gray plaid cloak coming down Ocean Front.

One beautiful afternoon Mr. Allen worked among his flowers, and watched. The hot sun warmed his old bones gratefully and he snipped away and smoked in blissful content. It was almost time for Mrs. Allen to return, and he kept an eye toward the street as was his custom.

When he saw a quiet group approaching him, he knew without being told that something had happened to her. After they had told him and he stood with his rusty trowel in his hand and the tears streaming down his seamed old face, there came to his bewildered senses a comforting thought. She had gone as she wished to go—"on her two feet"—with the strains of her beloved music sounding in her ears to the very gates of heaven.

JESSIE ARMSTRONG CRILL.

Careless strangers wondered at the deserted bandstand and the empty benches in front of it. Perhaps those measly Dagos had gone on another strike! And again they gaped and wondered on the day of a certain insignificant old woman's funeral—when the members of the band filed into their places—that every left white sleeve bore the somber insignia of the mourner.

Newspapers in Mid-Ocean.

Not the least interesting development of wireless telegraphy is the manner in which the invention has been utilized for producing newspapers on board ship. No longer does an ocean voyage mean that one is cut off, for the time being, from news of all happenings on land. Nearly all the big Transatlantic liners issue newspapers on board, and every morning passengers are served with the latest news at the breakfast table, just as they would be on land. On the voyage of the Lusitania during the recent general election full returns were printed in the Cunard Bulletin every morning of the results announced in London on the previous night.

The circulation of the Bulletin is over 2000 a day, and has reached 2500. It consists of thirty-two pages, ten inches by six inches, is excellently printed on fine glazed paper, and sells at 2½d. per copy. It goes to press at 1 a.m., and is read over the breakfast table like the newspaper ashore.

Most of the giant Cunarders are now equipped with a miniature printing plant, so that the passengers on board are able to secure a daily paper containing the latest world's news, transmitted by wireless telegraphy. Practically everything of news value in any part of the world appears in the ocean daily as soon as it is printed in the newspapers on land. Stock Exchange quotations, parliamentary items, notable events, and movements of famous people all are duly recorded. Moreover, the ocean daily often gets news that the land dailies cannot get; for it must be borne in mind that the liners are in touch with one another as well as in touch with land, and are thus able to get exclusive "scoops" now and then.

A very artistic production is the "Journal de l'Atlantique," published on board the steamship La Provence of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique. It has larger pages than the "Cunard Bulletin," and each number is well illustrated, the news being published in both French and English.

The daily of the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm II has twenty-four pages, and it has so many advertisements that it can be given free to the passengers and still leave the Norddeutscher Lloyd a profit. Humorous illustrations are a feature, and a puzzle page gives much amusement on the voyage.

The Atlantisches Tageblatt of the Hamburg-American Line is a sixteen-page sheet. It is printed partly in German, partly in English, and has a story by some popular writer.

The Express Mail, published on board the Canadian Pacific Atlantic liner Empress of Ireland, is a most elegant affair. It has twelve pages, and is inclosed in a handsome wrapper stamped in gold, with an emblematic design printed in the richest colors.—[Tit-Bits.]

A Best Girl, Too.

The best girl as counterpart to the best man at weddings has arrived in London. No longer are the bridegroom and his best man to be left in a position of embarrassed loneliness at the altar rail awaiting the arrival of the bride. The best girl will stand on the left side opposite the best man, and will hold the bride's bouquet and gloves and wait on her generally.

Some brides will no doubt retain the decorative services of a bevy of bridesmaids and pages, but Miss Pickersjill Conliffe, the inventor of the best girl, intends to dispense with all other companions.

"I never could see the use of a crowd of girls trooping up the aisle behind a bride," she explains, "for when the bridal procession reaches the chancel entrance only the few honored guests in the first two or three pews can see anything of the actual ceremony, for all those behind have their view blocked by the bridesmaids and their hats."

"Moreover, why should not I be attended on my wedding day by my best girl friend, in the same way as Mr. Randolph will have his best man friend as his best man?"

Bridegrooms of an economical turn of mind will welcome the innovation. It will mean one present instead of an indefinite number.—[New York Sun.]

The Musical Critic.

She achieved effects that were wonderful with a voice and a method that needed no adventitious assistance from display of altitudinosity of register, abyssal depths of contralto bravura, or performance of pulmonary prodigies.—[Memphis (Tenn.) Commercial Appeal.]

Coast Poultry Foods

...West Coast Mill...
...to refuse nor unsound...
...is taken to make them prop...
...And the prices are low. Send...

FOE

...when properly diluted with...
...to 1 part Germox, ready for...
...of 25 persons who have any...
...of you, post paid, The Poultry...
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...3.50 per 100 lbs. when they...
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...FEED has saved millions of...
...the best insect powder. Use...
...and little chicks.
...DUST. It was counterfeited...
...the infringement stopped by...
...Send for free Catalog.

Albers Co.

...Spring Street

SCRAPS

...poultrymen of conservative...
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Farming in California—The Land and Its Products.

CONDUCTED BY J. W. JEFFREY, STATE COMMISSIONER OF HORTICULTURE.

FIELD NOTES.

A New Propaganda.

A GREAT movement is being carried forward for controlling the mosquito in several farming sections of the Sacramento Valley. In two cases the movement embraces whole counties, and the work of extermination is progressing with system and enthusiasm. Localities suffering most severely are not those adjoining the river, as one would suppose. Running water is not conducive to mosquito propagation. It is the fruit-growing sections of the foothills that suffer from malarial fever, for here is the clay soil, and the irrigating ditch and the stagnant-water pockets. The health conditions are not alarming, but are most exasperating to districts otherwise extremely healthful.

If one were to look over the landscape he would see red flags dotting the ground designating the pools and pockets to be disinfected by oil or drainage; white flags all over to show those which had been treated. They are giving Mrs. Anopheles a run for life, there. Mr. A. does not count, for he never "bites," and consequently the unicellular parasite that takes the good red corpuscles out of man's blood must depend upon the female mosquito. Water must stand over ten days before a flock of virgin Anopheles would leave its surface. This gives the patrolmen time to follow up the irrigators with their destructive agencies. Think of Southern California with a clay subsoil, and the merry bands of winged pests that would spring into life under the warm sunshine! I believe, however, that malarial fever will be rare in the two counties which are fighting the mosquito this summer, and perhaps disappear altogether.

Southern Exchange.

THE first annual meeting of the Florida Citrus Exchange has just concluded its sessions at Tampa. The attendance numbered 500 growers, according to the Fruit and Produce News, which glorified the occasion in a fine special edition in colors. Some one remarked at that meeting that the Florida Exchange had accomplished more in one year than that of California had in several. It must be held in memory, however, that the Florida growers had a good pattern by which to cut their new cloth. It is easy to run a tracer over a clear pattern and get a good duplicate. The original should be considered in contemplating the result. The southern exchange also had several well-known California workmen on the job which is causing the felicitations.

Florida White Fly.

A GENERAL and continued campaign against the china tree and the umbrella tree is being conducted in Florida. All these beautiful trees must be destroyed because they harbor the white fly in such numbers that the pest is overrunning the fruit orchards in spite of all the fumigating and spraying that can be done. Imagine an invasion of Southern California by the white fly and the consequent cutting down of some of the finest umbrella trees in the world. Not a very cheerful outlook. Again, it is reported that the white fly is so abundant in some parts of Florida that the flying insects are unendurable to those who have to go out doors where they are so numerous. Gnats are not in it for annoyance.

California's exemption from the white fly can be continued only by sustained vigilance and strict quarantine enforcement at every point. Three years after the outbreaks of this fly were discovered at Marysville, Oroville and Bakersfield, there is not one fly left to my knowledge and belief. But what an expense and worry and antagonism its extermination incurred! Other infections like these will be found, but the infections will not have to be attacked with inexperience and lack of funds when they are discovered. Neither do I think the university will hamper the practical work by allowing its entomologists to issue critical bulletins or call for a million dollars for extermination. The sufferings of Florida are an example to California.

Last Tribute to Craw.

FOR many years no one occupied a larger place in the attention and esteem of the fruit growers of California than did Alexander Craw, and thousands of his personal friends will read with interest a few words recently spoken by a relative who had the sad favor of being with our friend during the last weeks of Mr. Craw's life. The end came late in June, 1908, at the home of his sister in Mariposa and in the shadow of the mountains of Yosemite.

"It was Sunday morning, the last Sunday of his life. The June sun was shining bright and pleasant. The birds were singing in the oaks and pines about the grounds. The forest hills were surrounding us, and above, on the crest of the mountain the pines and first stood against the sky. We were trying to arrange the flowers, a little pruning here and a little fixing there, though for my own part I was trying to keep him as much as possible from any exertion, but he was all animation, the same old Alexander Craw that many of you have known for thirty years. There was no indication of waning of thought; he was happy, contented and as hopeful as any of you ever saw him in his life.

"His brother James, who was with us at the time, but who has since passed away, came and asked us in a joking way if we knew what day it was. I saw that Alexander was confused. He could not change his thoughts for the moment from his pleasures and find some answer to that question. To help him a little, I asked: 'Is it any harm to help God take care of His beautiful things?' 'No,' he said, and placing his hand

on my shoulder, 'let's go ahead.' Full of life, energy, absorbed right there among the flowers, he was right in his element and his old self again. But I soon saw that he was getting weary and I led him to a seat on the porch and he soon lapsed into a kind of half-dreamy melancholy that was such a pain to us and from which he never recovered. That was the last effort of Alexander Craw to do something with his own hands."

Citrus Gum Disease.

SOME time ago I noticed a new method of handling orange and lemon trees afflicted with gummosis, designating Mr. Lehman's method as not of the quack order. This has called out an expression from a valued friend at Riverside, whose opinions always have my careful attention. D. W. McLeod writes as follows:

"In your horticultural notes in the Los Angeles Times of late date you make mention of a novel method practiced by John Lehman of Glendora for the cure of gum disease in the orange tree. His method may be excellent, but it is somewhat complicated. Here is my experience: About fifteen or twenty years ago I made a clipping from some paper giving the experience of Capt. O. Kusted of Ontario. Two years ago I had several trees that showed gum disease, and I proceeded to use the recipe. I am happy to say that nearly every trace of gum has disappeared, a new bark formed and to all intents the trees are cured. It is very simple, and for the benefit of others I pass it on to wider publicity. Make up recipe in the following proportions:

"One pound rosin, one pound beeswax, two pounds sugar of lead, two tablespoonfuls of boiled oil. Melt the resin and beeswax, then add the sugar of lead and oil, stirring well while mixing. Scrape the affected parts of the tree and apply hot with a brush. One application will do the work. Now I do not know if the sugar of lead or oil is necessary, or if the hot application of rosin and beeswax forms a new, temporary bark so as to permit free flow of the sap, and thus accomplish the cure. Some person who has the time, and is interested in experiments can find out. I am satisfied to have my fine thirty-year-old trees saved for future usefulness and profit."

Business Good.

ACTING SUPERINTENDENT MASKEW of the State Insectary says that business was unusually lively in his department for the month of April, over 500,000 beneficial insects having been sent out every working day of the month. The call for assistance in the form of these friendly little workers from the cultivators of the various products grown throughout the State was unprecedented, nor were the requests confined to California alone, as many were received from the States of the middle West and some from as far east as New York.

Fortunately the insectary was fully prepared to meet these enormous demands this year and every order was promptly filled. The number of beneficial insects sent out during the month of April was as follows: "Cryptolaemus montrouzieri, 455; Vedalia cardinalis, 462; Scutellista cyanea, 705; Coccophagus lecani, 3165; Hippodamia convergens, 13,033,000. Of these 6,434,000 were delivered free of all charge to the melon growers of Imperial and Coachella and 6,603,787 were sent in response to appeals from growers throughout the State in general. To assist the producers of this State to obtain larger crops of cleaner produce at less cost of production is one of the functions of the insectary, and to this end the force is constantly striving. The present month will see the greatest activity in distributing a parasite of the brown apricot scale hundreds of thousands of which are now emerging from the parasitized material.

Citrus Trees Excluded.

SEVERAL weeks ago about a dozen sample orange trees were sent to Covina from Tampico, Mexico. They were intended to advertise a large nursery at the Mexican city containing at least 50,000 fine orange trees designed for sale in California if they could be legally admitted. They were in urgent demand, on account of so many nursery trees having been killed by frost in Southern California last winter. But the Covina samples brought in without authority were soon found and burned, by William Wood, a deputy of the State Horticultural Commission, and as later developments proved it was a most necessary act. However, the planters who were anxious to import the Mexican trees, through their agent insisted upon bringing them into the State.

After consultation with the State Commission at Sacramento the owner of the Mexican trees was given permission to import the stock under the following conditions: It must be done under a commission appointed by the State Commissioner, the trees to be consigned to William Wood if allowed to enter, and remain in custody till all fear of infection had disappeared. To all conditions the owner agreed, and also to the payment of all expenses and salary of the commission sent to Tampico to inspect the stock. In pursuance of this arrangement Stephen Strong, a competent authority, was named April 15 as the commissioner, and he proceeded at once to Tampico under instructions to make an inspection of the territory surrounding the nursery, to determine if any dangerous insect pests existed in that section and to examine the trees themselves. If he could find no infection or danger thereof he was instructed to defoliate the trees, wash the roots clean of dirt, fumigate, pack in disinfected moss and inclose in packages securely sealed for further examination at Los Angeles. If in the judgment of the special commissioner the importation of the trees should endanger the

horticultural interests of California he would refuse admission.

Mr. Strong's first inspection of the Tampico stock revealed abundance of the rust mite, a pest that has a foothold in only one California county and a pest we are anxious to see confined to its present limits.

ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT FOR LIGHTING



A Quick Fire For Cooking.

ready at all hours—by just turning a key. Doesn't sound good to you?

You Can Have It In Three Days.

It just takes us that long to install without inconvenience to you, a plant for making gas at home—excluding piping, handsome chandeliers—self-lighting burners and cooking appliances.

No Country Home Complete Without It.

Write us today and let us send you our free booklet telling all about this wonderful HOME MADE GAS and how comparatively small the cost of this big improvement to your home will be.

ACETYLENE APPARATUS MFG. CO.

557 South Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles, California.

Take Care



When treating wrinkles out of the skin, it is best to use a pump sprayer. The Imperial Self-Heating Pump is ready for an easy day's work. A few minutes' pressing in the pump handle will start the gas flowing. No tubes or wires to get in the way. Just a simple iron pump with a small amount of gas. 25¢ now in cash or on the story. Write for full instructions and see demonstration.

The Imperial Flat Iron Company
119 1/2 SOUTH SPRING STREET LOS ANGELES
Note—Agents wanted everywhere. Easy sale—no stock.
WANT the iron. 50¢ sold by one agent. Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. Dieterich's Nursery

1146 Wall St., Los Angeles

Recommends for immediate planting:
PINK CHEROKEE ROSES, Rosa laevigata (immense quantities)
wholesale and retail, from \$10.00 to \$20.00 per 100

Sour Orange Seed Bed Stock

Sweet orange seed bed stock, Florida rough seed bed stock, VALENCIAS.
SOUTHLAND NURSERIES

Phones—Main 949. F. H. Diebner, President
Home 2520.
Largest citrus seedling nurseries in the State.

Eucalyptus Seeds

Over 100 species to select from. My special pamphlet "Eucalyptus" mailed free. Superior garden, flower, tree and seeds. Roses, carnations, flowering plants, etc. New descriptive catalogue mailed free upon application.
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Tall-Growing Collards.

THE Jersey kale or tree collard is distributed and has won a reputation in the central and southern states for its very well-developed leaves and drought.

The Oregon kale is an old-time called thousand-heads in the same class as Jersey and is, therefore, more easily grown in the Willamette Valley, Oregon, than the Jersey, but only recently introduced as winter feed for cattle. It endures local freezing and is needed for feeding. The plants are transplanted in rows with it, the plants being set in the field is plowed and the ground being after the plants are around the roots. Plants previously plowed and harrowed also be grown in the field growth of cabbage ex- given rather more room likely to be of value for st- and winter growth as we- stand for winter use as growth for summer feeding. California, especially near- members of the cabbage fa- fed kale just after milking milk—[California Vegetable

Potato Men Have Courage.

ABOUT the most remarkable situation is the nerve in some localities prices have risen for ten or fifteen years the country had an oversupply the opinion holds that will be planted this year.

The idea seems to prevail here that another crop of large in the past history of five years of large yield and a common experience, but two years occurred of such a very often been a time. Perhaps one reason of the is the great advance the of growing crops so that there is still some profit.

But a good deal of caution seems likely, nearly as many last year, nothing but a sh- into sections could save the outlook is not so good as it might be less active than course would probably be mutual agreement and to- hush by cooperative buy proved methods of cultivat- worked the cost per bushel are the ones who are in a kind of crop year.—[Ameri-

A Sense of Beauty.

WE remember reading, Horace Greeley at an- cured, as near as we can thing like this:

"There is something wrong with a farmer. No man is sur- of nature as he is, yet, we of American society will The average farm home is beauty, less neatness and the charm of surroundings, expression of taste than the city. Why should this be? farmer show this widespread art?"

We remember how at the a very deep impression on- curred to it thousands of passing by some shabby, Is the indictment true? der art and beauty, for near der of design in his home as ing about him than the av- We must confess that we th- in the statement. Then, w- In the first place, let comes up from childhood experience, that he must g- gets must be wrested from- no there is but little chan- side of nature. The two t- seeing is the getting of a- Unless he has a nature be- beauty, the hard, practical- better of him.

Then again, there has b- little effort on the part of anything for the expansi- The school in which he w- months of crude, unfitting school in the land. Nothing- the brain of the farm- increased perfection of far-

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VENTURA, CAL.

Growing Collards.

The Jersey kale or tree cabbage is quite widely dis-
tributed and has won high favor as food for cows
and poultry. It is perennial in the coast regions
of the central and southern parts of the State, and en-
dured very well. It is less thrifty in the in-
terior heat and drought.

The Oregon kale is an old European collard, some-
times called thousand-headed cabbage. It belongs to
the same class as Jersey kale, but has thinner stems
and is therefore, more easily handled with mowing or
cutting machinery. It was introduced in the Wil-
son Valley, Oregon, more than a third of a cen-
tury ago, but only recently has its value been recog-
nized as a winter feed for stock and largely grown
for local freezing and is hauled from the fields
for feeding. The plants are grown in field
and transplanted in May to the land to be cov-
ered with it, the plants being set in every third furrow
and plowed and covered in with the next fur-
row. The ground being afterward rolled to compact the
roots. Planting with a machine on land
previously plowed and harrowed is also practiced. Kale
may be grown in the way already described for
the growth of cabbage except that the plants should
be rather more room. In California the plant is
valued for stock feeding by fall planting
and winter growth as well as by summer growth to
use as in Oregon. In fact, winter
growth for summer feeding may also be practicable in
California, especially near the coast. As with other
members of the cabbage family, dairy cows should be
fed kale just after milking to avoid risk of tainting the
milk. [California Vegetables.]

Man Have Courage.

ABOUT the most remarkable feature of the potato
situation is the nerve and hopefulness of the growers.
In some localities prices have gone lower than at any
time in ten or fifteen years. Practically every part of
the country had an oversupply. Yet from Maine to Col-
orado the opinion holds that about the same acreage
should be planted this year.

The idea seems to prevail that last year's crop was so
large that another crop of the same size is not likely,
and in the past history of the potato crop two success-
ful years of large yield and low prices has been quite
uncommon experience, but very seldom have more than
two years occurred of such conditions. The third year
very often been a time of scarcity and high prices.
One reason of the courage of the potato grow-
ers is the great advance that has been made in methods
of growing crops so that at very low average prices
they are still some profit.

But a good deal of caution is advisable. If, as now
likely, nearly as many acres are to be planted as
last year, nothing but a short crop in some of the po-
tato sections could save the situation. The business
man is not so good as it was last year, and demand
might be less active than it was this year. The wise
man would probably be to cut down the acreage by
mutual agreement and to plan to reduce the cost per
bushel by cooperative buying of supplies and by im-
proved methods of cultivation. The growers who have
reduced the cost per bushel down to the lowest figures
are the ones who are in a safe position in almost any
kind of crop year. [American Cultivator.]

Men of Beauty.

I remember reading, years ago, an address by
Horace Greely at an agricultural fair, in which oc-
curred, as near as we can remember, a statement some-
thing like this:

"There is something wrong in the life and culture of
man. No man is surrounded with so much beauty
nature as he is, yet, we know of no man in the fab-
ric of American society who seems to care for it less.
The average farm home has less real architectural
beauty, less neatness and fitness of design, less artis-
tic charm of surroundings, less real effort toward the
expression of taste than the homes of mechanics in the
city. Why should this be? Why should the American
man show this widespread contempt for both nature
and art?"

We remember how at the time this indictment made
very deep impression on our mind and we have re-
turned to it thousands of times since, when we were
living in some shabby, forlorn farm home.
Is the indictment true? Does the farmer care less
for art and beauty, for neatness and well-calculated or-
der of design in his home and the arrangement of build-
ings about him than the average of men of like means?
We must confess that we think that there is some truth
in the statement. Then, why is it true?

In the first place, let us say the average farmer
grows up from childhood with the sense, born of hard
experience, that he must fight nature. Everything he
must be wrested from her by a grim struggle, and
there is but little chance for him to see the beauty
of nature. The two things he cannot escape from
are the getting of a living and paying his debts.
When he has a nature keenly attuned to a sense of
beauty, the hard, practical side of farm life gets the
better of him.

Then again, there has been, until of late, but very
little effort on the part of the forces of education to do
anything for the expansion of the farmer's intellect.
The school in which he was permitted to gain a few
months of crude, unfitting education; was the poorest
school in the land. Nothing was taught in it that would
enrich the brain of the farm boy any expansion toward
the perfection of farm life. If a teacher strove

to stimulate him to better effort in his studies, he was
told that he must do this in order that he might "rise
in the world." This meant that he must be anything
else than a farmer if he would rise. And so there has
come into society at large a sort of contempt for farm
life which has been felt by the farmer himself and his
children.

Is it any wonder, then, that the average farm home
should show a lack of taste, order, and beauty of de-
sign? Is it any wonder that the average farmer should
care so little for fine stock, neatly-arranged and cleanly-
kept outbuildings, and the beauty of trees and flowers?

Nothing in his early education or his surroundings
has developed in him this "sense of order and beauty."
He is the product of his education, the same as other
men are. And yet when driving through the country,
or in riding on the cars, we come upon a farmhouse that
is the product of such a "sense of order and beauty,"
what a surge of admiration comes upon us! A sweet
and lovely farm home! What is finer? It should not
be costly, garish, and elaborate. Leave such displays
to the village or city. But it may possess a beauty all
its own, at once appreciated and admired by the true
artist.

What is needed more than anything else is order and
well-fitting arrangement of the farm buildings; then
simple neatness of surroundings, with a few trees, an
evergreen hedge between the vegetable garden and the
house a well-kept front yard with old wagons, sleds and
broken-down machinery relegated to the rear and out
of sight. A small apple orchard either in bloom or
fruitage, near the house "is a thing of beauty and a joy
forever." It is not an outlay of money that is lacking
so much as the sense of good taste and beauty. [Hoard's
Dairyman.]

Asparagus and Tomatoes Under Irrigation.

A VERY successful asparagus grower in the vicinity
of Kennewick, Wash., starts it on sandy soil as fol-
lows: Furrows are laid off in the early spring about
fifteen to twenty inches apart. After scattering partly
decayed stable manure in the furrows water is turned
on to thoroughly soak up the soil and manure. Nitrate
of soda is then applied and the soil cultivated while it
is still moist. Seed that has been soaked in warm
water for at least twenty-four hours is planted in drills
laid out over the furrows, in which the manure and ni-
trate of soda were applied. The seed is sown in the
drills, about one and a half to two inches apart, and
when the plants are started well they are thinned to
three or four inches. After sowing the seed the land is
irrigated frequently and the soil cultivated while damp.
Cultivating while the soil is moist keeps it from drift-
ing so easily.

When the plants are one year old they are trans-
planted in rows four or five feet apart. Ditches eight
inches deep are laid off, into which the manure is scat-
tered and soaked as when planting the seed. The year-
ling plants are set eighteen inches apart in the rows.
The crowns should be six to eight inches below the sur-
face of the ground. Irrigation is frequent and manure
is liberally used. One year from the date of trans-
planting, cutting the shoots for market begins. By
purchasing the yearling plants for transplanting one
year may be saved.

When they do not suffer too heavily from blight, to-
matoes are a profitable crop. Gardeners in the vicinity
of Sunnyside, Wash., have adopted the practice of grow-
ing tomatoes in drills. The seed is sown in the open
field from April 1 to 15, at the rate of one to three
pounds per acre. The drill rows are usually about four
feet apart. The percentage of plants that blight is
about the same whether grown in hills or drills. By
sowing plenty of seed in drills there are enough plants
which escape the blight to make the crop. Some even
claim that a much smaller percentage of the plants
blight when grown close together in the rows. [North-
western Horticulturist.]

Hasty Judgment.

"THE worst swindler I ever happened to fall in
with."

That is the language in which one customer described
one of the most conscientious and reliable seedsmen
in the country in a letter of complaint to him because
there was a few days' delay in filling his order in the
business week of the season. This customer was a
city resident and not a subscriber to the Rural New
Yorker, but the incident merits some attention, as a
matter of general policy. It is no doubt the result of
suspicions created in the minds of many people by the
dishonest concerns. Any class of trade, or, in fact, any
community, no matter how respectable and honest as a
whole, must pay a penalty for the rogues that it shel-
ters, no matter how unwillingly. That is one justifica-
tion for efforts to make fakers and rogues uncomfort-
able in a trade or community. But it does not pay to
be intemperate in criticism of honest houses. You can
afford to be civil in complaint at least until you have
some reasonable ground for protest. Some of the sever-
est complaints we get are from people who send us
money, but forget to sign name or address. We have
at this moment about 200 letters which reached us with
money, but which do not contain the name of the re-
mitter. No doubt these 200 people think we are "the
worst swindlers they ever fell in with," and probably
many of them are saying as much. We think the ex-
perience justifies the following suggestion: Always be
careful to sign name and give address on letters; al-
ways write civil letters when complaint is necessary,
and be sure that the fault is not your own before you
let go the "brickbat." [Rural New Yorker.]

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FLOWER GARDEN. We offer the following list of
summer flowering plants at
25c per dozen, \$1.50 per hundred. Aster plants,
large flowering varieties in separate colors; Pen-
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ich, 50c per dozen. Dyer's double and fringed Pe-
tunia in three inch pots, 10c each; Marguerites in
three inch pots, 7c each. Carnation plants and
Chrysanthemums, all the choicest new and old vari-
eties in three inch pots, 7c each. Althianas,
thera plants, yellow and red, 35c per dozen. Canna
roots, \$1.00 per dozen. Gladiolus Bulbs, 50c per
dozen. Tuberose Bulbs, 35c per dozen. Hydrangea,
ready to bloom, large plants, 35c each.

FIELD GROWN ROSES. Established in pots, 35c
each, \$3.50 per dozen.
This assortment consists not only of the popular
varieties, but also of the new and scarce varieties.
We still have over sixty varieties to select from.
Ask for our special rose card. Also, ask the neigh-
bor who planted our roses about the results. There
is no comparison between these roses established
in pots, after having been grown two years in the
field, and the rooted cuttings that are offered for
sale in tin cans at really higher prices. Our roses
can be transplanted from the pots without the
slightest injury to the roots. They are in full bloom,
and will stay in bloom if properly transplanted.

Special Offer.—The new Pink Cherokee, at 35c each.
VEGETABLE GARDEN. Muskmelon, Pumpkin, Sweet
Corn, Cucumbers, are the main
vegetable seeds to be planted this month. Sowing
can still be made of the following in order to give a suc-
cession of crops: Lettuce, Radish, Peas, Beans, Spin-
ach, Carrots and Watermelons. Burbank Seed Po-
tatoes planted this month will give good results. We
have the following vegetable plants on hand: Cab-
bage, Cauliflower and Tomatoes, at 10c per dozen.
Peppers, 15c per dozen. Egg Plants, 5c each. Tar-
ragon Roots, 25c per clump. Onion Sets, white and
brown, 15c per pound. Multipliers, 20c per pound.
Rhubarb Roots, Burbank Crimson, 10c each.

LAWNS. Put in your lawn with our Kentucky Blue
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By giving new life and energy to the affected parts, as well as the whole system, he is able to remove tumors and cure the most complicated diseases in a short time.

Office Hours: 10 to 4; Evenings, Tuesdays, Thursdays, 7 to 9 Men Only.
FREE—Examination and one Treatment Free to All Who Call During the Next Fifteen Days.

Wrinkles-Out
Wrinkles can be easily prevented and REMOVED by Prof. Marchand's WRINKLE CREAM. Leaves the skin white, clear, soft and firm and smooth. No massaging necessary. Not greasy nor drying. Will not grow hair. Also cures pimples and blackheads. A great Scientific Discovery. Price, \$1.00 a package.
Free SAMPLE sent plain sealed. Send stamp. Try it and PROVE its merits.
SANITARIUM CO., Sole Agents.
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You Deaf?
Central Bldg., corner 6th and Main a free test of the Stolz Electrophone in the city and State.
H. H. GUSTIN, Manager.
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Manager, TELEPHONE CO., Los Angeles, Cal.
I have now been using your Electrophone for I find it all that I could expect. I can hear the sounds so distinctly better in the telephone since 1891 and I wish to tell the results. I wish you could of the Electrophone.
D. M. CLARK, Arlington, Cal.

Chronic Diseases
on to DISEASES OF THE SKIN, ADDER AND PROSTATE.
STON (London and Edinburgh).
t Springs, Ark. 230 1/2 S. Spring St.
troubles Positively Cured at Home to Sufferers. Write today.
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ABSOLUTELY RESTORED.
absolute gray hair restorative on natural color. We cure any case of hair loss. We stop falling hair and human head if the roots are not dead. The world has ever known. Large charges paid, on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle.
CHEMICAL CO., Room 18, 419 1/2 Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 702.)

Lindlahr in Chicago, where he delivered an address. In a report of this address, published in his "Nature Cure Bulletin," Dr. Lindlahr says:

"In this connection we must pay tribute to a man who among English writing editors occupies a place similar to that of the Gesundheitsrath, of La Crosse. This man is Harry E. Brook of the Los Angeles Times. In the Care of the Body department of this great paper he has done the same work in the same spirit, and with the same beneficial results to suffering humanity that the Gesundheitsrath had done for the German element."

Mothers and Fathers.

THE president of the Mothers' Congress, in an address before the Federation of Women's Clubs at Cincinnati, declared that women generally are ignorant of the duty of motherhood. She said: "The fact that men have to teach women how to feed children indicates how ignorant mothers really are."

Yes, but how much more does the average father know about feeding children?

Buzzards.

A CORRESPONDENT, defending flesh eating, points to the buzzard, which feeds on decaying flesh, as "one of the healthiest, hardiest, toughest, and longest-lived animals on the face of the earth."

Oh, well, if you want to emulate the buzzard, go ahead and eat carrion, as many people who enjoy "ripe" meat actually do. Do not, however, fool yourself with the idea that you may thus attain long life, for you will find that what is food for a buzzard is poison for a human being. An ox will thrive on grass, but a man cannot—although they do say that Nebuchadnezzar did try it for a time. But then, he was crazy.

Don't be a buzzard, or an ox—or an ass.

Climate and Cost of Living.

IN these days of the high cost of living residents in sunny California are much better off than those who have to dwell in the East, where the climate is so severe. The British Consul-General at New York, in his annual report to his government, cautions immigrants against assuming that the United States is an El Dorado for the workman. He says:

"The expenses of living are so high that a man in regular work in the United Kingdom at lower wages is as well, if not better, off than his fellow workman in New York. It is estimated that to live in decency here a man with a wife and two children must spend \$1000 a year."

Here again we see where our "glorious climate" is a financial asset.

Tricks of the Trade.

HERE is another little scheme that tends to make food dear. During the investigation of the packing companies at St. Louis, the vice-president of a St. Louis company showed that high prices of meat are partly due to fictitious competition between live-stock buyers employed by the Swift, Armour and Morris interests, and the National Packing Company, which is controlled by those interests. Buyers of these people bid against each other, and thus force up the price of meat to an unnatural figure. Otherwise, this witness says hogs would never have gone up to 11 cents a pound on the hoof.

Mr. Producer seems to be pretty well protected nowadays, and Mr. Packer is well taken care of, but poor Mr. Consumer is "getting it in the neck."

A Rising Market.

"I SAW you kiss sister last night."
"Did you, Bobby? Here's a quarter for you."
"Thanks. And then I saw you kiss the maid in the hall."
"Great Scott! Here's five dollars!"—[Life.]

They Dealt at the Same Shop.

THE stork had just visited Arthur's house and Fred was filled with envy. As the doctor was leaving after one of his visits, he heard Fred say: "I say, Arthur, where did you get your little sister, anyway?" "Why, Dr. Brown brought her." "Dr. Brown?" said Fred in great surprise, "why, we take of him."—[Exchange.]

German Humor.

LIKE the American periodical "Life," the German humorously weekly "Lustigen Blaetter" is fond of poking satire at the follies and fads of medical practice. A correspondent sends a copy of a special number issued by our German contemporary, entitled "Unsere Aerzte" (Our Physicians), devoted entirely to the doctors. One of the full-page cartoons represents a scene in a hospital, where animals of various kinds are vivisectioning a man, with a lot of assorted animals as spectators.

Felt for Footwear.

AS previously stated here, leather is about the worst material that could be chosen for foot covering, being hot in summer and cold in winter. The Chinese wear shoes that are much more hygienic than ours. Felt is a better material for footwear than leather. Felt shoes and slippers are now manufactured in Southern California, and may be purchased of most dealers.

TRUSSES



WE DO NOT GUARANTEE CURES for the reason that no one can do so honestly. We do guarantee to hold by correct, scientific methods, any case of reducible hernia (and to support properly those which are irreducible,) no matter how many have failed, with comfort to the patient and without painful or injurious pressure.

You who are asked to pay high fees in advance for rupture cures and take your own chances on the result—investigate both sides of the question. Let us give you the names and addresses of many who have been "through the mill," and the history of the fakirs who took their money, giving them nothing but abuse and injury in return. Ask them for a guarantee of cure or money back and note their plausible explanation for not giving it.

LADY ATTENDANT.

Pacific Surgical Mfg. Co.

316 West Fifth St., Los Angeles.

STOP DIEING

NO NOT THAT

Don't Kill Yourself

for really nobody ever dies. They just kill themselves, much too early in life, through a misunderstanding of just how the three working principles of the Almighty Natural Law operate to constantly govern Nature—all within the universe—of which we humans and our tiny earth are but an infinitesimal part. To avoid body-weakening disease, dis-honorable failure, miserable short life.

AND WIN

the most vigorously, healthy and highly mental structural and vital bodily organism is the rightful heritage of all humanity.

THE CURRENT ISSUE OF



MAGAZINE tells the how of it all treats upon all human ills. Subscription \$60 per year. A personal telephone or mail request secures one FREE Copy. If you care to mention what ails you I will try and secure you a copy bearing upon the subject. Address ADOLPH J. (NATURE AID) FETTER, 217 Mercantile Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

CANCER

FEE \$10. ANY SKIN CANCER NO KNIFE

There is a time in all cases of Cancer when the disease can be removed, and the patient permanently cured. There will also come a time in all untreated cases when the disease has advanced beyond hope of cure by any known treatment. DEATH, slow, painful and certain will surely follow. Delay in having Cancer treated is virtually suicide. ACT AT ONCE. Write to-day.

Statistics show that one man in eleven, and one woman in eight over 35 will die of Cancer. Thousands have Cancer and delay until too late.

Cancers and Tumors of the Breast removed in seven days, by our new, painless, non-surgical German method. All other methods are painful and require 6 to 12 weeks. Guarantee. Pay when cured.

The German Remedy Co. NEW GERMAN Book Free!

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Naturopathic Institute and Sanatorium of California

554-558-560 South Hope Street, Between Sixth Street and State Normal School, LOS ANGELES, CAL.
The Institute and Sanatorium is centrally located, two blocks west of Central Park, on the quietest section of South Hope Street, between Sixth Street and the State Normal School, and can be reached by the Washington Street, Crown Hill and Brooklyn Avenue cars. Several other cars pass within a block. The Sanatorium has large open porches and a nice secluded garden.
The rooms for patients are bright and sunny, and steam heated. Treatment rooms are sanitary, modern, sunny, warm and equipped with the best and latest Naturopathic Therapeutic agencies. ELECTRIC LIGHT, HOT AIR, VAPOR, ELECTRICITY, SUN, HERBAL, NEEDLE AND SHOWER BATHS.
We give Massage, Swedish Movements, Osteopathy, Chiropractic, (vertebrae adjustment), Orthopedic Surgery, and all Hydropathic Treatments.
DR. CARL SCHULTZ, President; DR. ELLEN SCHULTZ, Secretary and Treasurer. Phone Main 3228; Home 7348.

BUNIONS Instantly Relieved

and lasting comfort guaranteed by using My Bunion Shield.
It reduces swelling, stops friction and irritation and keeps the shoe in shape, not necessary to wear larger shoe. The shield is of pure flexible dental rubber and made to fit each individual case, a plaster cast impression of joint necessary. I carry a full line of supports for tired, aching feet and broken arches. DR. A. J. HOWELL, Chiropractor, 308 Mason Bldg., Phone F1920. Lady attendant.

Toric Kryptok Lenses

The greatest invention of the age, giving perfect vision for all distances. No confusion of sight by lines or cement of the old style. They cost a little more than the ordinary glasses, but their elegance and comfort to the eyes far exceed the price. If you desire a guarantee for a perfect fit, by the latest method, call on DR. A. POLASKY, Oculist and Optician.
Phone—Main 6011. 689 1/2 South Broadway.

Dr. Cook's Nature Cure

Fallen Organs, Tumors, Hemorrhoids, and Ovaritis treated by direct internal applications of violet rays and electricity. Operations avoided by my methods. Write for Pamphlet. 556-7 Majestic Theater Bldg. F1940.

OF LOS ANGELES FAME.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

SAN FRANCISCO, May 23.—[Ex-] she declared she was the wife of a prominent army officer.

control his course as a public man.

ELECTION PARTICULARS.

Mr. Lorimer gave many particulars concerning his Senatorial election, saying that after persuading him to enter the race, Gov. Deane had deserted him and sought to turn against

times and published with a deliberate purpose to destroy a new banking association in Chicago which I have been organizing with some of my friends. The assault was made to prevent the bank from opening. It utterly failed of its purpose, but it required my constant attention to build

Pasadena say
pupils shows alarm

Sporting

The Times

LOS ANGELES

SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 1910.

For Liberty and Law, Equal Rights and Industrial Freedom.

On All News Stands, 5 CENTS.

THE SKY.

WEATHER REPORT.

Complete weather report, including temperature, wind, clouds, etc., for the city and vicinity. For Los Angeles and vicinity, fair; warmer; light south wind. For San Francisco and vicinity, fair; light north wind. For San Diego and vicinity, fair; light south wind. For Portland and vicinity, fair; light north wind. For Seattle and vicinity, fair; light north wind. For Tacoma and vicinity, fair; light north wind. For Vancouver and vicinity, fair; light north wind. For Portland, Ore., fair; light north wind. For Seattle, Ore., fair; light north wind. For Tacoma, Ore., fair; light north wind. For Vancouver, Ore., fair; light north wind.

THE PAPER TODAY.

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GIANTS IN U TRAINING

Patten vs. Morgan Is Programme.

Battle for Supremacy to Be Fought in New York Cotton Market.

Eastern Financier Is Anxious to Get the Scalp of Westerner.

Millions Will Depend Upon the Outcome of This Struggle.

ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.

CHICAGO, May 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Patten versus Morgan, in a desperate contest for supremacy, is the situation now. James A. Patten, still nursing the bruise received in his recent encounter with the wheat bears on the Board of Trade, is preparing to engage in the "fight of his life" with an army of Wall Street bears, marshalled under the leadership of Morgan, the house of J. P. Morgan & Co. The battle will be fought out in the New York Cotton Market and millions of dollars will depend upon the outcome. Mr. Patten, in his Chicago office today, made a deep study of the situation. Behind the approaching conflict lies the story of how Patten, "that upstart of a westerner," as he is frequently spoken of on the other side of the Hudson River, has incurred the antagonism of Morgan by boosting the price of cotton and grain and thereby upsetting certain plans which the New York financier had formed for engineering a bull campaign in stocks.

WHEAT AROUSED.

J. Pierpont Morgan, as the story goes, looked on with increasing anger as the price of cotton last fall continued to soar under the leadership of Patten on the bull side of the market. Finally a few days before Christmas, when the price of the May delivery rose above 15 cents a pound, it said he arose in the power of his wrath and enormous wealth and set about to smash the market. Word was circulated around Wall Street that the "old man" had taken the war path, determined to obtain the scalp of a few cotton bulls, particularly Patten's.

The bears received this news with great rejoicing and boisterously joined in the hunting expedition. The price of cotton soon started to slump under the continuous fire of short sales directed against the market. Eleventh hour buyers were caught for large losses and the bulls generally saw their paper profits vanish as a match had been applied to them.

FINANCIER COVERS.

But Patten and some of the other leaders held on, even after the May price had dropped to 13½ cents a pound. This disconcerted the bears—Mr. Morgan as well as his followers—and the big financier, before sailing for Europe, is said to have given instructions to his agents to buy short sales of cotton. The price rose again to 15 cents a pound on this buying and the bears lost money.

More than that, Patten forced those among the bears, who did not cover, to make deliveries at actual cotton on their May contracts. In this way he has come into possession of practically all the spot cotton in the port of New York, more than 100,000 bales.

SHE MAY BE DOROTHY OF LOS ANGELES FAME.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

SAN FRANCISCO, May 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] When Dorothy Rheinschild, who, in four weeks, succeeded in passing worthless checks at the St. Francis and in obtaining credit to the amount of \$400 for automobile hire, was released from the City Prison today, detectives began an investigation to establish a connection between the woman and Dorothy Gorham, alias "The Lavender Girl," who was sentenced to San Quentin from Los Angeles for forgery.

Warden Hoyle of San Quentin believes Dorothy Gorham is possessed of a sufficient amount of cunning and "nerve" to perpetrate the frauds that were perpetrated by Dorothy Rheinschild, at the St. Francis. He does not know where the woman went when she completed her term, but believes she returned to Los Angeles. It is known, however, that she married Dr. J. R. Rheinschild of Los Angeles, who hoped to reform her.

ELABORATE "FRONT."

Dorothy Rheinschild arrived at the St. Francis four weeks ago. She was elegantly gowned and displayed much jewelry, enough to impress any attaché of the hotel whose curiosity concerning her identity might have been aroused. She also had ample funds, for she spent liberally and paid her bills in cash for a time.

To those to whom she seemed the remotest suggestion of identification

HOLSTLAW CONFESSES HE SOLD HIS BALLOT.

Illinois Solon Makes Statement as to Legislative Bribery.

Says He Voted for United States Senator Lorimer for Stipulated Sum—Also Got Money from the "Jack Pot"—Gives Full Details—Quick Arrests Follow Disclosures in Grand Jury Room.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

SPRINGFIELD (Ill.) May 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] United States Senator William H. Holstlaw, who awaited, elaborately prepared climactic speech of defense delivered in the Senate of the United States and through the press associations of the country, received a crushing decisive answer today from a totally unexpected source.

The country was looking to Springfield for an answer to the speech, the State House and the Executive Mansion were the center of attention. The real answer, however, came from the office of State Attorney Edmund Burke and the juryroom of the Sangamon county grand jury, where D. W. Holstlaw, State Senator, a Democrat, official representation of the thirty-second district in the General Assembly of Illinois, confessed to Mr. Burke, to several witnesses, to representatives of the press, in writing over his signature and finally to the grand jury, that he had voted for Lorimer because he had been promised \$500 for his vote.

As a result the man who promised him the money and who afterward paid it to him, State Senator John Broderick of Chicago, was indicted for bribery and arrested before midnight. As another result of his confession he was indicted with State Senator Stanton C. Pemberton of Oakland, and Representative Joseph B. Clark of Vandavia for conspiracy to commit the crime of bribery in the purchase of furniture for the Legislative chambers by the Joint Committee, of which they were members.

Though Mr. Holstlaw did not enter the grand jury room to make his confession until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, his fellow Legislators had been indicted, but arrested before midnight.

In further corroboration of former charges and to make more conclusive the answer to Senator Lorimer, Senator Holstlaw swore that he, too, like White, Beckman and Link, received a share in the "jack pot" and he testified that he received his "jack-pot money" from the same man who bribed him to vote for Lorimer and who paid him for his vote, Senator Broderick.

The new corner of the great mass of legislative corruption thus opened up by State Attorney Burke will be probed to the bottom. Mr. Burke announced tonight that the investigation had just begun. He will clear up local docket cases immediately, set the cases of the men indicted for immediate trial and all the while continue the vigorous prosecution of his grand jury investigation with the object of reaching the men at the top, if possible, and at least of placing as many Legislators as he can obtain evidence against in the penitentiary.

CORROBORATION.

The confession of Holstlaw was immediately followed and corroborated by that of Otto M. Freier, the desk salesman, whose firm obtained the contract by bribery after they found that the majority of the committees were for sale and would vote only for the highest bidder. The exact charges and admissions by Holstlaw in his confession are as follows:

That he voted for William Lorimer for United States Senator because he was offered \$2500 for his vote by State Senator John Broderick of Chicago. That he was paid the \$2500 promised him by Senator Broderick at the saloon of Senator Broderick in Chicago. That he was later paid the "jack-pot" money by Senator Broderick at the saloon of the latter in Chicago. That he voted with Senator Stanton C. Pemberton and Representative Joseph B. Clark.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

BRIBERY CHARGES ALL LIES SHOUTS LORIMER.

In Vigorous Language He Accuses Chicago Tribune of Malicious Persecution—Goes Into History of Illinois Politics in Speech to Senate.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, May 28.—For just two hours today Senator William H. Lorimer of Illinois stood in the Senate and in vigorous language denounced as untrue the charges and report as early as possible; and, for that purpose, the committee had authority to send for persons and papers and to employ a stenographer and such other additional help as it shall deem necessary.

Mr. President: I rise to a question of personal privilege to state the facts concerning and to repudiate the recent assault made upon me by the Chicago Tribune with the intent to blacken my character with the people of the country and to destroy me and my friends financially and politically. He then detailed the fact of the Tribune's publication April 1 of a story over the signature of Charles A. White, a member of the Illinois Legislature, which charged that he had procured his seat in the Senate through bribery and corruption. "I have been compelled," he went on, "to defend my name to the Senate, saying that the fact that the story was published and published with a deliberate intent to destroy me and my friends financially and politically."

Under the rules of the Senate, the resolution was referred to the Committee on Contingent Expenses, to consider the question of cost. In case of a favorable report from the committee, the Senate's action will largely depend.

Soon after the assembling of the Senate, Mr. Lorimer arose to a question of personal privilege and began his reply to the charges that have aroused wide interest. His statement on the floor of the Senate had been eagerly awaited by his colleagues, of whom there was practically a full attendance, and earnest attention was given him.

THE RESOLUTION.

Mr. Lorimer's resolution, calling for a Senatorial investigation of the charges against him, is as follows: "Resolved, that the Committee on Privileges and Elections be directed to examine the allegations recently made in the public press, charging that bribery and corruption were practiced in the election of William Lorimer to a

HURL MUD AT BRIDE

Villagers Pelt Mrs. MacMonnies.

Recent Action of Sculptor in Marrying Daughter of ex-Senator Jones.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

PARIS, May 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Frederick MacMonnies, the sculptor, in March last married Miss Alice Jones, the daughter of ex-Senator Jones, the matron who figured so unpleasantly in the former Mrs. MacMonnies's divorce suit against her husband. The wedding took place very quietly in Lucerne, and only recently MacMonnies and his new wife settled in their beautiful home at Giverny, the charming little Normandy town, three hours' ride from Paris.

All went well until the natives of the village discovered that the woman whom they considered had broken their beautiful home at Giverny, the charming little Normandy town, three hours' ride from Paris.

DRIVE HER INTO HOUSE WITH INSULTING EPIPHETS AND BRICKBATS.

Then their rage exceeded all bounds and today they literally tried to drive her out of the village, pelting her with mud and hurling insulting epithets and brickbats at her. The violence of the villagers drove the unhappy bride into the house for safety, and she has not dared since to venture forth.

The American colony has kept strictly aloof from the newly-wedded pair. Cautious criticism is made, as she persists in forcing herself upon the dear friends and acquaintances of MacMonnies's former wife.

The village tradespeople have joined in the boycott and refuse to furnish provisions. Servants decline to enter the MacMonnies's service.

The sculptor says he intends to remain in Giverny and force a display of courtesy and respect for the lady he has married.

BIG CHECK HINTED AT.

One With Many Figures in Prospect as Gift at the Wedding.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] NEW YORK, May 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Upon the marriage next Wednesday of Miss Rhea Reid, daughter of Daniel G. Reid, organizer of the Tin Plate trust, to Henry J. Topping, it is whispered that she will give her check bearing many figures. The marriage will be celebrated in Mr. Reid's country house at Irvington on the Hudson.

Miss Reid is 22 years old. Although she enjoys golf and is a fine swimmer, she is a student, loves books, is a judge of art and is fond of music. She and her fiancé, the son of John H. Topping, president of the Republic Iron and Steel Company, have been friends almost since childhood.

"THIN LINE OF BLUE."

Fewer Than Ever Old Soldiers Will Appear in Memorial Parade in New York.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] NEW YORK, May 28.—The memorial parade of war veterans, which President Taft will review here, will show a "thin line of blue" more tenuous than before. Probably not more than 150 old soldiers will be in line.

The parade probably will be made up of 15,000 marchers, including National Guardsmen, regulars, marines, Spanish War veterans and the G.A.R. posts. President Taft will review the parade at the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument on Riverside Drive.

Gen. George B. Lusk will be the speaker of the day at the exercises.

SON LOSES FATHER; YEARS' SEARCH UPSET.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

OKLAHOMA, May 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Thirteen years ago Charles Ferris, a well-to-do rancher of Los Angeles, deserted his wife and 4-year-old son in Cleveland, O. The boy and his mother became separated and, after a ten year search, Ferris found his son a week ago last Saturday, living alone in Kansas City. Tonight the boy, now 17 years old, visited the Police Station and reported that his father had for the second time mysteriously disappeared and left him to his own resources.

After discovering his son, Rollo, Ferris brought him to Oklahoma, intending to purchase a ranch at Roseville, Placer county, and had made negotiations to close the deal. At the time he disappeared he had over \$500 in his pocket and a letter of credit on a Los Angeles bank for several thousand. The boy was left without a cent and forced to apply to the police tonight, to prevent starvation. He was turned over to the Detention Home. The lad's story is a remarkable one. He said:

"My father and my mother were married over twenty years ago in Cleveland. One day when I was 4 years old he left the house and never returned. At that time we thought he had met with foul play. A couple of weeks ago, however, he traced me to Kansas City, where I was working. He told me that his future life would be given up to taking care of me and giving me an education, which I had missed because of his desertion."

"Last Wednesday he came to Oklahoma, my father telling me he intended purchasing a ranch in Placer county, and then returning back with me to Los Angeles, where he conducts a big chicken ranch."

"Friday morning I left my father at No. 221 Broadway, where we had rooms, and went to San Francisco. When I returned in the afternoon he was gone. I went to the police station. The boy thinks something has happened to his father."

